January
1929

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Notes on New Books

Essays and Criticism

Pedestrian Papers. *By Walter S. Hinchman. Houghton Mifflin. $2.00.*

This collection of brief articles is gleaned from Mr. Hinchman's writings for *The Forum,* of which he is one of the editors. Mr. Hinchman's writing is pleasant back-chat, rambling and polite, humorous if not witty. It has sound good sense and a jovial and fraternal air. Mr. Hinchman believes that "a taxicab will fly if only we rent it from a certain garage in Moorfields, kept by the father of John Keats", and this "quadrupedantic way of thinking" is pleasantly reflected in papers on Roosevelt, on Keats, the "New Woman" and gardening, among others.

The Thought Broker. *By Samuel McChord Crothers. Houghton Mifflin. $2.00.*

Six essays are contained in Dr. Crothers's posthumous volume. Dr. Crothers laments, with Horace Walpole, that, "It is one of the bad effects of living in one's own time that one never knows the truth about it till one is dead", but he brings a fine scholarly knowledge to bear on such subjects as "cut-throat competition between peace plans", Spenser, the "smart set" in literature, "Darkest Tennyson", Ben Jonson, Swift, Chaucer, Scott, Fielding and Pope. "Matters of taste" were of great consequence to Dr. Crothers, and his taste was always sound. What he lacked in brilliance and true penetration, he made up for in whole-hearted devotion to things he loved.

Portage, Wisconsin—And Other Essays. *By Zona Gale. Knopf. $2.50.*

Portage, with its "small lawns, sloping to lilacs and willows", its verandas, its gossip and its inhabitants in whom "good faith is not an accomplishment, like harp-playing, but a function", is again Miss Gale's subject. But, in the years since Miss Gale's notable novel, *Miss Lulu Bett,* the small towns of Wisconsin have been undergoing more than change of season. They, too, are changing. Or is it, perhaps, that they are unchanged essentially, and that only Miss Gale's view of them is undergoing change? Has the East's influence extended to Portage, or is it only that Miss Gale now looks at Portage with a more Eastern point of view? At any rate, one rather resents the new and brighter note in Miss Gale's writing, but one is grateful for what remains of the old Portage, where "it seems like a party when you get your bread thin", and suspects that this book may be an adieu to Portage.

Freedom in the Modern World. *Edited by Horace M. Kallen. Coward-McCann. $2.50.*

Freedom is a term so commonly in use today that almost nobody troubles to understand what it means. Certainly no people have ever been more smugly sure of their freedom than the contemporary megalopolitan mob, the devoted slaves of the tabloid, the movie, the radio and the motor car. *Freedom in the Modern World* is a series of lectures delivered at the New School for Social Research and devoted to a study of the problem of individual liberty and the solution of that problem in the various phases of our activity. The opening and closing lectures of the series, given by the editor, state why freedom is a problem and inquire into the nature of real and illusory freedom. The intervening lectures, by John Dewey, Robert Morss Lovett, Joseph Jastrow, Zechariah Chafee, Clarence Darrow and others, discuss the problem as related to specific fields of endeavor. *Freedom in the Modern World* is a valuable symposium.

My Studio Window—Sketches of the Pageant of Washington Life. *By Marietta Minnigerode Andrews. Dutton. $5.00.*

From the window of her little house on Sixteenth Street, Mrs. Andrews looks out upon ever-changing Washington and gossips harmlessly and pleasantly of Washington manners and society from the days of Dolly Madison to Mrs. Coolidge. She has numbered among her acquaintance many Olympians—Roosevelt, Wilson, Walter Reed, Maréchal Foch—and such picturesque figures as Buffalo Bill, "Al" Jennings, Colonel

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Mosby, Kate Field, Clifford K. Berryman, Mark Twain, "Uncle Joe" Cannon and others. The book is, perhaps, just a bit too consciously packed with atmosphere, but it is entertaining. Not the least attractive pages are those bearing the skilful little silhouettes of Washington celebrities by the author.

Biography

Hunger Fighters. *By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace. $3.00.*

These studies of farmers, raisers of cattle and of grain, of men with hunches, "playing wind and famine for a fool", are studies of the witch doctors, the makers of big magic, the casters of potent spells that this age breeds. Bringing abundance of grains from stones, hushing the agony of diseased cattle, they enrich the land and the legends of the land. Carleton, "wheat dreamer", who "brought the magnificent Kubanka wheat from its old home on the Turghai steppe of western Asia to more than four millions of acres of the land of the American Northwest"; Mackay, who "sent the golden miles of hard red spring wheat marching west"; Dorset, who had to "unlearn the official dope of Governmental Pooh-Bahs on the plague of pigs"; Dorset, facing "a pestilence that could be everywhere at once"; Hoffer, who "makes the maize plant itself talk to the farmers"—these are men! And de Kruif's book is a worthy tribute to them: it smells of the earth, dark loam. In this country and this time, it is good that there is a de Kruif, for our legends are going begging for record.

Mary Anne Disraeli. *By James Sykes. Appleton. $2.50.*

From a confusion of gossip, falsified or inaccurate documents, pale scandals and paler legends, and the dinner-table anecdotes that have surrounded her, Mr. Sykes, in this, the first attempt at a complete biography, has caused Viscountess Beaconsfield—with her charm, her quiet wit, her *sub rosa* power, her eccentricities, her "skill in sylvan design" and her "magical touches and clever arrangements"—to emerge as a more comprehensible, a more likely, figure in the strangely childish era of Victoria. Maurois has written that she made Disraeli live in "a paradise of slightly comical adoration". Customarily, Dizzy referred to her as "my dear little wife", but, on occasions when she got him a "raised pie from Fortnum and Mason's and a bottle of champagne", after he had eaten half the pie and drunk all the wine, he sometimes said to her, expansively, "Well, my dear, you are more like a mistress than a wife". And she was very pleased. . . . This is biography in the Victorian taste—kindly rather than critical, tactful rather than wise, pedestrian: it is not more, among biographies, than a sort of Cook's tour of the period, but it is readable, for all that.

Sergeant York. *By Himself. Edited by Tom Skeyhill. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.*

Some people achieve greatness through dint of hard work; others find it thrust upon them unexpectedly by peculiar twists of Fate. Alvin C. York, descendant of Davie Crocker, pioneer, of good Kentucky mountain stock, was drafted; and despite his religious scruples against killing his brother man, became the most famous doughboy in the World War. Sergeant York refused innumerable offers to commercialize his reputation as the "outstanding civilian soldier of the war", preferring to return to his Kentucky mountains. Today he is fighting to establish good schools and roads in the mountain section of his state, and has chosen to write in simple, forceful language, the story of his life and convictions in order to help achieve his purpose—the intellectual advancement of Kentucky's mountain whites.

The Heart of Burroughs's Journals. *Edited by Clara Barrus. Houghton Mifflin. $3.00.*

Uniform with *The Heart of Emerson's Journals* and *The Heart of Thoreau's Journals,* this new gleaning differs from the other two in containing for the most part unpublished material. The careful editor has winnowed two thousand typewritten pages of note books and journals to secure her selections. Not only does a clear picture of the American naturalist rise from this book, but many pages are of interest for the lights and shadows thrown on contemporary figures, especially upon the poet's friends, from Whitman to Henry Ford.

Keeping Off the Shelf. *By Mrs. Thomas Whiffen. Dutton. $5.00.*

These are lively memoirs of one of the most beloved figures of the American stage.

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Although Mrs. Whiffen was born in England and spent the greater part of her early life there, she is most intimately connected with the development of the American theatre. Eighty-three years of age, she is one of the last of that by-gone but very real aristocracy of Booth, Duse and Bernhardt. Her book takes us back to the days when the bond between actor and actor was stronger than it is now, and when a New York audience could still be swept to its feet at the appearance of its idol. John Drew, Clyde Fitch, Richard Mansfield, Arthur Sullivan live in her pages; she was the first American "Buttercup", and her last success was in the recent revival of "Trelawney of the Wells". This is a delightful book, entirely lacking in that self-conscious quaintness which so often spoils autobiographical writing. Mrs. Whiffen will never be "on the shelf".

The Life of Moses. *By Edmond Fleg. Dutton. $3.00.*

Simultaneous with its publication in Paris by the *Nouvelle Revue Française,* M. Fleg's *Moses* appears in America in Mr. Stephen Guest's courageous translation. The difficulties of translation must have been very great, since the text is embroidered of modern French idiom, scripture and a fragile poetic prose. Mr. Guest's translation flows sonorously into one's brain. M. Fleg's Moses is a "simple man, humble in heart", drawn by his blood, and voices, and his anointed path, to prophecy. M. Fleg has taken liberties here and there with the Authorized Version, but the simplicity of his heart, the good faith of his imaginings find no resentment in his reader. M. Fleg, who is primarily a poet, is one of that party of young French writers in whom revision and crystallization of old faiths is mysteriously occurring.

Harriet Martineau. An Essay In Comprehension. *By Theodora Bosanquet. Chaucer Head Book Shop. $7.50.*

By eliminating from her writing any feeling of partisanship that she might have, Miss Bosanquet has achieved a very credible portrait of that strange reformer, Harriet Martineau, with her Poor Law tales, her divine messages, her ear-trumpet and her unflinching confidence in her necessity to the design on earth of her Maker. Coleridge confessed

REBECCA WEST, one of the contributors to "BOOKS"

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to her he was impatient for each new Tale, Carlyle wrote of her "stragglings of genius" which were to spring up through "Unitarian mechanical Formalism" like "grass through a Macadam highway"; and all the best minds of her day bid for her favor,—that strange deaf Apostle of the Positivists, that Poet and Prophet of the Unitarians! Miss Bosanquet follows her career with an aloof objectivity that points her biography more successfully than any bludgeon irony could have done. Her book is to be commended as a portrait of a person and a lively sketch of a time.

The Interpreter Geddes. *By Amelia Defries. Liveright. $3.00.*

In the light of Miss Defries's text, the eulogistic enthusiasm of Mr. Zangwill, in his Foreword, and of Mr. Mumford, in his Preface, is somewhat embarrassing. Whether one would join Mr. Zangwill in his humble deference to Patrick Geddes as "Master", or agree with Mr. Mumford that "wherever that vision—(of a 'fresh mode of life')—is seen and that mode followed, some new avatar" of Geddes must arise, it is difficult to ascertain from an account that makes up in reverence what it lacks in convincing clarity. "At one moment like an antelope, leaping from crag to crag, yet next like the shuttle weaving a tapestry of thought, in which the design, even color, all come into their place, defined and composed", Geddes may very well be, but Miss Defries has not drawn for one not privileged to know her subject so well as she any very "defined and composed" portrait.

Montrose. *By John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin. $5.00.*

In his life of James Graham, fifth Earl and first Marquis of Montrose, John Buchan has written a fine book, and one that will replace much of the great mass of material already written about this remarkable seventeenth century figure. Succeeding to an earldom at fourteen, his career very soon took on the high color that it still holds. With a mere thousand men, Montrose invaded Scotland; lost them at Carlyle and, disguised as a groom, made his way under the noses of his enemies to the highlands. Six months more found him master of Scotland, and each successive battle showed more patently his military genius. With the Cavaliers he went

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into exile, but returned for a last campaign that ended in his betrayal and his hanging at Edinburgh, still adored by his people. So skilfully has Mr. Buchan written his history that Montrose is as vibrantly alive today as he ever was. There seem to be few military histories more brilliantly written.

Twelve Portraits of the French Revolution. *By Henri Béraud. Little, Brown. $3.50.*

M. Béraud's portraits have had a considerable, and a deserved, success in France. Rather than isolate his subjects in a sterile clinical atmosphere, M. Béraud has chosen to catch them in the scene they helped, each in his way, to impress terribly and gloriously on the history of France. Mirabeau, Danton, Marat, Robespierre, the King, Desmoulins, Saint-Just: here they are, one thinks, to the life, caught in broad strokes at that moment when their actions were most significant, most dangerous to a sensitive time. Each, in turn, emerges from the background, and each recedes again to give place to another. The result is a fine feeling of excitement. Madeleine Boyd's translation seems, to one who has not read the volume in French, both careful and sensitive. The book is illustrated by some more than ordinarily acceptable woodcuts by Bertrand Zadig.

A Modern Plutarch. *By John Cournos. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.00.*

Agreement with Mr. Cournos's choice of title for the papers he has here assembled is difficult. In these papers that compare Mark Twain and Anatole France, Gauguin and Thoreau, Melville, Rimbaud and Doughty, Cecil Rhodes and Ferdinand de Lesseps, one is more impressed by a certain journalistic cunning than convinced by argument. If one takes with no great seriousness Mr. Cournos's linking of the subjects of his essays, and is not already acquainted with the sources of his material, his studies take on a more satisfactory aspect. Providing one with no very profound truths to gnaw, they are none the less acceptable as every-day fare.

A Gallery of Eccentrics. *By Morris Bishop. Minton, Balch. $3.50.*

It is an oddly-assorted company that Mr. Bishop has gathered together "under one roof": Elagabalus, that favorite Roman emperor of Mr. H. L. Mencken, and the in-

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Notes on New Books—Continued

spiration and joy of Mr. Mack Sennett; Sir Thomas Urquhart, a "conceiver of fantastic inventions" and translator of *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel;* François-Timoléon de Choisy, Prior of Saint-Lô of Rouen, who spent most of his life in the clothes of a woman; Edward Wortley Montagu, junior, black-sheep son of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, he who tried all religions and many wives;—and so on, as ribald a company of rakes as one could wish. Mr. Bishop has sought them out in books and documents and rehearsed them admirably, so that they come together in his book with all the success of singers of close harmony.

New Yorkers; Stuyvesant to Roosevelt. *By Albert Ulmann. Chaucer Head Book Shop. $4.00.*

Mr. Ulmann, a member of the New York Exchange, has made a hobby of his native city. In this volume he takes up thirteen New Yorkers, native or adopted, who have been significant in the life of the metropolis. Among Mr. Ulmann's portraits are Peter Stuyvesant, Thomas Paine, Alexander Hamilton, DeWitt Clinton, Washington Irving, Peter Cooper, Edgar Allan Poe and Roosevelt—surely a brilliant and gifted galaxy, offering much to the astute biographer. But in each instance Mr. Ulmann misses the gifts of the sitter and the gist of his life.

The Terrible Siren. Victoria Woodhull, 1838-1927. *By Emanie Sachs. Harper. $4.00.*

Victoria Chaflin Woodhull and her sister Tennessee Chaflin were two of the queerest personalities of the second half of the last century, a period in American history during which queer folks abounded in profusion. In both sisters there was a great deal of the faker and the downright swindler and yet, especially in Victoria, probably a good deal more of the idealist. Victoria was a violent advocate of free love, and indeed of many of the radicalisms of her own day. Her free love advocacy was psychologically all tied up with a violent feminism, and the fiery qualities of her personality enabled her to become one of the foremost leaders of the rather puritanical suffrage movement of her day, for all her free love doctrines. She ran for president of the United States on several occasions. She prided herself on adultery with Cornelius Vanderbilt and Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Tilton and many other public characters. She and her sister started a brokerage office in Wall Street subsidized by old Cornelius. Finally Victoria wound up as the ultra-conformist wife of an English gentleman, John Biddulph Martin, and, during periodic visits to the United States, spent her time violently denying her earlier adherence to the free love doctrine. Mrs. Sachs passes no judgment on Victoria, but objectively presents her behavior for almost three-quarters of a century, with a rather disconnected objectivity.

Jacob H. Schiff, His Life and Letters. *By Cyrus Adler. Doubleday, Doran. Two vols. $10.00.*

Jacob Schiff was born in Frankfort-on-Main in 1847. This birthplace for a Jewish banker, no matter what his ultimate nationality, means much; as much as for a Cabot to be born in the Back Bay, or for a Hapsburg to be born on the Hofplatz. It means that the scion is sure of a typical career; the Midas touch, common sense, much success, much philanthropy, and a sort of unofficial elder-statesmanship in the country which he may choose for the pursuit and the exercise of his patriotism. It also means a constant contact with the great and near-great of his times, and above all it means much dullness; and such, indeed, was the life of Jacob Schiff. Jacob Schiff mixed the financing of railroads with the financing of scholarship, the financing of philanthropy, and good government. All this financing was contingent upon sheer common sense. On the whole, Jacob Schiff was no doubt a good man, as far removed from greatness as most average folks, and deserving of a better fate than a biography of sheer encomiums.

The House That Shadows Built. *By Will Irwin. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.*

Adolph Zukor is the great shadow boxer in this tale. He was a handsome, clean cut Hungarian lad, born into a family of orthodox Rabbis and petty storekeepers. He came to America, he saw and conquered. First he conquered a little in the fur business. Then he conquered a good deal better in the penny-arcade business, finally he conquered mightily in the movies. He seems to be a likable man, naïve, wholesome, and platitudinous—an excellent reflex of the industry

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toward which he contributed so much of his personality. But to many readers, Mr. Irwin's rather shrewd effort to present Mr. Zukor as a great man—and Mr. Irwin does try to do just that—will seem absurd.

Doomed Ship. *By Judd Gray. Liveright. $2.00.*

This is the life story of Judd Gray. Written in Sing Sing prison, and finished only a few hours before his death, it is full of the characteristic rantings of a last minute convert. You have his life story, but there is little or no significance to the moral which he attempts to point. Despite his statement that if he had joined a church the course of his life would have been different, one sees that the weakness lay in the man rather than in his environment.

Science, Psychology and Medicine

Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes. *By Prof. Ivan P. Pavlov. International. $6.50.*

In 1904 Professor Pavlov won the Nobel prize in physiology on his epoch making work in the physiology of digestion. Since then his name has become associated with the Conditioned Reflex, that is, with his work in comparative neurology, though he has never published a systematic study of his researches. This volume is a translation of his lectures on the subject, and should be welcomed by every student of physiological psychology, especially in America, where the behaviorists have set up philosophical and psychological claims for Pavlov's work which Pavlov never dreams of making. The forty-one papers collected present what is probably the most brilliantly meticulous work in the physiology of the brain and nervous system, a meticulousness which brings physiology as close to physics as it has ever been brought.

Consecratio Medici And Other Papers. *By Harvey Cushing. Little, Brown. $2.50.*

Dr. Harvey Cushing, one of the most cultivated physicians of our times and a true philosopher of modern medicine, has been induced to put these fugitive essays, delivered here and there, into book form. But nothing which passes through Dr. Cushing's mind remains fugitive, and these fourteen essays form a far more excellent orientation

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Notes on New Books—Continued

on what he himself calls The Greater Medicine than most systematic volumes on the subject. Especially valuable are the chapter on "Re-alignments in Greater Medicine"; the three historical reviews on Jefferson Medical College, McGill and The Western Reserve; and the memorials to Sir William Osler and to Lister.

Social Science and History

The Confusion of Tongues. A Review of Modern Isms. *By Charles W. Ferguson. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.*

This book seems to us by all odds the best presentation of the leading spiritual psychopathologies which have made religious history such a crazy-quilted story, especially in America. In each instance Mr. Ferguson gives a rather acute portrait of the sectarian founder and his or her leading successors, and then presents, with a very simple but considerable scholarship, the actual theologies of these various isms. He discusses New Thought, The Swamis and Yogis, the Dukhodors, Theosophy, Krishnamurti, Pastor Russell, Swedenborgianism, Christian Science, Spiritualism, Mormonism, Buchmanism, Atheism, Ku Kluxism, and various other cults which have bemused and amused mankind.

Travel

Nights Abroad. *By Konrad Bercovici. Century. $4.00.*

Here are a series of sketches about Europe's most fascinating cities with an attractive illustration for each one. Mr. Bercovici has travelled to good advantage, and succeeds in subtly creating for the reader the atmosphere of each individual city. He makes every incident peculiarly appropriate to its setting, and depicts the temperaments of the various peoples. He has uncommon descriptive powers, delighting in the sound of unusual names.

Those Ancient Lands. *By Louis Golding. Knopf. $4.50.*

Throughout this record of wanderings in "those ancient lands whose citadel is Zion" there runs the melancholy, the thin-spun thread of lamentation of the Jew to whom "Djerba stands aloof and enchanted, spiritually as remote from Zion as from Labrador". Its tone is well established in a brief foreword, in which Mr. Golding says: "Eastward lies Egypt. I do not resist the temptation of approaching Zion by Egypt, for my people have done it before. I abide neither here nor there as long as they, which is their fault as much as mine. They have made a wanderer of me". And so Mr. Golding wanders sadly through "an ancient, an exhausted country", noting, sometimes with a depth of feeling that arouses almost too acutely one's sympathy, "the flowers banked up in petrol tins" in Nazareth, the "wooden shacks or stone houses, flanked by outhouses, topped by cisterns and grain-elevators" in Ain Charod—with the New Talmud opened, and Zion hanging before his eyes.

Poetry

Now The Sky, and Other Poems. *By Mark Van Doren. Boni. $2.00.*

With each successive volume the poems of Mark Van Doren mount in subtlety of design and intensity of purpose. Mr. Van Doren's way has never been the shrill way of the market place; he is a quiet singer whose music is dedicated to the inner ear. *Now The Sky* reveals the same qualities of simplicity and restraint to be found in the poet's previous books, a simplicity and restraint that are not negative and imposed from the outside, but deliberately fostered as most adequate to the chosen themes. Mr. Van Doren is a real contemporary; he is lonely and desperate; and if he does not wear his heart on his sleeve, neither does he deck the muse in ideas that have no validity in his experience.

The Set-Up. *By Joseph Moncure Marsh. Covici, Friede. $2.00.*

The Set-Up is an extraordinary performance and contributes a new laurel to the comparatively recent "hard-boiled" school of American letters. Written in a slugging rhythm as powerful as his hero's punch, a staccato with the pulse of an engine, *The Set-Up* tells in verse the story of a negro prizefighter, a born winner, who gets knocked out by life: "Pansy had the stuff, but his skin was brown". The author has created an unique form of narrative poetry as fundamentally suited to the needs of his material

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as the spenserian stanza to *The Faerie Queene*. Mr. Marsh is a bold original and should be encouraged to entertain more daring and more comprehensive conceptions.

An Anthology of World Poetry. *Edited by Mark Van Doren. A. & C. Boni. $5.00.*

A new and invaluable achievement in anthology-making, bringing together for the first time a collection of the lyric poetry of the world in English translations by the greatest English and American poets.

FICTION

How The Old Woman Got Home. *By M. P. Shiel. Macy-Masius. $2.50.*

There are very few things in this world as perfect of their kind as the romances of M. P. Shiel. Mr. Shiel has a literary style that is as thick and rich as Devonshire cream. He has imagination, he has humor, he has, even, that tiresomely insisted-on *élan*. For those who like their *romans* full of plot, he is a godsend, but for those who like their plot served up with the complicated sauces of a fine prose style, he is even more directly and personally a gift from heaven. *How The Old Woman Got Home,* his latest novel, is a book to buy, a book to lend, a book to steal, for it is fairly certain that it will be another year or two before so much genuine enjoyment will be discoverable between the covers of a single tale.

The Return of Spring. *By H. de Vere Stacpoole. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.*

There are several novel twists to this story of a sudden fortune and a marriage that keep it from being stereotyped, and the scene, shifting from England to Switzerland and back again several times, gives the author an opportunity for some good descriptive passages. The characters seem much of the time to be more dramatic than the occasion warrants, but the plot is sufficiently amusing to make one overlook the lack of intelligence in its chief actors.

Joshua's Vision. *By William J. Locke. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.*

This new novel of Mr. Locke's concerns the development of the soul of a man who has spent his entire life furnishing the Brit-

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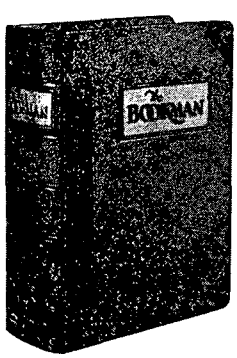

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Notes on New Books—Continued

ish nation with boots. Joshua Fendick's vision, the gradual awakening of an esthetic sense, his pathetic strivings after achievement in the artistic world, his relation to Susan Keene his model, make a good story.

Fire Down Below. *By Margaret Irwin. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.*

At the cost of three lives Peregrine Sark bought the goddess Cybele, a red clay image which he worshipped in return for the luck it brought him. Here we have a weird mixture of pagan idolatry and superstition and conventional English country life. This ambitious undertaking is naturally accompanied by some faults; the story is inclined to drag, there is a good deal of repetition of phrase, and at times the characters are fantastic and unreal; but in spite of these flaws, Miss Erwin has handled her difficult theme remarkably well.

The Land of the Golden Scarabs. *By Diomedes de Pereyra. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.00.*

Here has been recaptured the strange spirit of South America's jungles, with its native superstition, in a fanciful tale of the ancient race of Incas (woven about two engineers who explore this uncivilized territory). M. de Pereyra has travelled extensively through the jungles of the country. Descriptive passages of the unknown Montaña to the west of the Madeira river surpass the wildest imagination, and if the tale be incredible it is none the less fascinating.

Surrender. *By J. C. Snaith. Appleton. $2.00.*

Three romantic novels about the Foreign Legion by Percival C. Wren have paved the way for Mr. Snaith's new book, but this time an American youth plays the leading part. Ambrose Dorland joins the Foreign Legion unaware of the physical hardship to which he will be subjected and, when he realizes that his company will not be sent to the French trenches, escapes in disguise with the aid of an English beggar. After suffering unbelievable privations in the desert, he and his companion finally reach England and start anew.

The Heretic. *By Dan Poling. Doubleday, Doran. $2.00.*

From the pulpit to the church mission for river bargemen Bruce Jayne, the youthful pastor of Old Central, wages a battle to better the lives of these men who are not strong enough to unionize and force a living wage from their owners. (It is of the days when labor first started to join the union movement.) Frankly religious and possessing a Galahadian nobleness this novel makes its point.

Mirror of Dreams. *By M. L. A. Gompertz ("Ganpat"). Doubleday, Doran. $2.00.*

Hidden far away in the mountains of Central Asia is a spot where a new religion of life is taught. Tom Carruthers and his friend Major Oxley of the English Intelligence Office, making a long trek across India to Lahore, and thence into Ladakh-land, to seek out the meaning of this religion, learn of a plot to drive the English from India by sending arms to the natives through a long-lost mountain pass from Russia. In a tale of Oriental mystery, complicated yet fascinating, the exciting adventures of these two men are ably presented by the author who has spent much of his life in India, and who has drawn a colorful picture of Oriental superstitions and customs.

Penelope's Man: The Homing Instinct. *By John Erskine. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.*

In his rôle of valet to the gods, Professor Erskine this time gives Odysseus a wash and brush-up, a cornflower for his buttonhole and a fresh handkerchief scented with Chanel's No. 5, and packs the poor man off on errands and adventures to which he attends with no particular gusto. With a canny eye for business, Professor Erskine has set out to please his customers by putting Circe in a kitchen apron and Penelope in several different beds. And all this comes off much the same as the other tales have come off.

Second Cabin. *By Mary Heaton Vorse. Liveright. $2.00.*

Mrs. Vorse, like Conrad Aiken, has chosen to bring into a more personal relationship than ordinarily maintains the ill-assorted, singular people one finds on board the transatlantic liner. Though there is sometimes brilliance in this book, one finds that brilliance rather "trick": a storm at sea and the

(*Continued on page XXII*)

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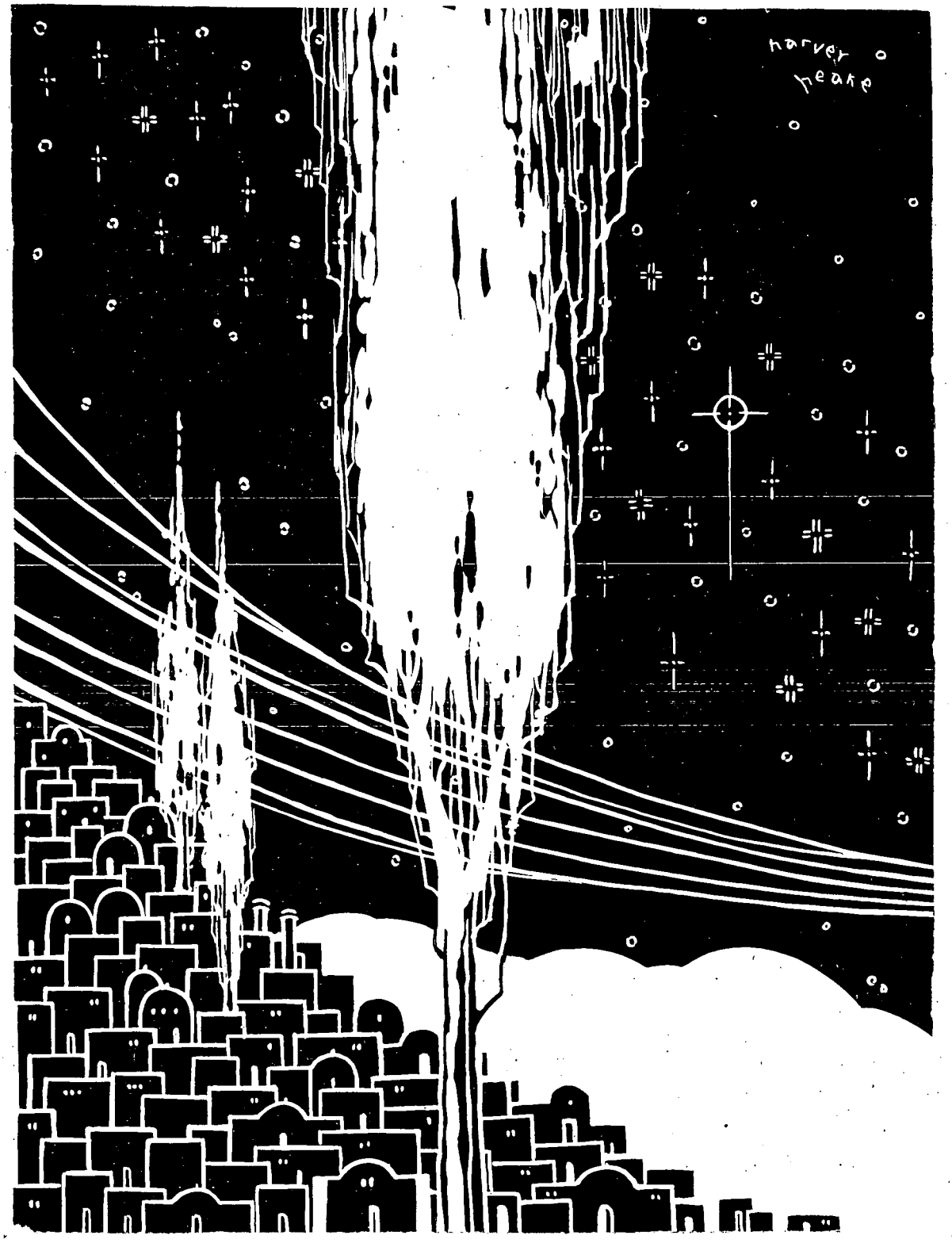

By Harvey Peake

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JANUARY, 1929 VOL. LXVIII, No. 5

The BOOKMAN

CATCHWORDS

A Plea for the Introduction of Thought into Contemporary Thinking

By Douglas Bush

TO BEGIN with a microcosmic illustration every teacher is familiar with this depressing experience. Knowing that the assigned books have not been and will not be read, you set forth a comprehensive series of essential facts and ideas about a piece of literature or a man or a movement, material which constitutes the substratum for intelligent opinion, and you grow more, or less, eloquent as you observe rows of apathetic faces and motionless right hands. Then, if by an evil chance some such phrase as "Shelley was a Bolshevist" slips into your discourse, you observe, not a change of facial expression, but instant activity of rows of hands, and you groan inwardly as you already see the ghastly words on scores of examination books. One headline, if short and vague enough, is worth more than columns of solid facts and carefully qualified ideas, and hardest of all to bear is the knowledge that there would have been an equally ready welcome for "Shelley was a hard-boiled Tory".

Whether displayed in the classroom or in books, at home or abroad, this sort of mind may be described as that of the tourist, and its mode of assimilation was set forth once for all by the creator of Mr. Polly:

"Now, does this Marlowe monument really and truly matter?" he had heard the little lady inquire. "We've no time for side-shows and second-rate stunts, Mamie. We want just the Big Simple Things of the place, just the Broad Elemental Canterbury Prahposition. What is it saying to us? I want to get right hold of that, and then to have tea in the very room where Chaucer did, and hustle to get that four-eighteen train back to London."

However, this casual survey of some aspects of polite learning is not so much concerned with the lower forms of cultural shortcuts, but with the somewhat more pretentious, though essentially similar, disease to which most of us succumb at times, the habit of using undefined and hardly definable critical labels. Readers who turn from modern criticism to that of more simple-minded ages must wonder at the poverty and bluntness of the older critical vocabulary. Dryden, Dr. Johnson, even Coleridge and Arnold, wrote abundantly of books and authors in ignorance of nearly all the terminology which the modern critic finds indispensable. Let us take a few sentences from Johnson's famous analysis of metaphysical "wit":

Nor was the sublime more within their reach than the pathetick; for they never attempted that comprehension and expanse of thought which at once fills the whole mind,

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and of which the first effect is sudden astonishment, and the second rational admiration. Sublimity is produced by aggregation, and littleness by dispersion. Great thoughts are always general, and consist in positions not limited by exceptions, and in descriptions not descending to minuteness . . .

Here is generalization, but also precise definition and entire lucidity. But if such criticism is wanting in imaginative and emotional coloring, in philosophic subtlety, let us take a bit of modern analysis which has no such deficiencies. This is from a critique of Mr. Anderson's *Dark Laughter* by Mr. Waldo Frank:

And in this sense, the atomism of Benjamin Constant, of the German expressionists, of M. Aragon, and of Mr. Anderson, based upon a nucleus of self-feeling *beneath distinctions,* must be rigorously opposed to the synthetic atomism of Stendhal, Dostoevsky, Nietzsche, Gide, whose nuclear unity is an essence of all preceding human values.

Here we have an elucidation of Mr. Anderson's achievement which makes no concessions to the simple-minded or sluggish reader, and its ideas beckon the philosophic to their own inaccessible homes. It would be difficult for some of us, in the absence of a translation, either to agree or to disagree with Mr. Frank's judgment.

It is such critical writing, and much of a happily less exacting order, which arouses in the inarticulate a craving to master the art of generalization that is one of the marks of the wide-ranging reviewer, especially of the younger, fresher, more intellectual sort. It is sometimes said to flourish chiefly in pedagogues, this talent for compressing an age or a man into an epithet, and certainly the pedagogical assumption of omniscience may encourage the use of large free labels, a kind of critical shorthand which not every student, or every lecturer, has the will or the power to transliterate; the words fall impressively upon the ear, and if they ever were wedded to a precise idea they have long been divorced from such a disturbing companion. But such facility is not merely or mainly professorial, it is a prime faculty in the practising critic. And every now and then a jaded reader starts from his normal lethargy to ask what meaning, if any, a number of smooth coins of terminology possess.

There is no need of going beyond some of the most commonplace terms. Generalizing about historic periods and national or racial characteristics affords perhaps the largest opportunities for piercing intuition and untrammeled originality. The amateur, standing solidly on his inner consciousness, has a power of generalization denied to the specialist, whose consciousness of corrective facts may be so acute as to render him incapable of any general statement whatever. Mr. Strachey, I think, has urged, as a condition of good writing, that "selective power of ignorance" which surpasses the best efforts of deliberate selection from unlimited stores of knowledge. For instance, one finds medieval scholars chary of applying the term "medieval" to anything; they know too much. To Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton, twin champions of "one catholic and alcoholic church", the word has connotations equally obvious and joyous which awaken no joyous recognition in the expert eye of Mr. G. G. Coulton. The same epithet, in a disparaging sense, is a useful journalistic and oratorical weapon. We are told that Fundamentalism is medieval, though nearly all our heresies originated in the Middle Ages. Prohibition is medieval, though even in the monasteries the daily allowance of ale was about a gallon. Censorship is medieval, though Chaucer's more robust tales caused no great perturbation among his feminine pilgrims, and though medieval preachers addressed young women in language that would raise a blush on the cheek of Mr. Cabell.

While naturally the remoter periods can be more readily compressed into capsules, one might go through a long list of evils which our age has liked to call Victorian. The word calls up a time when young people, like Dickens and Samuel Butler, loved and obeyed their parents; when, in life as in fiction, women were given to swooning, like the Brontë sisters and Mrs. Carlyle; when men accepted orthodox Christianity with simple faith, like Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold,

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Morley, Mill, Huxley, Hardy, Swinburne . . . An English critic a while ago christened Addison "the first Victorian". Has Addison a better claim than Adam?

An even more protean word, because it does cover all human history, is "puritan". When an adjective has been applied to Tertullian, Plato, Cato the Censor, St. Bernard, John Calvin, Oliver Cromwell, Jonathan Edwards, Carlyle, Anthony Comstock, Stuart Sherman, Mr. Coolidge—to mention a random few—, one begins to wonder just what it means. The man in the street has a fairly definite notion of what a puritan was—a cropped head, sober dress, entire joylessness, and *Paradise Lost* floating in the background—but the man in the street is himself only a meaningless label.

The word "puritan", though misty as we use it, does start from something definite that we can put a finger on. When terms lack even that sheet-anchor of obvious fact they take bewildering voyages on the sea of generalization. Witness our old friends of the classroom, "classic" and "romantic". Even on the turbid stream of modern psychological criticism these precious labels float buoyantly onward, gathering stranger incrustations as they go. The trouble is that the ancient classics had the bad taste to be frequently romantic, and some modern romantics have queered the pitch by showing indubitable signs of classicism. People who enjoy playing with intellectual counters can prove that anyone is anything. Mrs. Colum remarked a while ago that "it would be very easy to show that Mr. Paul Elmer More has far more of a tendency towards Romanticism than towards Classicism", though she omitted the demonstration. The cloven hoof has likewise been detected in Mr. Irving Babbitt. We may expect to hear shortly that Mr. Mencken is a Baptist.

If "classic" and "romantic" leave one groping for light, even more weird are the vagaries of the kindred word "humanism". Mr. Babbitt once complained that the word had been used of such a motley crew as Comte, Rousseau, and Herder, and the latest instances I happen to have noticed were Dickens, Galsworthy, and Whitman. In fact any author one wishes to praise is "humanistic". Granted that the term cannot be restricted to its Renaissance meaning, it surely cannot be so far divorced from the sense of subjection to traditional discipline, of civic responsibility, of law, order, moderation and reason, as to fit any author who deals in any way whatever with human life.

Considerable daring, usually unconscious, is involved in the use of the terms "Greek" and "pagan". They are special favorites with modern novelists and reviewers, and their modern meaning, so far as that can be discerned, would have puzzled Socrates —or Aristophanes. "To some cultured folk", it has been said, "who have read Swinburne (but not Plato), the notion of the Greeks presents a world of happy pagans, children of nature, without any tiresome ideas of morality or self-control, sometimes making pretty poems and statues, but generally basking in the sun without much on." Of course man has always made the Greeks in his own image, and there is some excuse for it, since the most philosophic mind might be at a loss for a single adjective which sums up the essential kinship of Æschylus and Lucian, Simonides and Aristophanes, Plato and Aristotle, Sophocles and Euripides, Pindar and Sappho. Demosthenes, said Dr. Johnson, spoke to brutes. To the German Hellenists the Greek was a being of superhuman beauty of body and mind, of godlike serenity and calm; and much the same sentimentalized Greek lingered in Pater and in Wilde, who lamented that he, Oscar, was a Greek born out of due time. Keats, says one critic, did not merely possess the Greek spirit, he was a Greek; Keats, says another, had not a trace of the Greek spirit; and thus the work of critical evaluation proceeds. Some time ago essays happened to appear simultaneously which bestowed the magic word upon Mr. Frost and Ronald Firbank. If *North of Boston* and *Prancing Nigger* are both Greek, an earnest seeker after truth is driven to take the one course not commonly taken by the critics: that is, to read Greek literature. The same desperate remedy might bring relief to those who read in sundry essays that Shelley was a Platonist—another beautifully capacious word,

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much beloved of those who do not know Plato; or that the work of Thomas Hardy is akin to the Greek drama, which repudiates everything Hardy stands for. It would also enable one to puncture the inept flippancies of Mr. Howard Mumford Jones's cross-examination of Mr. Babbitt.

Other national labels are no less seductive than "Greek". Scholars have long ceased to discuss Arnold's analysis of the Celtic genius, but the mysterious word still has its charm for less pedantic minds. "Nordic" had a vogue, but was so well battered that it has practically vanished from the adult vocabulary, and sprouts up only in the speeches of statesmen. Señor Madariaga has of late been juggling pleasantly with national characters. He begins an *Atlantic* article thus:

Nothing could be more typical of the national character of Spain, of France, and of England than the fact that the idea expressed in English by the word "leaders" should be expressed in French by *les élites* and in Spanish by *las minorías*. "Leaders" suggests a people led—willingly, spontaneously led. *Les élites* suggests a mere selection of the best, a setting aside of quality. *Las minorías* is but the bare statistical recognition of the fact that a certain type of man, endowed with a certain number of powers, is in a minority.

At the first reading perhaps that paragraph seems to mean something. At the second it clearly means nothing, for any permutation and combination of the phrases and nationalities would contain as much truth, and as little. Is not the whole business a trifle absurd? *Faust* and *Tristan and Isolde*, Heine's *Romantic School* and a Göttingen thesis on Shakespeare's double superlatives, they are all typically German. Dante and Casanova, St. Francis and Leopardi, Fra Angelico and Aretino, Savonarola and d'Annunzio, somehow coalesce into an entity which we spontaneously recognize as Italian. Rabelais and Pascal, Montaigne and Bossuet, Villon and Racine, La Rochefoucauld and Rousseau, Joubert and Beaudelaire, Notre Dame and the Folies Bergères, are some component elements of that distinctively Gallic genius we so often rely upon to explain the inexplicable.

And when we come to the English genius our greater familiarity with its manifestations only darkens counsel. Speaking of individuals alien to the national temper a scholar observes: "Thus in a history of the English genius we should say little of Crashaw, Pope, Blake, Keats, Shelley, Clough, Pater, but much of Chaucer, Milton, Johnson, Dickens, Borrow, Macaulay, Browning". Possibly, but the number of "aliens" may amount to disconcerting proportions. Chaucer has often been called the most English of English writers; he has also been called the most Gallic; and one could easily make out an incontrovertible case for either view. John Bull is as unreal as the once-popular "economic man", and one is led astray even by particular attributes which tradition has created. There is, for example, his unimaginative and practical temper, at once solid and stolid, and one thinks of Marlowe, Spenser, Donne, Sir Thomas Browne, Vaughan, Blake, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Beddoes, Swinburne, "B.V.", Evelyn Underhill. There is that well-known love of the sea and of travel which calls up the names of old English sea-dogs like Sinbad, Ulysses, Leif Ericson, Columbus, Magellan. And so one might go on, but at this point one is likely to relapse into the all-sufficing bosom of Shakespeare, who united that typically English dislike of the lower classes with that traditional English love of common humanity so sublimely exemplified in Bottom and Dogberry; who, with true English independence, flouted dramatic conventions, except when, with the English instinct for imitating continental forms, he obeyed them; who, with characteristic English reserve (found also in Sophocles), kept his personality out of his plays, and yet, with English naïveté, revealed it so fully that many have thought he resembled Coleridge, and at least one person has seen in him an Elizabethan Frank Harris. Indeed, whatever qualities one begins to catalogue as typically English, a phantom host of the great arise whose souls had no such elements. Most generalizations about the English genius seem to have been based upon the House of Commons, and even that eminent body has never been so standardized as to be without dangerously

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un-English members. Perhaps only Henry James, with a few score parenthetical qualifications, could have achieved a partial definition, and it would have been unintelligible.

The United States, though occupying one-half of its continent (not to mention that suburb of Washington, South America), has preëmpted the name of the whole, so that Stuart Sherman and others have written of "the genius of America"; Canada and Mexico are doubtless allowed a scrap of common stock in the national over-soul. The briefer history of the United States, and its vast area, have retarded the crystallization of a generally acceptable definition of the American genius. Uncle Sam is as inadequate a symbol as John Bull. What definition will accommodate Lincoln, Bryan, Mr. Alfred E. Smith, Poe, President Lowell, P. T. Barnum, Frances E. Willard, Ernest Hemingway, Dr. John Roach Straton, Mr. Villard?

When some months ago Miss Glasgow asked a similar question, in a more philosophic way, Mrs. Colum magisterially rapped her knuckles and bade her keep out of criticism, declaring that really American writers have a really American quality; the quality, I think, was not defined. To say, as Mrs. Colum did, that Mr. Anderson and Mr. Hemingway have as much in common as Mr. T. F. Powys and Mrs. Woolf is only to draw a herring across the path—unless the common elements in Mr. Powys and Mrs. Woolf are too obvious to need specification. But if one is sometimes uncertain about the common English strain in, say, Mr. Housman, Mr. Kipling, the Sitwells, Mr. Wells, Mr. Aldous Huxley, Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Beerbohm, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, one may likewise, being blunt-visioned, grope rather vaguely for the mystic x which explains the oneness of Mr. Cabell, Mr. Harold Bell Wright, Mr. O'Neill, Miss Anne Nichols, Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Norris, Longfellow, Mr. Masters, James Russell Lowell, Amy Lowell, Mr. T. S. Eliot, Mr. Edgar Guest, Miss Millay, the Sweet Singer of Michigan, Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Mencken, Mr. Vachel Lindsay, "H.D.". This haphazard list ranges from the lowest level of popular taste to the most exalted and esoteric. Where and what is the true Americanism?

We frequently meet strange evidence of hundred-percent Americanism in editors and critics. For instance, the poetry of Mr. Robert Hillyer is of the sublimated order, emotion recollected in tranquillity and expressed with quiet distinction; it is not smeared with American local color, but belongs to no particular place or time. Accordingly Miss Harriet Munroe rejected Mr. Hillyer's lovely *Prothalamion* as too English —wedding hymns being apparently an English invention—and professional carpers dismiss his work as "derivative". When such an editor as Miss Munroe and reviewers in such a journal as *The New Republic* are unable to distinguish between purely imitative verse and original poetry written in a great tradition, we wonder if average American critical standards are very different from those of the D.A.R. Apparently one should be an American first and a poet second; we might perhaps be content with finding a poet. Must we compute the percentage of Spanish, American, and English elements in Mr. Santayana, or may we be satisfied with Mr. Santayana himself? Is Mr. Robinson's *Tristram* an American or an English poem? His Jonsonian monologue is certainly not American, and is quite certainly a poem. In what sense is Miss Millay's *Renascence* more American than Mr. Hodgson's *Song of Honour?* But the possible queries are endless and this paper is not.

The affixing of vague labels, juggling with national traits, generalizing in naïve independence of facts, these things are only symptoms of the chaos of contemporary criticism, of confused thinking and confused feeling. It is easier than it has ever been before for the most nebulous or irresponsible or smartly paradoxical critical utterances to command attention. On the one hand we have chatty expressions of personal taste, and on the other psychological doctrines of a profundity which is frequently vacuity. Popular critics seldom reveal any sense of direction or the real knowledge which is the prerequisite of philosophic grasp. For such qualities one must go mainly to the older critics, Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More, who only a few years ago were receiving missiles from

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the younger generation and are now receiving wreaths. Mr. Babbitt must plead guilty to the charge of using labels freely, but in his case the essential clarity and vital truth of his doctrine are not seriously damaged; both men have had to fight against heavy odds, and humanism suffers from polemical necessities. But the influence of these men upon the present younger generation, academic and unacademic, is one of the most hopeful signs of the times, a sign that some fresh minds are not satisfied with drifting and can recognize lighthouses which may in time loom as large as Matthew Arnold did.

One may disagree frequently with Mr. Babbitt's particular literary judgments—one must if one is to retain many authors on one's shelves—but these are admittedly not rounded judgments; they are particular illustrations of general tendencies. Both men have had to wait a long time for respectful critical consideration, but they are now getting it in full measure, partly through the influence of such an indubitably young and modern disciple as Mr. T. S. Eliot. And nearer home the fruits of humanistic influence can be seen in such men as Professor Foerster, or in such a significant book as Mr. Gorham Munson's *Destinations*. There is a danger that the classicism of Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More, a sound wine of old vintage, may become a dilution in some of their younger followers, but the great thing is that leadership should be found in men who exalt reason, clear thinking instead of cloudy feeling, who insist on precision and definition, who preach a coherent and rational theory which unites literature and life. Doubtless they too are "un-American", for they were listened to abroad before they were at home. Anyway, those who have a surfeit of vague emotionalism masquerading as criticism, of misty language disguising chaotic thought, of foppish pseudo-intellectualism, who find a difficulty in worshipping such gods as Bertrand Russell, Havelock Ellis, and J. B. Watson, may find light and leading in the writings, at once astringent and inspiring, of humanists who do not deal in the catchwords of the moment.

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AMERICAN POETRY SINCE 1920

By Allen Tate

SHORTLY after 1920 a popular agitation for poetry, the most successful and sensational in our history, came to a close. Between 1912 and 1918 several distinct movements had got under way, and isolated poets, like Robinson and Frost, who might otherwise have come less swiftly to fame, were taken up on the rising sea of that time and were soon riding the full crest of the wave. There were doubtless certain defects in the intellectual climate of that decade, and yet it appeared to have a singular virtue—that of providing an atmosphere through which poetry could be readily communicated to the public. This atmosphere had quickly spread over the Northern section of the political unit (the South at that time had not yet risen to speech), and it seemed as if poetry had at last reached the public as intimately as the nineteenth century Bostonians had made their own poetry reach themselves. Then, suddenly, the genie withdrew into his bottle. He left the air as pellucidly thin as he had found it. And the poets, breathing heavily, burrowed once more into their holes.

The defect of the time was the fact that the air the poets breathed was not their own, but the breath of the genii (for there were two): Miss Amy Lowell and Mr. Louis Untermeyer. Miss Lowell's talent for being a popular figure had convinced the public, for a time, that it was interested in poetry; and yet, even before her death, she had lost much of her hold upon the popular imagination. This may or may not have been due to the ingratitude of the public, which refused its attention to her ideas after it had ceased to be amused. At any rate, by 1920 Imagism had played out, and polyphonic prose, no longer controversial, was no longer read.

Mr. Untermeyer's position was different. He pinned his faith to no single movement, but with amazing success applied an elastic spirit to the comprehension of them all. He was able to phrase the right public interpretation of a great many poets: Sara Teasdale, E. A. Robinson, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg . . . but the list is inexhaustible. Yet, in the last six or seven years, his influence has perceptibly declined. Mr. Untermeyer, taking always great risks, has made mistakes; but the very decline of his influence attests to the integrity of a useful career. He is temperamentally a partisan critic; his heart has always been with the poets of his own generation; and his service consists in his having stamped their reputations upon the mind of the reading public. Only critics of the first order can bridge two generations and outlast the enthusiasms of their own time. Mr. Untermeyer leaves no successor, and the popular defense of poetry has lost its effectiveness. The public has been left to infer that poetry itself has declined. Already there were giants in those days.

But, as a matter of fact, American poetry is now in certain respects more interesting than it has ever been. Its range of feeling is wider, its technical resources are deeper—its intention, in fact, is better informed than that of any other poetry in our literature. The contrast of its motives with those of the preceding generation will make them clear.

The poets who made the second decade of this century famous as the American Renaissance exhibited, in spite of their local differences, a singleness of outlook that seemed to prove that we had, after all, a national spirit and that our period of servitude to foreign models had ended. But, just as the atmosphere of communication between poet and public was misleading, there was something misleading in the unified Americanism of their attitude: it was not all that it seemed to be. With the exceptions of Robinson and Frost, the leading figures came from the Middle West. The spirit of that region was

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boomed much as its land had been two generations before. Lindsay and Sandburg and Masters tracked down the local character of their section, and, once found, it easily fitted, under the pressure of frontier optimism, into the framework of national types and heroes who seemed to speak for the whole country. But the intention of these poets towards their material turned out to be only mildly representative, their production a kind of hurried programme music. What emerged was America boomed in terms of the West.

How successfully this movement made itself out to be the spirit of a united America is measured by the mistake of an English critic writing about John Crowe Ransom: Mr. Robert Graves assumed that, as an American poet, Mr. Ransom (who came after Sandburg and has a different background) was attempting to "express" the poor whites of the South. Mr. Graves had been instructed by *The Spoon River Anthology;* but the significance of his error will be clearer in a moment.

The misleading quality of the Middle-Western poetry boom came directly out of the conception of poetry that lay back of it. This was simple, untutored, and crude. And its production had the features of a hasty revolt. Moody, Woodberry, and Miss Peabody were decadents; they were severely inoculated against the living American scene. But the revolt from them was really carried out on their own plane of vision: their diction was broken up and a fresher idiom substituted; the physical scene was noted in more vivid detail. But the intensity of vision was not increased, and after the spell of the American catchwords had subsided, chaos yawned vastly as before. Beneath the aggressive Americanism of Sandburg, Lindsay, Masters, there was not a profound ordering of experience, personal or common; it is not surprising that they failed to give us a mature style. What they gave us was, in the end, *News from the West.* And Miss Lowell and Mr. Untermeyer were not unwilling to publish it.

The important thing, then, to remember, so far as the new poets are concerned, is the failure of their predecessors to leave them firm ground to stand upon. The sociological excitement of the preceding generation was not disciplined; it yielded no permanent values. The excitement has abated; the new poets have not been able to share it, for it was not strong enough to make a tradition; and they have had to begin over again. Their performance is thus more varied, and it lacks the sustaining force of a common idea. It lacks utterly the belief in a united America. The poets of our own time have not been able to organize a school that could advertise itself as representative of the whole country.

There have, of course, been groups, like the *Fugitives* of Tennessee who did not advertise themselves at all. These poets started with open minds—that is, with the simple aim of writing poetry. But after five or six years it became clear that quite unconsciously they were fostering a sectional spirit, that they were indifferent to the Middle Western procedure of rendering an American as distinguished from any other scene, and that finally they were all private persons trying to solve the esthetic problem each in his own way. They were willing to draw upon all the resources of poetry that they knew, for it was obvious that their sectionalism, if it existed, and their nationalism, if that existed, would take care of themselves. There was no attempt to force the materials at hand into an easy significance (the mistake of the South Carolina poets). Fugitive poetry turned out to be profoundly sectional in that it was supported by the prejudices, feelings, values, into which the poets were born. Because the approach of the Fugitives to their art was the normal one, and because the normal attitude has been absent in America for several generations, the history of the Fugitive group is not an unprofitable study.

The significance of Mr. Graves's mistake regarding Mr. Ransom's intentions now becomes clear, and it illuminates the break between two generations of American poets. Far from booming the conspicuous properties, physical and social, of their native scene, John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, and the other Fugitive poets took, in these properties, only that minimum of public interest that one feels in one's arms and

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legs. Their original approach to poetry was therefore pure—that of craftsmen. I hesitate to describe this approach as esthetic, for the term is debased. The chief emphasis was laid, or, more strictly, was discovered to have been laid, upon form and style.

This is the leading characteristic of the best poetry written in all sections of America since the era of *The Spoon River Anthology*. The motives of a generation of poets, seen through a reducing-glass, are the motives of the Fugitive group. This group had little or no influence upon the poets outside the South. They began writing in 1921, and their work points in a direction that poets everywhere, at that time, felt bound to take.

The collapse of the Middle Western movement left the younger poets helplessly open to conviction, and the recent preoccupation with form and style is largely due to, has been largely organized under, the influence of Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot. This influence has concentrated the energy of a generation. It has been on the whole beneficial. The best talents have recovered from the direct imitation of their masters, so that the present generation can offer to the public six or seven poets who in the art of writing are superior to the best (Mr. Robinson being excepted) of the preceding generation. I need only to name Mark Van Doren, John Crowe Ransom, Hart Crane, Léonie Adams, Yvor Winters, Archibald MacLeish; there are others almost as good.

The pursuit of form and style I have called a "direction", and it has been cherished as such by isolated persons and groups, notably the *Secession* writers, now scattered and reformed, and the recent Chicago school composed of Samuel Putnam, Mark Turbyfill, and, for a time, Glenway Wescott and Yvor Winters. But it is quite obvious that the most efficient piece of machinery is incapable of charting its own course: the stylistic excellence of contemporary American poetry is equalled only by the variety in the chaos that it holds up to the view. In this chaos there are several different Americas, none of which contains all the values of the whole and which, with respect to the whole, represent disorder. But the degree to which individual poets have achieved a triumph over a limited material is greater than that achieved by the preceding generation envisaging a more comprehensive surface.

The inference to be drawn from this distinction is irresistible. The experiment that tried to find values for the whole of the American scene succeeded in erecting a set of fictions which collapsed after a short period of excitement; these fictive values have declined because they did not proceed from an intense realization of the projected material. They were forced, but *not made good*. The new poets steadily refuse to issue a special plea for any set of current values. They are trying to write poetry, and they are succeeding in integrating as much value as they find in themselves or in their associations with some limited scene. Mr. Phelps Putnam, from Massachusetts, and Mr. Robert Penn Warren, from Kentucky, have as much in common as a French poet and an English poet writing in the same age: only a big word, like *Zeitgeist*, can establish their communication. We must infer, then, that the attempt to boom America as a unity of feeling has failed, and that the unity has, at cock-crow, limped off a vague and ghostly abstraction, for which no one seems bent upon finding a definite symbol. For the new poets are concerned with personal and local symbols, and their poetry tends towards provincialism.

This, then, is the direction of modern poetry in America. Yet such a direction is, at least for the moment, quite negative: the literary provincialism of the younger poets has, unluckily, no political connections, and, more unluckily still, the only temporo-spatial support it can hope to find lies in a group of moribund cultures. A survey, therefore, of the accomplishment of the new generation brings out a perplexing variety of impulses. In the South there is the attempt to define the past in terms of an unsympathetic reaction to the industrial era; the poets in that region are conservative with respect to their own traditions, but they are prepared to use all the methods associated in the popular mind with literary "radicalism". The Middle West, since the time of Lindsay and Masters, has repudiated its in-

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terest in the local speech and scene; the short memory and vague future of that section have easily plunged the young writers into "abstractionism" and anti-intellectualism in extreme forms, such as the poetic impostures (deliberate or not) of Samuel Putnam and Mark Turbyfill; but this tendency indicates a genuine impulse, which motivates the distinguished poetry of Hart Crane. The state of the New England mind is (as usual) less simple; it is still, in spite of much internal cleavage and some external disguise, a single mind, of which Putnam and Cummings are only different facets. Cummings is a deeply moral sensibility without moral ideas—a predicament which induces him to exaggerate the value of his perceptions and makes him too often the showman. Putnam is a showman too: he is a New England divine who, on the emotional plane, stands by his tradition (there is something of Robinson's feeling in him), but who appears to reject it in his concern with spectacular modern symbols; his impulse runs true to form in his mystical and romantic quest of God—as distinguished from the common-sense rationalism of the quest of the good life on the part of his Southern contemporaries. New England, the South, the Middle West, these are still our resources, and they remain distinctive if not intact. And there is the far West, where Robinson Jeffers stands alone. Jeffers's gift for narrative is unequalled in England or America, and he has invented a new narrative style. He represents, with his symbols of inversion and sterility, with his anti-intellectualism, the most ambitious reach of the West to erect its disorder and rootless energy into a symbol of the whole American scene.

A certain quality of excellence, it must be said, is the sole connection between a great number of very different poets. John Crowe Ransom has published three books of verse. The first, *Poems About God* (1919) was experimental; it barely foreshadowed the distinctive quality for which this poet is now famous. *Chills and Fever* (1924) and *Two Gentlemen in Bonds* (1926) evince the perfect fusion between style and attitude. Ransom's poetry is a richly fulfilled moment of vision which seems to be incapable of growth and change; but his intellectual resourcefulness permits us to expect a later performance that will be quite different from anything he has done. The poetry of Donald Davidson, like Ransom's, leans heavily upon the rural culture of his section; only Davidson's method of dealing with local values, since the appearance of *An Outland Piper* (1924), grows more and more historical; *The Tall Men* (1927) is a kind of subjective epic which takes a single attitude from the pioneer period through the Great War. This interesting poem is brilliantly and incoherently written. Mark Van Doren is in some respects our most perfect craftsman. He found, in his first volume, *Spring Thunder* (1924), a style which, in two successive books, has been modified and extended, without being changed, until it is now equal to the demands of a highly complex vision. The surface simplicity of Van Doren's first poems was misleading: he is one of the most profound sensibilities in America. In his third volume, *Now the Sky* (1928), he begins the development of a complex symbolism. Léonie Adams and Louise Bogan have each published a single distinguished volume. Miss Bogan's *Body of This Death* (1923), a slight but almost perfect exhibit, announced the most accomplished woman poet of the time: Miss Bogan had succeeded in reducing a sharp sense of peripheral sensations, to which women are peculiarly sensitive, to form. But Miss Adams's *Those Not Elect* (1925) heralded a close rival. Miss Adams's range is, in fact, considerably greater than Miss Bogan's, and her style is richer and more mature; her mind is probably the freest in contemporary poetry; it is susceptible to release by all the experience at her command. Her style is a little too heavily burdened with a superabundance of imagery, and her poems often conceal their central ideas; this defect of composition may be corrected in time.

Marianne Moore and Wallace Stevens, different as they are from each other, have in common certain elements of style: precision of statement, decorative imagery, and a sense of the allusive value of nonsense phrases. The intention of Miss Moore's *Observations* (1924) is slight, but its technical perfection

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has not been surpassed by a contemporary writer. She is a Victorian in whom Victorian convictions are lacking, but in whom the habits of feeling which correspond to those convictions remain; she is, in fact, deficient in compulsions of any sort—that is to say, in "ideas"; and her verse proceeds from a perceptive mechanism which seems to run on its own momentum. Stevens is quite differently motivated. *Harmonium* (1922) contains an impulse more serious than Miss Moore's. His dandyism, which has been ably described by Mr. Gorham B. Munson, is the perfect surface beneath which plays an intense Puritanism. He is undoubtedly the most finished poet of the age, and he is the only American poet who has been intelligently affected by the Parnassians and the Symbolists.

There remain three important craftsmen. Hart Crane's one volume, *White Buildings* (1926), is probably the most distinguished first book ever issued in the country. It has been followed, in the last two years in various journals, by fragments of an American epic to be entitled *The Bridge:* Crane is the only interesting talent of his generation who is preoccupied with the idea of united America, and it is worth pointing out, again, that he comes from the Middle West. His chief defect is the lack of a system of disciplined values which would clarify and control the most prodigal poetic gift in America. His genius for sheer writing—for composition, for variety and subtlety of rhythm, for freshness of imagery—occasionally gets out of hand: his literary talent exceeds at the moment what he has coherently to say. Crane's blank verse is one of the few important contributions made by a contemporary to poetic style. Archibald MacLeish continues to promise more than he has achieved. His literary competence is tremendous. His writing has an inveterate distinction, but it lacks direction, weight, and solidity; there seems to be no leading symbol that plays upon his ideas and he has thus not been able to develop a consistent style. Yvor Winters is in the experimental stage. *The Bare Hills* (1927) brings to an end his first phase; this book, had it appeared ten years ago, would have won its author the first place among the Imagist poets.

There are certain other poets whose work has not been published in books, but it is so good that it should be better known. Edmund Wilson has written some of the most accomplished poetry of our time. In attitude and the sense of value he belongs less to the generation of Crane and MacLeish than to the society that produced Mr. John Jay Chapman: his poetry is almost exclusively concerned with social appearances and their meaning, and he has a good deal in common with the author of *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes.* Malcolm Cowley has published in the last few years very little poetry; he is one of the most finished writers in America. He was deeply affected by post-bellum literary movements in France, and under this influence he wrote a good deal of verse, which is not his best. Cowley is one of those rare American poets genuinely gifted with rural and regional feeling, and his best poetry is motivated by it. Robert Penn Warren, a member of the Fugitive group, is shaking off, in recent poems, the influence of T. S. Eliot; his best verse, like Cowley's, derives its symbols from a specific region; but, unlike Cowley's, it is supported by certain moral obsessions that give it intensity and depth. There are other interesting poets—Saville Clark, Lincoln Fitzell, Margaret Moore, Janet Lewis, Merrill Moore—who may be expected to produce interesting verse. So little, however, of the work of these poets is accessible that it is difficult to predict their future.

The conclusion to which the impartial observer of the American scene is driven is that there is no homogeneous body of beliefs and feelings into which the poet may be educated; in all these poets there is no positive attitude that we may describe as national, as peculiarly our own. The formation of such an attitude is, in a sense not easily defined, the American problem. But it is significant that the only poet of the new generation—as I have already observed—who is attempting to create such an attitude in national terms should come from the Middle West. This is the section where local tradition is weakest; the spiritual well-being of the West depends upon its success in assimilating the cultural tradition of the older sections. I

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have pointed out the failure of the past generation to achieve this unity of feeling. Hart Crane's effort in this direction is more ambitious than Lindsay's or Sandburg's, and because he is a poet of the first order the publication of *The Bridge* will be an important event in contemporary letters. Of its success in creating a national myth it is our privilege to be sceptical in advance.

For the American problem, as I have stated it, is not national at all; it is sectional. It is the problem of survival in the Middle West. The Middle West, of course, is not purely a geographical term; it applies to any community where the population is restless and its activities industrialized. And it is not surprising that there is a powerful metropolitan school of writers who have undertaken the formation of the American idea: New York absorbs and intensifies the motives of all our Middle Wests. This motive is, in general, disorder attempting to correct itself by means of the further disorder of catchwords and slogans. There is no reason to infer, from the distress into which the lack of an American myth betrays us, that it is possible to create one. It is not even desirable that such a myth should be created. The only effective procedure in the present crisis has been, surprisingly enough, described in *The New Republic* by Mr. Waldo Frank. (I say it is surprising that Mr. Frank should describe it because he is himself the product of the megalopolitan life that has undone us.)

This procedure is the formation of groups. Our groups since the middle of the nineteenth century have been rootless collections of people spellbound by Utopia or advancing some special plea. It is hard to find a disinterested group in our recent history. The Imagists were not a genuine group; they were a miscellany of people who, under Miss Lowell, formulated a public cry. Other groups, like the recent "Secessionists", have formed to resist the organized literary journalism of New York. It is outside the purpose of this essay to analyze the intention of the powerful group headed by Mr. A. R. Orage, which exhibits the fallacy of most of our groups. For external authority which does not work up through the terms of American life only cuts its adherents away from their roots, and thus accelerates the process of disorder which it proposes to correct.

The group should be provincial. Its formation should be accidental. Its activity should be, not the circulation of opinion, but the discipline of art forms. It should be a group of craftsmen—of painters, of philosophers, of poets. It is possible that never again will powerful groups, so motivated, appear in the United States. And yet the present state of American poetry points to certain negative conditions favorable to their appearance.

For the disordered spirit of the new poets is collective; as individuals they have attained to a more intense personal ordering of the spirit than their immediate predecessors had achieved. They lack the facile optimism of the past generation and evince but little feeling for solidarity in modern life. The poets have retired upon their private resources. The possibility of more limited solidarities has increased. The personal resources of the poet are capable of further intensification if they can be brought back to contact with the local cultures from which, in each instance, they originally sprang. Only a return to the provinces, to the small, self-contained centres of life, will put the all-destroying abstraction, America, safely to rest.

The rootless character of contemporary life explains the tenuous substance which informs the mind of the contemporary poet. It explains the obscurity and difficulty of his verse. There are no fixed points in the firmament, no settled ideas of conscience, which he can call upon to simplify his speech. He lacks ideas, but it is not his business to make them; it is his business to put them to use.

It is a great error to suppose that modern poetry is intellectual. It is anti-intellectual: the type of intellectual poet is Alexander Pope, who dealt almost exclusively with ideas. To tell the contemporary American poet that he is an intellectualist is to obscure the difficulty of his problem in his own mind, and to give him a false sense of security.

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"AMERICAN LETTER"

For G. M.

By Archibald MacLeish

The wind is east but the hot weather continues,
Blue and no clouds, the sound of the leaves thin,
Dry like the rustling of paper, scored across
With the slate-shrill screech of the locusts. The tossing of
Pines is the low sound. In the wind's running
The wild carrots smell of the burning sun.
Why should I think of the dolphins at Capo di Mele?
Why should I see in my mind the taut sail
And the hill over St. Tropez and your hand on the tiller?
Why should my heart be troubled with palms still?
I am neither a sold boy nor a Chinese official
Sent to sicken in Pa for some Lo-Yang dish.
This is my own land, my sky, my mountain:
This—not the humming pines and the surf and the sand
At the Ferme Blanche, nor Port Cros in the dusk, and the harbor
Floating the motionless ship and the sea-drowned star.
I am neither Po Chü-i nor another after
Far from town, in a strange land, daft
For the talk of his own sort and the taste of his lettuces.
This land is my native land. And yet
I am sick for home for the red roofs and the olives,
And the foreign words and the smell of the sea fall.
How can a wise man have two countries?
How can a man have the earth and the wind and want
A land far off, alien, smelling of palm trees
And the yellow gorse at noon in the long calms?

It is a strange thing—to be an American.
Neither an old house it is with the air
Tasting of hung herbs and the sun returning
Year after year to the same door and the churn
Making the same sound in the cool of the kitchen
Mother to son's wife, and the place to sit
In the dusk marked by the worn stone at the well-head—
That—nor the eyes like each other's eyes and the skull
Shaped to the same fault and the hands' sameness.
Neither a place it is nor a blood name.
America is West and the wind blowing.
America is a gray sea and the snow,
A tree, a white bird, the rain falling,
A drifted log on the beach and the gulls' call.
America is neither a land nor a people,

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A colt's eye it is, a hawk's sleep—
America is alone: many together,
Many of one mouth, of one breath,
Dressed as one,—and none brothers among them:
Only the taught speech and the aped tongue.
America is alone and the gulls calling.

It is a strange thing to be an American.
It is strange to live on the high world in the stare
Of the naked sun and the stars as our bones live.
Men in the old lands housed by their rivers.
They built their towns in the vales in the earth's shelter.
We first inhabit the world. We dwell
On the half earth, on the open curve of a continent.
Sea is divided from sea by the day-fall. The dawn
Rides the low east with us many hours;
First are the capes, then are the shorelands, now
The blue Appalachians faint at the day rise;
The willows shudder with light on the long Ohio:
The Lakes scatter the low sun: the prairies
Slide out of dark: in the eddy of clean air
The smoke goes up from the high plains of Wyoming:
The steep Sierras arise: the struck foam
Flames at the wind's heel on the far Pacific:
Already the noon leans to the eastern cliff:
The elms darken the door and the dust-heavy lilacs.

It is strange to sleep in the bare stars and to die
On an open land where few bury before us.
From the new earth the dead return no more.
It is strange to be born of no race and no people.
In the old lands they are many together. They keep
The wise past and the words spoken in common.
They remember the dead with their hands, their mouths dumb.
They answer each other with two words in their meeting.
They live together in small things. They eat
The same dish, their drink is the same and their proverbs.
Their youth is like. They are like in their ways of love.
They are many men. There are always others beside them.
Here it is one man and another and wide
On the darkening hills the faint smoke of the houses.
Here it is one man and the wind in the boughs.

Therefore our hearts are sick for the south water.
The smell of the gorse comes back to our night thought.
We are sick at heart for the red roofs and the olives;
We are sick at heart for the voice and the footfall.
Therefore our hearts grieve; but we may not follow.
We may not go though the sound of the sea call.
This, this is our land, this is our people,
This that is neither a land nor a race. We must reap

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The wind here in the grass for our souls' harvest:
Here we must eat our salt or our bones starve.
Here we must live or live only as shadows.
This is our race, we that have none, that have had
Neither the old walls nor the voices around us,
This is our land, this is our ancient ground,—
The raw earth, the mixed bloods and the strangers,
The different eyes, the wind, and the heart's change.
These we will not leave though the old call us.
This is our country earth, our blood, our kind.
Here we will live our time till the earth blind us—

The wind blows from the east. The leaves fall.
Far off in the pines a jay rises.
The wind smells of haze and the wild ripe apples.

I think of the masts at Cette and the sweet rain.

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IMPRESSIONS OF BUSINESS LITERATURE

By Stuart Chase

SOME 200,000 of the books catalogued in the New York Public Library come under the general heading of "economics". As economics, broadly interpreted, is the art whereby the world makes its living and as the business man is the director of that art, it follows that a large fraction of the titles, if not of actual volumes, standing on the book shelves of America today, might be construed as business literature. The total output of books in the United States in 1927 was slightly over 200,000,000. An estimate of 20,000,000 books of business literature is undoubtedly far too high a figure, but half that total per annum may lie within the bounds of a reasonable guess.

Certainly the output is enormous and increasing. One cannot maintain, of course, that all economic titles are addressed exclusively to the business man. There is probably not an author of one of them who does not cherish the hope that business men will discover his *opus* and read it, but books about the art of livelihood are frequently addressed to the student (who as a good American hopes some day to become a business man), to the engineer for his technical guidance, to social workers, to farmers, to housewives, to the faithful followers of programs for economic reform and to the general public. Save for the literature of certain of the more outspoken reformers, all of these books do not fail to bow politely when the activities of the American business man come under consideration, and it is well nigh universally held that had it not been for the Messrs. Hill, Harriman, Morgan, Gary, Rockefeller, Ford and Owen D. Young, where, aye, where, would this country be today?

A considerable share of the total output on economics is aimed at the business man himself, or perhaps even more directly, by the several up-and-coming publishing houses which have the matter in charge, at the great segment of the population, both young and not so young, who aspire to become business men and hope to further that ambition by diligent attention to the printed word.

The higher salesmanship, in this era of mass production and the new competition, has invaded the publishing industry even as it has invaded the motor car, the cosmetic and the coffin industries. Indeed, there is no more skilled exponent of the art of disintegrating sales resistance than the house-to-house canvasser of books. Magical properties are ascribed to tables of contents, even as they are ascribed to patent medicines, mouth washes, soaps, cigarettes, radio sets and tin cans. The particular appeals that lead to a heavy turnover in business literature are two. This book will give one the formula for rising in the world and, or: without this book one cannot keep abreast of his profession. Hundreds of thousands of earnest souls, ordained by God to be good file clerks, bond salesmen and bookkeepers, are capsized by this attack, while many abler men, harassed by the fear of slipping in the race, are in the market to buy any commodity that hopefully will keep their speed at par. It is my conviction, accordingly, that a great deal of publishing activity in this field as in other industrial fields is devoted to the supplying of an artificially created—and profitable—market, rather than to the supplying of a sound and dependable commodity. As a practising accountant I receive at a guess twenty circulars, announcing the final word on the income tax, every year. Twenty books at $5.00 upwards. Nor does each and every circular fail to remind me that I am remiss in my professional duties to my clients without this invaluable work of reference on my shelves. The plain fact remains that a single good book on the in-

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come tax a year is ample—if not too much. Meanwhile income taxation is only one branch of accountancy, and accountancy is only one branch of the business structure. The total waste in all branches of all occupations must account for a good many millions of acres of pulpwood, to say nothing of the mental anguish arising from the fact that the promised magic formula cannot be found.

Mr. E. B. Gowin in his *Developing Executive Ability* specifies the sorts of books which the business man ought to read and thus gives us an enlightening introductory panorama. Some of his recommended titles and authors I have included in parenthesis.

1. Business management (F. W. Taylor on Scientific Management)
2. Marketing (*Advertising As a Business Force,* Cherrington)
3. Finance (*The Financial Policy of Corporations,* Denring)
4. Accounting (Manuals by Kester, Hatfield, Montgomery)
5. Economic Theory (Carver, Ely, Taussig)
6. Business Law (Parsons)
7. Scientific Method (*Introductory Logic,* Creyton, Manuals on business statistics and graphic methods)
8. Health and Mind Culture (*Applied Psychology,* Hollingsworth)
9. Natural and Social Science (*Instincts in Industry,* Tead)
10. Biography (Hill, Lincoln, Franklin, Roosevelt, Napoleon)

From which it will be seen that the business man has his hands full.

Wide as is the above range, however, it may be argued that the total phenomenon is even wider. Mr. Gowin omits—and quite properly from his point of view—the impact of business upon philosophy, religion, poetry, fiction. For the purposes of exposition, the whole field may be roughly divided into four main categories, as follows:

1. Philosophy and belles-lettres—the latter being very broadly interpreted.
2. Handbooks, strictly technical.
3. Handbooks, not so technical—more in the order of the pseudo-scientific.
4. The economic interpretation of business.

Let us consider them in order.

Standing as he does at the apex of the Republic, the business man has evoked, as did the samurai of old Japan, a litany of his own. Not with the harp, but with the typewriter do the psalmists sing. And first and last they make an awful noise. We have Eddie Guest and the poets that strum for him, we had Dr. Frank Crane and the Sage of East Aurora that soothed him with nourishing philosophies; we have Mr. Bruce Barton to prove conclusively by the higher exegesis that Jesus of Nazareth was the originator of Ads that Pull; we have Mr. Ziegfeld to write lyrics, properly instrumented, for his relaxation; we have the whole phenomenon of comedies and simple melodramas written exclusively for his tired moments (one wishes he would save his strength a little). We have a vast detective story literature that he shares with high-school boys (I know at least three good business men who read nothing else); we have, in scores of periodicals, unending variations upon the great American Saga of Success, How I Made My First Million; we have biographies of the great heroes of business, complete with legends and axioms—such a work, for instance, as Ida Tarbell's *Life of Judge Gary;* and, finally, we have, preëminently in *The Saturday Evening Post,* stories and novelettes about business men for business men written by very able literary business men, whose knowledge of their markets is the despair of the rest of us.

As there is no action without reaction, we are forced to note also some noisy, but happily limited, caterwauling on the other side by that misguided group which might be called, for want of a better phrase, the Babbitt-baiters. Perched on a rock in a great sea of normalcy, they stand, gloomy as Jeremiah, grimacing horribly and waving their long arms: Messrs. Mencken, Lewis, Woodward, Kaufman, Upton Sinclair. But it is to be doubted if their total circulation equals the sales of detective stories alone.

Of course, when Will Rogers begins to kid the business man, it is something else again. It is reasonable to suppose that his ruminations sometimes disturb Olympus. But, by and large, Olympus rests undisturbed, a battery of telephones on the desk in front, a

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patent filing case (on the drawers of which a man can jump) behind and, East and West and to the zenith, the sweet smells of incense and of roasting lambs.

We turn now to the more technical categories. In one great division fall those books which bluntly and with reasonable accuracy deal with engineering, shop production, office appliances, accounting practice, the operation of instruments of credit, corporation law and so forth. The major output of great publishing houses like McGraw Hill, A. W. Shaw, the Ronald Press, Prentice Hall comes under this head. A casual inspection of catalogues reveals such titles as:

Contractors' Accounting Practice
Wholesaling
Industrial Coal-Purchase, Delivery and Storage
Legal Aspects of Credit
Statistical Typewriting
Tool Control
Financing Exports and Imports
Hotel Management
Patents
Indexing and Filing
Casualty Insurance
Motor Bus Accounting Practice
The Work of the Stock Exchange
Portland Cement Prices
Airports and Airways
Bank Audits

As a rule, these books are competently written and, replete with diagrams and illustrations, tell their technical story about as well as it can be told. You will not learn to be a good accountant by reading these competent books (I tried it once), but when you have yourself struggled with a dozen sets of records in as many offices, *then* Messrs. Hatfield, Montgomery and the rest can be of real service—up to a certain point. As you read them you can orient to concrete things which you have seen and handled and so expand your knowledge. But you must be wary of being swamped by competent texts, for if the publishing houses had their way you would buy and start to read a new one nearly every night.

These are books, however, primarily for professional men. The business man is by definition not a professional man. He does not work to a code, to exact measurement, to quantitative criteria, but to more or less inspired hunches held somewhat in check by the amount of red ink on his monthly profit and loss statement. So just what use he has personally for all this technical literature I do not know. Neither apparently does he. He buys it, but I never caught any business man actually reading it, and I have been in a good many scores of offices in my time. It looks well on top of the new mahoganized steel filing cabinet, but as for reading it: "I've got a living to earn". Meanwhile his understrappers, his department heads, production men, accountants, read it in ever growing volume and, if it isn't followed by a dawning Napoleonic complex, it does them good.

The next grand division is far more dubious in character. At its best, it is perhaps worth reading, with a question mark always in the back of one's mind. At its worst, it is terrible. I refer to the mounting output of what might be termed the pseudo-technical literature of business. A few representative titles follow:

Effective Business Letters
Sales Administration
Security Speculation
How to Get Ahead Financially
Increasing Personal Efficiency
Advertising to Retailers
How to Talk
The Gantt Chart
Five Hundred Answers to Sales Objections
How to Become an Advertising Man
Fundamentals of Business Ethics
Office Etiquette for Business Women
Influencing Men in Business
Personnel Relations in Industry
Publicity
Statistics As Applied in Business
Business and Investment Forecasting
Budgetting to the Business Cycle
Our Minds and Our Motives ("for the alibi-proofing of business plans")
Packages That Sell
Psychology for Executives

In this category we have not science but near-science books about functions in business which are either not susceptible to quantitative scientific findings or the amount

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of scientific work done to date thereon is inadequate for sweeping conclusions. We note volumes on industrial psychology, on personnel psychology stressing the success motif, on the proper handling of labor, on personnel selection and management, on business forecasting, on office management, on budgetting for the future, on cost accounting (which is far, very far from an exact science), on the use of pie charts as profit makers and, God help us, floods and avalanches of books on merchandising, advertising, and ways and means for shattering sales resistance.

The latter group is now in its heyday. With American industry equipped to turn out twice the volume of goods that can find a market, due to restricted purchasing power and with nearly every business man who is not running an airtight monopoly continually pressed by the overhead costs of idle equipment, to keep functioning as near to capacity as possible, it follows that anybody who has anything to say covering ways and means for unloading goods on a restricted and highly competitive market will be eagerly listened to. But unfortunately nobody knows how to unload 2 *x* of goods where only 1 *x* can be absorbed. Nobody, save possibly the socialists and Messrs. Catchings and Foster (who are not socialists), has any scheme to resolve this basic economic paradox, and so by the relentless laws of mathematics the hullabaloo about "scientific" selling works out to just precisely zero so far as the total business structure is concerned. At its best, all that it can do is to tell A how to sell saucepans faster than his rival B. But suppose B buys the book and gives similar instructions to his selling force. Complete negation; the efforts cancel out. Furthermore, the laws of how to grab business from point to point within a closed market are very imperfectly explored, and a large fraction of even this temporarily advantageous information (pending the other fellow's buying the book) is far from dependable. Messrs. Goode and Powel, in their recent *What About Advertising?*, say:

> Thirteen hundred million dollars was the total revenue of newspapers and magazines in 1925, of which advertisers paid $975,000,000 or 70 percent. It took rare courage, therefore, for a publisher of ripe judgment to testify at the anniversary dinner of one of the world's great newspapers that his experience convinced him that half the money put into advertising goes to waste through lack of proper preparation. Another man of his business generation, after 35 years in large-scale experiment on actual campaigns, has reiterated an opinion that advertising waste runs as high as 80 cents out of every dollar. A dozen advertising managers, at cigarettes between speeches of a recent meeting of the A.N.A., are said—startlingly—to have agreed that competitive use of constantly larger space had hoisted advertising waste nearer 90 cents out of every dollar.

Considerable activity is also to be found in the field of industrial psychology. Yet, outside of a few tentative beginnings made by such organizations as the Fatigue Institute in London, nobody knows anything about industrial psychology. Judging by the joint uproar produced by the behaviorists *versus* the psycho-analysts *versus* the instinct-chasers *versus* the Gestalt school, nobody knows much—scientifically speaking—about any kind of psychology. A line of speculation becomes a science only when the findings of one competent observer can be checked and *ipso facto* agreed to, by other competent observers. In the jungle of psychology one needs a microscope to locate the few poor little facts that are universally agreed upon. To write shelves of books instructing the business man on the psychological composition of his workers and the psychological imperatives by which they may be managed is amusing, often profitable, and reasonably close to a total waste of time. Who knows the psychological effects of machine tending, the limits of the speeding-up process in piece work, the laws of rhythm in repetitive work, the true relationship between monotony and fatigue, the reactions of different kinds of work on the employment of leisure? Above all, who knows anything about industrial incentives? In Russian factories I saw men and managers working like demons in the face of all of the pecuniary laws concerning incentives

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developed since Adam Smith. Take such a book as Pound's *The Iron Man in Industry*. It is full of a yearning spirit of good will, but adduces hardly one solitary fact as to what machinery has done, is doing or promises to do to human behavior. Take the whole body of scientific management up to, say, five years ago, when some improvement set in. It rode rough-shod over the timeless delicate mechanism of *homo sapiens*, and proposed, if you please, to do the job in the quickest physical way, on the general principle that a man was a travelling crane. Business men read this precious quackery in herds and sought to do likewise, only to have one costly plan after another break down in shop after shop because human flesh and blood could not tolerate it. Right lately the technique has shifted in the direction of common sense and is making some headway, though only a fraction of the headway possible if anybody really knew anything about industrial psychology.

Another active field of pseudo-science is that being hoed and watered by the "personality" growers. Their market is anybody who is on the make, but perhaps their most succulent crop is reserved for the business man and his acolytes, particularly his acolyte. The correspondence school academicians have the mass production lead in this variety of literature, but the more upstage professors are toiling manfully behind them—of whom Mr. Harry Overstreet may be taken as an outstanding example. The jacket blurb, following the accepted canons of salesmanship, holds out unlimited hope for the reader. If he but masters the contents he will be in a position to rise steadily to the top of his profession, to increase his income indefinitely, to meet big men around the directors' table and make them eat their words, never to forget anything, to dominate the boss's dinner table conversation, and by implication, to vanquish whichever member of the opposite sex intrigues him. There is just enough in it, that is, in some of it, to escape the laws of fraud, but also there was something in astrology and alchemy. I quote a sample blurb. You have doubtless seen many like it.

"Do you ever feel dissatisfied with yourself?
Would you like a hole-proof memory?
Do you desire a more effective personality?
Do you have trouble overcoming bad habits?
Do you work under the best possible conditions?
Do you want to be more interesting?"

Near-science should not be left without a word or two covering the charming pastime of selling statistics to the business man. Fundamentally the business man cares only about one set of figures—his bank balance. And I am not at all sure that there is much of anything else that as a good business man he ought to care about. But the shock troops of this division have done an excellent piece of work in building up an inferiority complex in the average executive, whereby, if he does not have his wall and the space under the glass top of his desk, plastered with charts, he is not living up to the ideals of the modern high-powered manager. And there have been more little charts worked out for his edification and bewilderment, than there are stones in the Great Pyramid. I speak with some authority, for I used to make them. Bar charts, pie charts, logarithmic charts, trend curves, business cycle somersaults, organization charts, trade barometers—10 percent genuinely helpful and 90 percent hocus pocus. Into the occult realm of business forecasting I have not the space to enter. It is productive of a considerable literature at the present time in which the outstanding factor is a variety of "services" at an annual retainer of $100 or thereabouts, purporting to tell the business man where he will stand a year hence. His chances of avoiding bankruptcy would probably be better if he relied on a horoscope. Forecasting in an anarchic, competitive economy is one of the most dangerous games ever invented. If you doubt this statement ask any competent executive how far he dares to rely on the action and reaction charts of Mr. Roger Babson; or ask yourself, if you happen to dabble in Wall Street, how much scientific guidance there is to be found in the numerous books, pamphlets and services purporting to show

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you how to double your money in no time at all. The stock market cannot be accurately predicted because of the unpredictable behavior of powerful insiders, and the same holds true in a general way for the business world at large.

Finally, we come to the category of books which seek to interpret the total phenomenon of business—how it grew, the laws of its functioning, where it is going. Representative titles would include the work of the professional university economists: Mitchell, Clark, Vellen, Seligman, Tugwell, Taussig, Carver, Hamilton, Douglas, Ripley, Seager and the rest, together with the output of many lay scholars; such books as:

Economic Problems of Modern Life
Business the Civilizer
The American Way to Prosperity
A Century of Industrial Progress
Economics of Consumption
The Road to Plenty
Main Street and Wall Street
American Economic Life
The Way Out
Business Cycles
This Economic World
Waste in Industry
Absentee Ownership
The Case of Bituminous Coal
Modern Economic Tendencies
The American Omen
My Life and Work (Ford)

There are many competent books in this category, so competent indeed that one wonders why we do not know more about the shape and form of business, and take sensible steps in the direction of ameliorating some of its more outstanding wastes and absurdities. To my mind, there is one fatal defect in nearly every interpretative book about business. The mental processes of the author have been conditioned by moral prejudices, and he cannot see the structure as it is, but only through the smoky glasses of his built-in notions of right and wrong. Thus no business man, few laymen and even fewer college professors can finish a manuscript without becoming all tangled up in a defence of the philosophy of individualism and *laissez faire*. No matter how hard the facts may point in the other direction (as in the coal or oil industries at the present time), the facts collapse before the superior strength of his moral sanctions. He clutches a phrase like "more business in government and less government in business", and suddenly his wits forsake him; he becomes a mujik kneeling to an icon in the corner of a hut. The same thing holds with equal force in the case of those with collectivist habit patterns who write about business. Their zeal for moral reform becomes a burial ground for accredited but disconcerting facts. (I notice this phenomenon all too frequently in my own books and articles.)

In other words, neither side is able to approach business in a truly radical fashion—radical in the sense of getting at the roots. Hardly a writer is aware of the real outlines of the industrial structure, the real ramifications of prosperity, the new imperatives to consume under which we are suddenly living, of the cardinal necessities of drawing distinctions between those functions best fitted for social control and those best fitted for private initiative, or of the extent to which all generalization about individualism and collectivism, imbibed in 1912 or earlier, has been rendered unreal and ridiculous.

There is however, a refreshing breeze blowing from the new school of objective economists, of which Mr. Wesley C. Mitchell may be taken as the godfather. This school assumes that most of the time honored economic "laws" are suspect, and refuses to believe anything incapable of factual support. It has set itself to explore by exhaustive quantitative study various aspects of business and industry, and tends to withhold conclusions until the mounting columns of figures make them mandatory. It refuses to collect data to support a preconceived thesis. It collects the data, and lets the thesis—if any—follow. Already the published studies of the National Bureau of Economic Research, founded by Mr. Mitchell, are making a dent in the world for their exhaustive knowledge, their penetration and restraint. The publications of Mr. Moulton's Institute of Economics at Washington follow the same general policy, while such a book as Tugwell's *Industry's*

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Coming of Age illustrates beautifully the honest and careful approach of the new fact-finding group. The Carver school of belligerent moral sanctions is rapidly passing into oblivion before this onslaught.

Beyond the basic fault of conditioned prejudice, there are various other failings to be noted in this general category. To begin with, many of the books about business are written by men who could not make a success of business. Falling by the wayside, and possessed of some faculty for writing, they have proceeded to rehabilitate their fortunes by telling executives how to run their plants—thus registering a neat revenge on the system that had ejected them. To name names would be painful, but I know that an extensive list could be compiled.

Again there are the enterprising merchants who sell optimism to the business man, camouflaged as impartial interpretation. They tell him about progress, prosperity, service, surfaced roads, the outstanding place of America in the society of nations, and the Higher Idealism generally. They make him feel awfully good inside. When our national resources begin to fail a little more ominously, and the time for some real industrial thinking and action arrives, it will not be the fault of these writers if the business man finds himself capable of any constructive behavior at all.

Lastly we have the library of the ghost writers. An enterprising publicity man sells a great soap manufacturer the idea of adding to his prestige, and possibly to his gross turnover, by giving to a waiting world his innermost thoughts on how he made his fortune, what constitutes business success, and What the Future Holds in Store. The manufacturer objects that it is all he can do to dictate a letter, let alone writing out whole sentences. Whereupon, for a consideration, the publicity man undertakes to write the book from casual conversation dropped by the great manufacturer, as time allows. And before long we have "The American Way", by John J. Jarviss, President of the International Crucible Fat Corporation. "One of America's greatest Captains of Industry tells of his gripping rise to power in simple straightforward style. An inspiration to American youth and American manhood. At all booksellers, $4." If I speak harshly it is because I am just old fashioned enough to be convinced of the profoundly unethical procedure of signing one's name to manuscripts written by some one else. For that reason, I am suspicious—morally if you like—of every book about business purporting to be written by a leading business man. The only decent procedure is that followed by Henry Ford, who specifically states on the title page that another man did the writing.

In concluding this highly impressionistic and wholly inadequate survey of fifty million books a year—more or less—I would like to reiterate these points:

A great fraction of business literature is in the general class of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup—and the favorite password at the present time is "prosperity".

A great fraction of it is in the general class of phrenology—with such passwords as "personality plus", "scientific market analysis", and "the worker's psychology".

A great fraction of it is thoroughly competent technical information.

A fraction of it is an honest attempt at broad interpretation, but seriously weakened by conditional prejudices.

A minute percentage, which fortunately promises to expand, is real objective interpretation. There is enough of it already to presage the beginning of a genuinely new, and possibly genuinely great, literature. There is nothing quite like it in Europe; there has been nothing like it in the world before.

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A LONDON COMMENTARY

By Rebecca West

EVER since I first came to New York, Claudine, pale, slender, physically and mentally serious, obviously not the Claudine of whom Colette Willy writes, has come in once a week throughout my visit to wash and mend my clothes. We have talked but little. On the whole she has restricted herself to exhortations, characteristic of her nation, towards an economy which is purely ideal. There is actually no place in New York where I could have bought stockings for so much less than what I actually paid for them as she alleges. She has invented it as a guide to my conduct; it is a myth she has created for my inspiration just as the Syndicalists created the General Strike to inspire the working class. Never has she strayed beyond the confines of this subject and told me her views on life until the other day, when she was packing my trunk for my return journey across the Atlantic. She was concerned lest a picture should have its glass damaged in transit. I said, "Don't bother about that, I am going to change it to another frame, and as they always crack the glass when they are taking off this type of frame I don't mind if it does get cracked on the journey". She had been bending over the trunk, but she straightened herself and faced me as if she were saying something important. "Then it won't get cracked. If you don't care whether it gets cracked or not it won't get cracked. If you cared, then it would get cracked." She bent over the trunk again, but in a second raised her head and came back to it. "When you get to the other side you must write and tell me if it isn't so. Because you don't care, it won't be cracked." Then she returned to her task and a silence which I do not expect she will break again. It interested me that I could think of no word that comes anywhere near expressing this attitude of mind. It is not pessimism, for that contains no suggestion of animism, and here it is felt that something in the nature of things noted one's indifference to the object before ironically giving one the undesired present of its safety, was moved to destroy it by having nosed out one's attachment to it. Since we all fall into this way of thinking at times, particularly when we are children, it seems strange that there should not be a word denoting it in quite common use. One supposes that the implied suspicion that the universe is controlled by a spirit hostile to man appals him so much that he pushes it away from him so far as possible and will not give it so much anchorage in life as lies in a word. In fact the instinct for censorship of the subversive works not only on literature but on language.

* * *

And speaking of censorship . . . When Plymouth Harbor spun round the Mauretania as harbors do round ships that have to keep their footing on the tides while they kiss the mails goodbye and tell the tender how well it is looking, England looked a green and innocent land. That is indeed a countryside which might be part of the dreams of "The Brushwood Boy". But on the contrary, as one might say, England proved to be preoccupied with the consignment of *The Well of Loneliness* to the furnaces of Scotland Yard as an obscene book. One wishes it had not been so, for those proceedings form an imbroglio in which nobody can play a comfortable part.

The initial complication is that Miss Radclyffe-Hall is a personality whom most of us like and admire. She has a kind of austere, workmanly handsomeness which makes one think of a very beautifully-made sporting rifle or golf-club, and though I myself know her but slightly—I have met her perhaps half-a dozen times and once dined at her house—I have seen enough of her to realize that her character matches her appearance. She has all the virtues of the English aris-

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tocratic type, courage, self-restraint, steadfastness, and a very good intelligence that —and here she is still typical, for there is an immense number of old army and navy men and comely squires who use their leisure on such oddities as the collection of attempts at solutions of the problem of Perpetual Motion—likes to exercise itself on eccentric material: she has devised as cunning tests for the spiritualist medium as any researcher alive. Chance has more than once supplemented my knowledge of Miss Radclyffe-Hall by putting in my way information of occasions on which she has shown the most large and disinterested kindness to people in need. The remark of George II that if Wolfe was mad he wished he would bite the other generals might appositely be quoted here.

Now that the community should throw contempt on a person like this, who is obviously not a contemptible citizen, is of course a dangerous darkening of counsel. Everybody who knows Miss Radclyffe-Hall wishes to stand by her. But they are far from finding it easy to stand by *The Well of Loneliness,* for the simple reason that it is, in a way which is particularly inconvenient in the present circumstances, not a very good book. The first part is factually interesting; the second part is far below the standard Miss Radclyffe-Hall has set for herself in her other books. A novel which ends a chapter with the sentence "And that night they were not divided" (I quote from memory but it is as near as that as to make no matter) cannot redeem itself by having "they" mean not what it usually does. Now, no one believes that a book ought to be suppressed because it is badly written; but it unfortunately happens that the qualities which make this book a poor one are precisely those that have been used dialectically in tussles with the censorship over other books. When a book of great literary merit is denounced the first line of defence always is to point out that that kind of book, which conscientiously analyzes a human experience and gives its findings honestly, cannot do those who read it any harm, since it adds to the knowledge of reality by which man lives; and to argue that if harm can be done by literature it is done by books of no literary merit, which confuse man by telling him lies about life.

Notably, it has always been emphasized, is harm done by books written sentimentally—that is to say written by persons who do not pass their subject matter through their imaginations and report on the results, but who describe their subject matter without investigation in terms they think likely to cause certain emotions in their readers. It is to that last category that *The Well of Loneliness* unhappily belongs. Miss Radclyffe-Hall's aim in writing was not to find out the inner truth of the lives of Stephen and Mary; it was to excite in the readers certain friendly emotions towards the lives of Stephen and Mary. The book therefore constantly gives us a sense of fictitious values, of "Cry, damn you, cry" hokum. Hence, considerable dismay is being felt by those who feel obliged to wrestle with the authorities over the suppression of this book in order to safeguard the freedom of the press, but who realize perfectly well that this is the kind of book they have denounced again and again in the course of other such tussles with the censorship.

This accounts for the curious muted tone of the controversy. The situation is not calculated to provoke the impulsive speech that makes its mark. Nobody cares to say, "I think this is a remarkably poor book but I am against its suppression on general principles", because that would be to give the enemy ammunition for their attack on a personality which one does not wish to be attacked; but that suppressed reservation takes all the ginger out of the defences which come to utterance. Hence the round robin of writers protesting against the suppression of the book contained no statement equal in impressiveness to the list of signatories, which includes practically every writer of standing, some of them of the highest academic respectability. But there can be no doubt that if the censorship issue is raised on a book of more distinguished quality during the next year or so there will be an explosion that will raise the roof. The incident has proved to the hilt the imbecility of Comstockery.

As a fiction reviewer of long experience

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I know that the life of *The Well of Loneliness* would not have extended beyond four months, by which time it would have vanished completely from the shelves of Mudies, the Times Book Club, and the hearts of the people. Nor, during that period, could it conceivably have done what the narrowest mind could have considered much harm. It would have been read chiefly by wondering adults, most of them above the age when conversion is possible. Its effect on the young might have been bad, for a priggish adolescent might have had his or her first emotional stirrings clarified and sanctified by those pages. But such children are unlikely to come into possession of a high-priced novel which their parents would be reluctant to give them. The sophisticated adolescent who has a way of coming into possession of everything it wants would hardly have enjoyed anything so like the earliest novels Miss Elizabeth Robins wrote in the 'nineties. I would be willing to bet my entire life ration of caviare and Berncasteler that had *The Well of Loneliness* not been suppressed it would have made but little dint on the Day of Judgment.

* * *

Now the case is altered. "Time and Tide," a weekly journal largely written and read by women, published an irritated letter from "A Modern Mother" who tells that she had read *The Well of Loneliness* when it first came out and came to the conclusion that she preferred her fifteen-year-old daughter not to read a recommendation of homosexuality; and that she was quite able to see that the book came into the house and went out of it without her daughter knowing. Since then however the authorities have been active; and the newspapers have every day over a long period of time shown placards and published paragraphs and articles that have thrust on every child who can read knowledge of the existence of female homosexuality; and a newspaper costs a penny while the book costs fifteen shillings. This is a very serious case against the authorities; particularly when one considers the tendency of wholesome youth to side with the rebel against authority. The imprisonment of Oscar Wilde was the best propaganda that was ever set afoot for male homosexuality. Now that authority has supplied female homosexuality with a handsome, noble and intrepid martyr the word Lesbian will in no time suggest to the young girl something other than the friend of Catullus who had hard luck with a sparrow. The only protection of the community is that England has begun to laugh at the case. In "Topsy and Eva", Gracie Fields, the comedian who plays Topsy, has altered that patch of dialogue where she professes ignorance of her father and mother and "specks she just growed". Simply she lifts the confusion on to another plane by naming as her sole progenitor Radclyffe-Hall; and the house rocks. By the way, what a number of queer things Harriet Beecher Stowe started. . . .

* * *

So many books are published nowadays that work which deserves a considerable measure of survival is swamped almost immediately and sinks into regions of the forgotten. It shocked me, just before I left New York, to see that when Arnold Rothstein was shot and the papers were publishing all the information about him they could find, not one journalist mentioned that the character of Meyer Wolfshiem in *The Great Gatsby* had obviously been suggested to Mr. Scott Fitzgerald by the career of the gambler. Yet *The Great Gatsby* was surely a remarkable novel. For one thing, it gave a superb imaginative vision of the gaunt fringes of New York, where the force that makes the city sends up sporadic buildings yet does not form them or the life they house into patterns as it does in the city so that all is incoherent as delirium. The prodigiousness of the garage proprietor and his wife and their complete irrelevance to anything but violence lingers in my mind as vividly as when I read it; as does the sense of the damnation of Daisy and her husband and her friends when they drift into this world because they are incapable of doing anything in their own. This novel has not been superseded in the common mind by better books: simply by more books. And this excess does not only steal from us our

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memory of what we read, it prevents us ever finding out of what we should enjoy reading. I have no time to read the French reviews regularly, and so it was that only by the good luck of reading an article in the *New Statesman* by Mr. T. W. Earp, that excellent art-critic, did I discover that an extremely interesting book on Claude Monet has just been published by (of all people in the world) M. Clemenceau. They were apparently great friends, and indeed Monet's great healthy body would make him feel amity for "The Tiger", who, whatever else he may be, is certainly a good animal. The particular phase of Monet's being that Clemenceau treats in his little book is that which resulted in *Les Nymphéas:* the series of paintings in which he rendered various aspects of his water garden. We have one panel in London in the Tate Gallery; but most of them are in the singularly bashful Musée de l'Orangerie, a sister-ship to the Jeu de Paume building in the Jardin des Tuileries which lies over on the Seine side, where nobody sees it. One goes into two rooms, each wall of which is covered by a long, low picture of some sort of a water garden, usually showing water lilies; and one is transported into a high, calm heaven of light. The panel I myself like best gives one the same sensations as symphonic music. At the bottom of the canvas are the firm nodes of four or five water lilies, on which the whole composition seems to be resting; light, both pure and fused with the color of sky and cloud, is reflected from all over the sunlit water like progressions played on the violins; and willow-branches droop down at intervals, meeting them, answering their progressions by others of a quality different but in divine agreement. All eight panels are, judged from a factual standpoint, thematically monotonous; only subtleties of arrangement differentiate the subject-matter of one from another. Yet they are all completely different, and all of the first importance in the emotions they create; and most definite among the impressions they leave on the mind is serenity. One would say that the artist, having arrived at a state of complete happiness, had come out of a house where somebody kind and wealthy treated him as a beloved child, and had found these water gardens all ready for him, and had spent the whole of long days, during which people had brought him out thoughtful little things on trays, meditating on these lilies in perfect tranquillity. But this book tells us that these lily ponds were in Monet's own far from ideally situated garden, through which there ran an automobile highroad and a railway track; and he made them himself before he started in to paint them; and during the decade when he painted them he was perpetually harassed by eye-trouble and operations. It is a curious example of how much more art is than the experience of the artist.

* * *

The other night in a lecture, I happened to mention, as an illustration of how men discourage women even in their most indisputably suitable function, that it cost a great deal of money to have a baby in New York, having collected figures to that effect from several New York mothers and a New York doctor. I also happened to relate, again as an example of a universal human tendency, an anecdote from a book by Judge Kavanagh concerning a too tender entwinement between a lady accused of murder and the foreman of the jury which tried her. Two days later I received an abusive letter from an American woman living in London denouncing me for having invented these stories in order to throw contempt on the United States. According to her it cost next to nothing to have a baby in New York; and there is no crime to speak of in America, and I must have derived my information to the contrary from Miss Maurine Watkins and the comic strips. I have now received letters from Americans denouncing me for having invented the following facts in order to attack their country: that rents are high in New York; that one out of every eleven Americans is colored; that a large number of Negroes have white blood in them; that there are Jim Crow cars in the South; that the American police are spirited and independent, and do not mind addressing the public in a firm manner; that the traffic problem in New York is acute; and, worst libel of all, that it is possible to obtain alcohol in New York and some other American cities. I ask you . . .

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TWO STORIES

By S. Guy Endore

Sleeping Beauty

SHE was plain, she was good, she was devoted. It was common knowledge that her husband took advantage of it. She alone knew the truth: knew that she was neither plain, nor good, nor devoted. Thus it happened that there were evenings when her husband called up to tell her he was detained, that she could scarcely suppress in her voice the joy that was in her heart.

She went upstairs to her room and sat before her dresser. She had pulled the blinds down and lit the rose-shaded sconces. For a long time she looked at her plain, undistinguished face. Then she smiled, a queer sly smile that did not disturb a single feature. . . . She had not taken off her dress, but she had wrapped a yellow negligé around herself, and her habitual severe-cut garment of dark strong material was hidden beneath laces and silk whose color made her complexion less sallow, and whose generous folds lent her feminine curves.

The great mass of her dark hair, arranged with many half-protruding pins—unable, despite their number, to keep dejected wisps from straying into her face—had added years to her appearance. She let down her hair over her shoulders in a heavy cascade, she shook it with the motion of a horse tossing its mane, and age and stiffness fell from her and she was free. She fastened it loosely back of her ears.

Now she opened a box containing a very large quantity of rouges, powders, unguents and creams, such as an actress uses: a make-up box. She selected first a fat tube from which she squeezed cold-cream onto her face. Delicately, with her finger-tips she spread the great gobs. Then, with a deft circular motion she rubbed in the cream, and carefully saw that it covered every portion of her face. Back under her ears she went and into the crevices around her eyes. She lowered the lids to anoint them, and she lifted up her chin to make the cream penetrate well into the skin around her throat. Now she was all greasy, and the image her mirror returned her was of a sweating monstrous face with shimmering bands of high-lights. She took a large square of cheese-cloth and carefully wiped off the cream: the lights disappeared from her face.

She paused for a moment, hesitating between two shades of grease foundation, and selecting at last—with a little regret for the abandoned one—a cream-colored stick. She streaked herself with it, and looked, still smiling, at her image transformed at present into that of a painted Maori warrior. With the same care as before she rubbed in the slashes until she had obtained an evenly spread base for the actual make-up. She took some wet-rouge and blended it into two rosy blushes. Suddenly her cheeks flamed up, and now bit by bit life and beauty came into her face.

Purple went to deepen her eyelids and provide settings for eyes that now could glisten. What was it that lit a sudden spark there where none had been before? And just a little touch of red at the inner corners of her eyes, so that they shimmered with loveliness; and then she proceeded to her mouth.

Poor flat and thin lips, you shall glow with cherry-ripeness! Your lines will have to be made above and beneath in a bow drawn with a generous lipstick, and then only will you be lips to be kissed, breathlessly, with beating heart.

There was still powder to be applied all over, and lips to be redrawn with a sharper line, and a bit of dry rouge to deepen the flush, and pink to be put into the nostrils and at the tips of her ears. Deft little touches here and there, after each one of which she stopped to look long and intensely at herself.

Suddenly she swung herself half-around,

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gripping the back of the chair with a clenched hand. She relaxed. Nothing. Only the wind at the door. She returned to her affair, wondering for a moment how she had looked when frightened. She opened wide her eyes and stared. Her mouth tightened and her nostrils quivered. She turned around and clenched her hand on the back of the chair. Out of a corner of her eye she judged herself. She was not satisfied. She picked up a hand-mirror and adjusted it to see her profile. She considered for awhile, and then she took out a candle and a box of matches, and set the candle upright and lit it, all with a deliberation that was religious, almost solemn. She put a chip of mascara in a tiny pot and melted it over the flame. She beaded her eyelashes. Now she stared, pinched her mouth, drew in the wings of her nose. Now she was frightened: frightened and beautiful.

She played with herself. She was angry, sad, lovely, jealous, gay, haughty, giddy. She invented rococo settings to go with her moods, cavaliers to bend over her shoulder, an atmosphere of wit, of danger, on the brink of sexual catastrophe—elopements, seductions, assignations. The mirror reflected the face of a woman who was loving or disdainful, passionate or cold. When the picture was not right she reconsidered her box of make-up, and added touches to her face.

She smiled to an ardent wooer and showed her teeth in the fashion of a chorus-girl's mechanical smile. Her teeth, usually framed by her pale thin lips, were insignificant and dull, but now in a dark ruby setting they flashed.

Into her mind a clanging noise penetrated. The street-car went up High Street. The usual plaintive song of its motor going up the hill had not roused her before; but this car, obstructed, and brazenly demanding right of way, snatched her from her dreams. There was the street-car, thirty or forty feet from where she stood: through the drawn blinds and the window, over the slanting roof of the porch, over the plot of grass, the privet-hedge, and the sidewalk, and there you were. Saturday night, and women with serious respectable faces going home with their market-baskets; men with serious business faces coming home from late work, and looking at the women with eyes that sought to be at once complimentary and indifferent.

What would they say if they could see her? What did they think of the lowered blinds through which a rose-yellow light came? Perhaps they could see her. She noticed with sudden trepidation two inches of window that one blind failed to cover. She was about to pull it down completely, when she thought of a terrifying possibility: the blind, snatched upwards by an impetuous spring, leaving her revealed to the occupants of the car: an outrageously painted woman!—Oh, it was all right now to use a little powder, forbidden a few years ago, and a very, very little rouge, if you could blend it skilfully, but purple paint and lipstick, and mascara!

She waited until the street-car moved, until the motor took up its rising hum, growing fainter and fainter as it passed away. She went back to her mirror, but her face had lost its interest. She took up her hair and arranged it this way, that way, until one fashion caught her fancy and she pinned it thus.

She arose from her chair and took off the cream-colored negligé. She unhooked her dress and let it slip down to her feet, and she stood awhile within the ring of cloth, one hand with over-dainty fingers put lightly on the back of her head, and the other with careless art laid upon her breast, posing, as though she were to be photographed for an underwear advertisement. She caught a portion of herself in the mirror, dropped the pose and went to her box and took therefrom a little Ryecroft whitening on a sponge and smeared her neck, shoulders and arms. She waited a moment for the liquid to dry, and meanwhile she began to work on her hands, filed her nails, pushed back the cuticle and admired the white half-moons.

Then she noticed a wrinkle in her face and corrected it with grease-paint. She drew two dark lines above and below her eyes and brought them to a point at the outside ends. She blended them into the rest of the painting and under her expert fingers her eyes seemed to expand. She wiped her hands and polished and rouged her fingernails. Her movements were now hasty and broken and feverish. She had lost her former ceremonial

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deliberation. She was a little disgusted with the warm sticky mess on her face, and she rose from her chair and reconsidered her body. She wore the plainest white cotton underwear. . . .

She hesitated. Slowly she put away her box of make-up, hiding it where she knew it was safe. One large tube of cold cream, however, she put within a quick reach. Many times, she had, armed with her tube, dashed into the safe enclosure of the bathroom at the sudden advent of her husband. A quick smear of cream and a hasty rub with a towel, afterwards to be hidden in the bottom of the laundry-bag, and then she could present herself. So she placed the cold-cream handy and her nightgown within reach.

Then she undressed. Her heart trembled. Her face grew hot beneath the paint. She took off everything but her shoes and stockings, and these she left on because she had once seen the picture of a Parisian demi-mondaine, naked but for those two things, seated on the edge of a bed and smoking a cigarette. In the background a man with heavy mustachios was shouldering himself out of his suspenders.

She sat down on the edge of her bed, and she would have loved to smoke, but she remembered a time when the odor had almost given her away to her husband. She was forced to take endless precautions. Why had she not been born in Paris? The topic had been considered too often to have more than a passing interest and the usual sudden familiar poignancy. Fate had not been kind to her, but there were still hopes that by some miracle her dreams would yet come true. . . . She grew weary of thinking and rose from the side of the bed, to look at herself in the mirror.

She had often wished she had a full-length mirror. With the one she had it was impossible ever to see herself complete. She stooped to obtain the image of herself from her head to her hips, stood up to see herself headless from her shoulders almost down to her knees, and got up on a chair to get a view of her legs.

She took off her shoes and her stockings and admired herself. She clasped her hands in back of her head and rose on her toes. She stood as far from the mirror as the disposition of furniture in the room would allow, and she saw her flat, boyish figure, that might have been athletic and muscular if she had developed it. She had never had a child and her breasts were still firm and virginal. Her stomach was flat. She liked herself. Decidedly she was pretty. How many of the women she knew could compare with her?

Yes, she was nice. She caressed herself. She passed her hands down over her body, around her breasts and around her waist to her back, then down and forward again to the outside of her thighs. She brought her shoulder and her head together until she could reach the flesh of her body with her mouth. . . . She kissed herself. The whitening had a flat cold taste like chalk. She sighed, she was weary. Suddenly she wished her husband were home.

She hung up her clothes and put on her gown. She cleaned her face with cream, and washed her arms and hands. Then she turned out the lights, pulled up the blinds and opened the windows. Slowly she went to bed. Her mind was a bit dazed: she fell asleep her body was still tingling.

* * *

The Conqueror

He had sat thus by her side, and watched her as she talked, many times during the past years, and he had not yet wearied; for though he knew he could never have her, still he loved her, and his love was like the love of those who desire the unattainable. So he would sit and watch her, and so carefully would he devote his attention to her that he would notice every change in her countenance, catch the faintest fluctuation in her voice, follow the slightest curve of her lips and see vowels and consonants form in her shaping mouth and come out into the air. He had, in time, learned to know each tiny wrinkle that nestled in the skin of her face, and by long patient study he had discovered the word or the emotion that had grooved it, and so it was that he could often anticipate the

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deepening of this one or that one, and then he would incline his head slowly, to show how accurate had been his foreknowledge. Long years spent at so sad a sport had only served to demonstrate his faithfulness, and train him to see, hear, feel and smell without revealing either his pain or his pleasure.

He had carefully observed upon what occasions her lips rose above the line of her teeth, and he knew just what degree of amusement would make her reveal the whole row in laughter. Then he sometimes paused in the middle of a heartbeat, and neither heard nor felt, but saw only how tiny bubbles of saliva clung here and there on her moist teeth, left there by the retreating tide of her lip, and there was nothing on earth or in heaven he would rather have had than that he might lick them off with his tongue. The muscles between his cheek-bones and his jaws were set like steel bands, and his tongue was bent double against the roof of his mouth. But his heart went on, and soon he calmed and looked once more out of equable eyes upon his chatting friend.

You might say he knew her intimately, for did he not know the very pleats upon which her eyelids folded when they opened upon her eyes? And these he had explored so well that he knew each minute red vein that ventured into the whiteness, and from time to time he marked the changes that occurred in their timid meanderings. He might have told you in what wise each hair of her eyelashes curled, or how her eyebrows were disposed, and how such and such a hair had been but newly plucked; for he could not fail to note its absence and mark the microscopic mole of raw red flesh that had followed it, which was not to be concealed from him by the skilfullest use of powder. Yes, he knew her eyes down to each small pink tear-duct, and once in a while he thought lazily of how the sandy kernels formed there, and how, no doubt, she wiped them away in the morning. These he would have so wanted to feel grind beneath his fingers that for the moment he did not sense how the nails of each of his hands were cutting into the flesh of his palms. Then he quieted, with serried teeth, and learnt how cripples feel watching healthy legs swing by.

Sometimes, when alone, he felt that he would soon be mad, and that if he did not restrain himself he would go whimpering and howling like a dog yearning for a soul. But this temper he could conquer when he was near her and his eyes could be deeply occupied in observing how the ridge of her nose lost itself in her forehead, or when he could lay down with grim accuracy the laws that contracted or widened her nostrils. When he set himself to calculating what wrinkles would gather on her brow, her mood being such and such, and when he watched her, as his breath slowed, and he saw the laws of nature take their unalterable course, saw wrinkles form and slowly melt into such slight lines that only his sharp eyes could have pursued them running an uneven course among the pores of her skin, then he was so deeply absorbed that he did not mind his sorrow.

Occasionally he would be bitter, and sneer to think how few were the lovers who knew their mistresses as well as he knew his, who knew her as a mad monarch might know a rare carved jewel for which he had traded away his kingdom only that he might look upon it forever. He knew her as a horse knows the bit in its mouth, which years of wearing have made familiar to its tongue. He knew her as an ox knows its yoke.

He could, for example, have told you just what would be the design which the veins on her hand would make, if she should let hang her arm on a warm day. He could have described to you the outline of her body, and the changes that would ensue if she were to move it thus or thus. He knew the rhythm of her walk, had analyzed the correlation of each movement, had broken each step into a hundred parts, from the preparatory inclining of her body, the wrinkling of her shoe, the rising of her instep, up to the motion of her hips beneath her conforming dress, and the swing of her head and torso that must surely follow, along with the balancing of her arms.

Nor did he fail to watch her clothes, and so well, that to him their lines gave little hints as to what she wore below, and all such slight indications he slowly hoarded until his knowledge was so complete that he could

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have described to you all the silken underwear she had, as though he had searched through her boudoir. He marked each new article of clothing as it came, and noticed when her stockings had runs, and knew the color of the pair that fitted poorly at her tendon, and mentally he followed them to the wash, and wisely observed their return, and gravely nodded his head.

He knew all of her little ways. Knew when she would cough discreetly, carrying her sharp polished fingernails to shine in a semicircle above her mouth. Knew when she would lower her eyelids, and when she would strum her fingers. And now and then he sensed the power his knowledge gave him and he would relent a bit to test it. He could for instance look at her in such a way that she would cross her legs, or in such another way that she would seek a thread upon her dress, or maybe brush back a wisp of hair from her temple. But only for a moment did he seek to prove his power; then recalling all the promises she had wrung from him, and fearful lest he lose the little hold he had upon her, he ceased and looked away ashamed.

Yet there were times when his mind had to work like a straining ship's engine. Times when she spoke, and he must follow her thought, while he could see a thousand changes stirring upon her face, could smell the odor she exhaled, and even feel the warmth spread by her body—note, moreover, so little a thing as the sparkle of the chandelier reflected a dozen times, in as many minute drops of sweat slowly growing upon her forehead, just between her eyes. And though he knew the drops would exude there—for had he not observed it a hundred times?—and though he had felt her body's warmth before, and more than once had caught the air her body spiced, he could not draw his mind away, but ever must follow thought and warmth, sweat and odor, until his mind was so dazed that he could not reply. Then it was that he would have liked to rise and say slowly that only a kiss could answer all the questions her body presented. But this he could never do. So long ago it was that he had agreed that his love must not be.

Sometimes it would occur to him how his book of romance was more like a medical treatise with anatomical plates than a tale of shepherds and fair ladies, and then it was only because he forced himself that he could laugh softly and deliberately at his strange fate. He thought, now and then, of speaking to her of all the things he knew. What would she say? What would she do? He could not dare to find out. What he wanted most was to feast his senses, and forget that deep within him there was a desire that would always be hungry. And this he must not jeopardize, for see, feel, smell, hear and taste her, these he must, though it be perforce across a breadth of carpet, or across a stretch of tablecloth. So, year in, year out, he watched her, with the endless patience of those who have no hope.

Still it happened now and then that his mind would wander away from the contemplation of the swelling of her flesh over the tight leather of her shoe, and then he would dream a little dream: the years did not pass so quickly, Spring lingered in a mildness. He walked with his arm close about her, through a sun-flecked wood; and soon, he knew, they would reach a grove, and he would lie with her. And every time he dreamed thus, the softness of it overcame him, and the sweetness of it sickened him, and he missed the clear bitterness of his real love, wherein no easy maiden bent a supple body to lessen his desire.

No. He walked in chains and black armor, and iron clanked on iron, and there was only teeth-tightening acid to soothe his wounds. His soul exulted. Then suddenly his will would nearly break, and he would almost cry. But though he wanted to, badly, he could not make the tears to flow. And soon he calmed and smiled, and nodding his wise head, took up again his accustomed study by her side.

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"THE HISTORY OF THEIR BOOKS"

II. Concerning George Barr McCutcheon

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

PERHAPS the George Barr McCutcheon story that has the most curious history is *The Day of the Dog,* originally published in 1904. The first part of that sprightly little tale was written some years before, and left unfinished because the author could see no possible way of extricating his hero and heroine from their precarious situation. That first part came in a dream. Here it is in a nutshell: Crosby, a young lawyer, goes to a small town in Indiana to see a client of his firm and to secure her signature to certain legal papers. The client is the heroine, Mrs. Delancey, an attractive young widow. Her rascally brother-in-law, Austin, is trying to induce her to accept $100,000 instead of the half-million to which she is entitled. The lady suspects. Austin, foiled through Crosby's intervention, lets loose a savage bull-dog in a coach-house and goes away leaving his sister-in-law and Crosby sitting prisoners on a beam with the dog raging below.

Mr. McCutcheon could see no possible way of getting them down, so the manuscript was laid aside. Then, in another dream, came the solution. One night he awoke with the words blazing before him: *When a bull-dog once takes hold he never lets go.* Crosby slips off his waistcoat and lowers it to the teeth of the dog; then swinging to and fro tosses the infuriated animal into an empty stall. With the lady he climbs down the ladder to sally forth on the road that leads to wedding bells. Incidentally, *The Day of the Dog* is probably the only dog story in captivity in which the dog throughout plays the part of a villain.

The name of Graustark, that imaginary principality somewhere in the Balkans, which is the background of so many of Mr. McCutcheon's novels, is a combination of "grau" and "stark", two German words meaning "gray and strong". Rather generally known is the fact that Mr. McCutcheon sold the manuscript of *Graustark* outright for $500. In the original manuscript of that first story the name of the hero was John Noble. While the book was being set up in type, the name was changed, at the suggestion of the publishers, to Grenfell Lorry. Yetive, the name of the Princess of Graustark, was that of a young daughter of Colonel Pickering of the United States Army, who was a close friend of Mr. McCutcheon. In the burlesque play produced by the Little Room Club of Chicago she was called the Princess Letlive.

The original title for *Beverly of Graustark* was "The Inn of the Hawk and Raven". *Nedra,* which is Arden spelled backwards, in the first draft was "Pootoo's Gods". *The Purple Parasol* began as "The Red Umbrella". *The Flyers* was called "The Purloiners" almost to the day of publication. *Black and White* was first written as a play and was called *Brood House. From the Housetops* was also first written as a play with the title, *The Poinley Affair. Oliver October* was originally called "One Score and Ten"; *Green Fancy* bore the title "Hart's Tavern"; *The Alternative* began life as "The Marriage Models" and the first title given to *Mr. Bingle* was "The Man Who Loved Children".

Like many other authors Mr. McCutcheon had his troubles as a result of innocently giving his characters the names of real people. Soon after *The Sherrods* was published there came from the far west a letter from a man with a grievance. His name was Jud Sherrod, the name of the principal character of the book, and what was more astonishing in the way of coincidence, his wife's name was Justine, the name of the heroine. In *Jane Cable* Mr. McCutcheon thought he had coined the name of Elias Droom. But

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the book was hardly out when he received letters of protest from two Elias Drooms in widely separated parts of the country, their complaints being that the author had made a most unsavory person out of old Elias.

Mr. McCutcheon had one incredible experience that he believed to be a match for any "incredible" experience incidental to authorship. Back in the 1890's, long before he was known to anybody as an author, he sent a short story to a literary agent in New York, blissfully hopeful that it could be disposed of to some magazine. The manuscript was never returned to him nor was he ever notified that it had been sold. Twenty-five years passed. Then one day Mr. McCutcheon's chauffeur was walking in Thirty-seventh Street, New York City, between Fifth and Madison Avenues, when he espied a large square envelope lying on the sidewalk, where it had apparently just been dropped by someone in passing. He looked inside the envelope to see what it contained and found to his astonishment that it was a typewritten manuscript of a story by his employer. Naturally he took it at once to Mr. McCutcheon. It was the long lost and long forgotten story.

It was on its way from an engraving establishment to the studio of the illustrator who had been employed to make the drawings. The proofs of the engravings were in the envelope with the manuscript, with directions as to the manner of making the pictures fit in with the text. Investigation revealed the fact that after the death of the literary agent to whom the story had originally been sent, someone connected with the office had unearthed the story, with others, and had sold it to a magazine. This magazine had in turn failed and after many years the receivers sold the unpublished material for what they could get. The McCutcheon story was sold to an inconspicuous magazine for the sum of $50. A curious point in the subsequent litigation was that Mr. McCutcheon's lawyers advised him that he had no longer any right to the manuscript in view of the fact that it had been bought in good faith by the editor. Another curious fact was that when Mr. McCutcheon offered the editor $500 for the story in order that he might destroy it, the editor refused. But most curious of all was the finding of the envelope, after twenty-five years, by Mr. McCutcheon's own chauffeur, in a city of more than five million people.

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THREE POEMS

By MacKnight Black

New York

Surely no one dreamt this sky-going city,
And no one thought of it in beauty, before it was.

Certain men with their elbows on office tables
And men with their arms shaken by air-drills
And other men with their lime-cracked shoes on the rungs of ladders,
Set this city in its place slowly.

And they dreamt,
Between pen-strokes and hods and rivets,
Of warm food for their mouths and women for their arms
And soft places for shoulder and thigh
After the days of their labor.

It was well enough they had these visions
And no more;
That from their desires and the cunning of their bodies
And the deep clay of Manhattan,
Skyward this city came, as a jonquil comes,
Unbruised with imaginings.

Heart

Remember the pure machine,
That brief and dogged thing, your heart.
When fear is windy at your bones,
Or when your lips are wet on lips,
Remember it:
Asking no leave to throb
And, throbbing, still unconcerned
With purposes beyond its stroke.
Remember what it is that drives
You to your grief and joy;
And how it thunders, desolate as waves;
And stirs, remote as south wind, through your breast.

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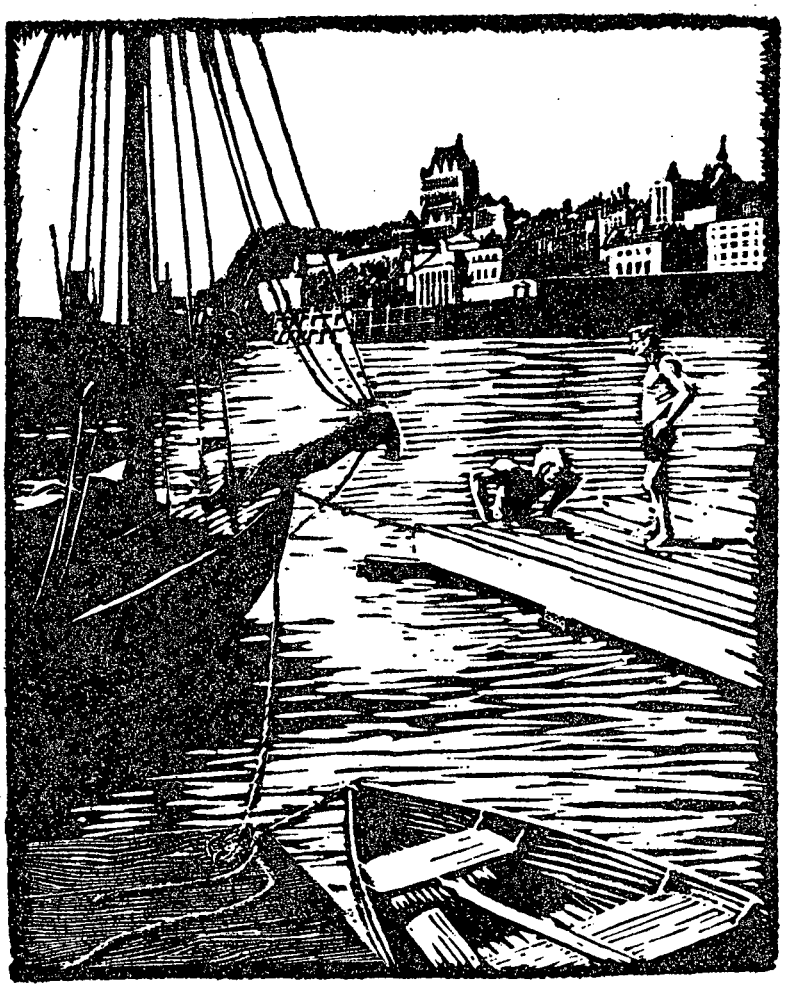
Tide

I am thinking of valleys, and of the sun,
And of the mouths of girls,
And of corn yellow on the ground in November.
A moment ago I was alone
Before the clean presence of wheels toiling,
Before the bare motion of the universe
In their geometric flood.
And now I am holding in my mind
Remembered things
That are like stones a sea has washed over
And made strange,
That are clearer from having a tide
Free them of all but themselves.



Quebec *By* L. N. TAYLOR

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THE SECOND TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS

A Note on Stephen Crane, 1871–1900

By Wilson Follett

JOSEPH CONRAD had an impression, and stated it in print, that the unheroic hero of *The Red Badge of Courage* was nowhere given a personal name. Conrad was wrong: the surname of Henry Fleming appears in the text of the story at least once, and his given name several times. He is represented in that story, essentially the story of one battle, as a very young man, hardly more than a boy. The book has become in thirty years so thoroughly a classic of our language that the automatic and effortless thing to say of it now is that it is the finest modern story of war. A best seller of its season and immediately the subject of spirited controversy, it has long since reached the sanction of use by professional teachers as a model for ambitious young pens. Altogether, its readers are certainly to be counted in hundreds of thousands, and very likely in millions. And it is seriously to be doubted whether there are twenty-five living persons who have failed to come away from the narration believing, with Conrad, that its central character lacks a name. That was my own conviction after at least five readings at long intervals; and after several more, I could have testified only to the "Henry". Nearly always, Fleming is "the youth", "the forlorn young man", or simply "he". And he is named when named at all, by others—never by the author, or by his own thoughts and perceptions, in terms of which the narrative is chiefly conducted. Mr. Conrad's experience of the story was, then, in this single particular, the experience of all readers, emphasized a little by his brief personal intimacy with Stephen Crane and his deep affection for the younger writer.

If, as I surmise, not more than a handful of readers of *The Red Badge* notice or retain the name of the character who enters the tale at its third page and is thereafter present on every page, how many can there be who have noticed Crane's footnotes to his subsequent history? Fleming entered the army in 1863 from a farm on the outskirts of an Orange County town—the Port Jervis of actuality, the Whilomville of Crane's short stories. And when the war was over he simply resumed the life, the mental outlook, the farm, the very dialect, to which his origins had destined him. He married, had sons, grew elderly, grew old, achieved a local dignity attested by a touch of deference in the neighborly voices which sometimes asked him questions about his battles long ago. When Jimmie Trescott, the *enfant terrible* of Whilomville, accidentally peppered one of Fleming's cows with some stray shot from a borrowed gun, Fleming and his gigantic Swedish farm-hand pounced upon the young scapegrace and questioned him sternly; and when, under the pressure, Jimmie was at length inspired to the remarkable utterance " 'I thought she was a lynx' ", "Old Fleming and his Swede at once lay down in the grass and laughed themselves helpless".

That is not all—not quite all. Fleming had, in those later years, a small grandson, also Jimmie, an idolater who dogged his grandfather's steps. In the grocery they quizzed old Fleming about his emotions under fire, and he answered with a simple and humorous account of how he had run away at Chancellorsville. " 'Of course, afterward I got kind of used to it. A man does.' " Jimmie was horror-stricken. Walking home "with his hand gripping two of his grandfather's fingers", he made a valiant conversational effort to set his idol erect, but the old man's entire simplicity of heart was too much for him. " 'It was my first fight, and there was an awful lot of noise, you know.' "

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He shifted the subject to colts. That night the gigantic Swede went to town and got drunk, and when he returned he contrived to set the barn on fire. While other men worked at the wheezing windlass with hands that would not behave sanely, old Fleming led out the horses one by one, reappeared with his clothes smouldering, and slipped out of the hands of his eldest son to go for the cattle in the barn cellar. But still he had forgotten the two colts, in box-stalls at the back of the barn. " 'The poor little things!' " He rushed back into the blazing building.

"When the roof fell in, a great funnel of smoke swarmed toward the sky, as if the old man's mighty spirit, released from its body—a little bottle—had swelled like the genie of fable. The smoke was tinted rose-hue from the flames, and perhaps the unutterable midnights of the universe will have no power to daunt the color of this soul."

II

Probably no other writer, and certainly no other modern realist, has had a similar reluctance to refer to his characters by their ordinary human names, or a like success in making his reader forget the names actually used. In the first version of *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets,* written when Crane was twenty-one, no character was named at all. Maggie herself was simply "the girl", and the others were "the girl's mother", "the girl's brother", and so on. As Thomas Beer points out in his indispensable life of Crane, the "woman of experience and audacity" remained permanently without other identification. The negro of *The Monster* was named Henry Johnson, but one remembers him principally as the man who had no face. Of the four in *The Open Boat* we know from history the identities of all; but in the story itself the one vestige of a name is the oiler's "Billie". The very minor characters of *The Blue Hotel* are named, but its more important ones are "the cowboy", "the Easterner", and "the gambler", and the chief character of all is, throughout, simply "the Swede". One of the queerest of the tales of war is called *The Clan of No-Name.* It is evident that Stephen Crane consciously or unconsciously reckoned personal names among the least expressive of words.

Superficially, this instinctive preference of his records a quiet confidence in his own power of characterization. A name is an easy identification; and Crane's technique required none of the devices that would have been easiest to another. Everything to which he touched his pen has from the first moment that unearthly distinctness which forbids it to be confused with anything else that ever was. His sharp phrases identify as inexorably as the names Trunnion, Pecksniff, and Brugglesmith; and this startling, at times appalling, distinctness is of course a cardinal virtue of his manner—the trait that, more than any other, accounts for the leverage of his work upon the American literary consciousness in the years following 1895.

What that leverage was, Thomas Beer records and generously illustrates in his book. More recently and in a quite different vein, Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer supplies an illustration from his own memory. Writing in introduction of the first volume of Knopf's twelve-volume set of the works of Stephen Crane—this volume contains *The Red Badge of Courage,* cited above, and *The Veteran*—he describes the impact of Crane's story of war upon his own young consciousness in the very season of its publication. The story that Mr. Hergesheimer there tells is essentially a tribute to distinctness—the distinctness of writing sharper in outline than anything as yet seen above the American horizon. The destined author of *The Lay Anthony,* no ordinary reader at fifteen—"beyond all doubt a better reader than I am now", is his own profession—reports: "It had come to me widely heralded, borne on the excitement, the derision and praise and curiosity, its appearance had instantly upraised". And, it transpires, the excitement was upraised chiefly by a quality of style: the quality of forcible distinctness embodied in such a sentence as "The red sun was pasted in the sky like a wafer". For the rest, Mr. Hergesheimer found *The Red Badge* "not at all the story of the practically nameless youth of whom, apparently, it was written. . . . The battle-fields and wooded hills, the ruined peace of little valleys, shrouded in the smoke

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of guns, were as vivid as the headlong action. The men dead and dying, their sounds and pallors and last rigidity, held a fearful reality which came from the perfection of Stephen Crane's visualization".

Ambrose Bierce meant substantially the same thing by a remark which he made in 1895 to Mr. Robert H. Davis, and which Mr. Davis quotes in his introduction to *Tales of Two Wars*, the second volume of *The Work of Stephen Crane*. "This young man", said Bierce, "has the power to feel. He knows nothing of war, yet he is drenched in blood. Most beginners who deal with this subject spatter themselves merely with ink." The author of this dictum had spilled blood of his own on fields of the war of which Crane wrote; he had seen men with their brains protruding in bosses, dropping off in flakes and strings; he had come upon wild hogs rooting among the corpses—and the realism of Crane's chapters abundantly satisfied him.

As to Mr. Hergesheimer, it is thoroughly characteristic of him that, at fifteen, he should have known what in current American writing was being the bone of contention among good judges, and that he should have commanded thus precociously the ability to respond to what was a central and important, not an incidental, quality of his author. My own first recollection of Crane proves a possession of no such qualities in the reader. I neither found the correct thing by which to know Crane nor responded to the thing found in any way subject to rational analysis. Nevertheless, the experience that I did have, being that of a wholly raw and naïve attention, rounds out Mr. Hergesheimer's praise of the one modern writer for whom it was impossible to draw a blurred line.

There is among Crane's minor miscellanies a five-page sketch called *A Tale of Mere Chance*. It is the monologue of an insane man who, having killed his rival on a white-tiled floor, is pursued by a flock of the blood-stained tiles, raising their little hands and screaming "Murder! It was he!" They pursue him until orange blotches begin to appear on his coat; a detective apprehends him; and he maintains contemptuously that it was not clever of the detective. "Even if the detective were really carved from an old table-leg, he could hardly fail to apprehend a man thus badged. . . . I might walk from this jail today if I could rid myself of this coat, but it clings—clings—clings." And the tiles are always there outside his cell door, clashing, jostling. "It sounds as if the dishes of Hades were being washed. . . . Once, indeed, in the night, I cried out to them: 'In God's name, go away, little blood-stained tiles.' But they doggedly answered: 'It is the law.'" The story is an extraordinary depiction of conscience joined to homicidal mania; and it is a sort of *reductio ad fabulam* of the Scriptural and proverbial idea that the very stones of the dust will cry out against an infamy.

Now, just about the time of the Spanish-American war, a Baptist weekly called *The Christian Herald*—it is, indeed, still extant and probably still flourishing—performed a signal service to literature by issuing as a premium with new subscriptions its own special edition of a prose-and-verse miscellany of recent American writing, under a very respectable secular editorship. Thus the periodical whose taste in beautiful letters was at that period represented by the weekly sermon of T. DeWitt Talmadge, the later serials of Amelia E. Barr, and the then new talent of the Reverend Charles M. Sheldon (author of *In His Steps*) made itself approvingly responsible for some amazing odds and ends of imaginative writing, including, by a marvel, this episode of murder and mania by the youth who had written and published such lines as his answer to "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the heads of the children, even unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me":

> Well, then, I hate Thee, unrighteous picture;
> Wicked image, I hate Thee.
> So, strike with Thy vengeance
> The heads of those little men
> Who come blindly.
> It will be a brave thing.

In the farmhouse where the summers of my childhood were spent, this green-cloth-bound anthology stood on the one book-shelf between an exhaustively annotated Byron of

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the 1830's and a formidable two-column Shakespeare. I devoured it; and then, at intervals through that summer, I digested it —up to the capacity of an eleven-year-old and quite non-literary digestion. And I have left today, out of the whole massive volume (which I have not since encountered), just two scraps: (1) a story, I believe famous, but of authorship by me forgotten, about a man who set the world horribly on fire with a newly discovered chemical; and (2) Crane's *Tale of Mere Chance,* which was like a burdock burr in my memory from that time to the day when I began to haul together the stray pieces of Stephen Crane's writing against a collected edition.

No piece of writing can ever have had more obstacles to vanquish, if you allow full weight to the lapse of time, the childish age of the reader, and his utter blankness as to the data—for he had no remotest conception of what a tile might be, he supposed a detective to consist of something that literally could be carved out of a table-leg, and he was left floundering in Stygian dark by every such sentence as this one: "An enslaved, dust-eating Mexican vaquero wouldn't hitch his pony to such a man". The triumph of Stephen Crane over such a complete assortment of disabilities was a triumph of nothing in the world but the magic of a burning distinctness. The words, the images, however distortedly received, were somehow like the clusters of brown roses of the wall-paper at which Kelcey stared, in *George's Mother:* "He felt them like hideous crabs crawling upon his brain".

III

There are other consequences and implications of Crane's distaste for any label so easily applied and repeated as the name of a person, and of the stylistic vividness to which this distaste was allied. One consequence is that each thing of which he wrote is seen with the startling intensity of objects revealed in the uncanny green brilliance of a lightning-flash, in such a way as to stand as a symbol of all things of its kind. "The most single-minded of verbal impressionists", Conrad called his young friend. Crane's range of vision was limited; but what he saw at all he saw as if it were for that moment the only thing worth looking at in the visible universe. He dissociated it from all the ordinary connections, continuities; and the effect of his presenting it thus detached and denuded was, curiously, not to destroy its reality, but rather to graduate it into a higher, a quasi-allegorical reality. Leaving his major personæ unnamed, or making the least possible of the names he gives them, he confers upon them more than a touch of the universal. They become, even at their most colloquial or humdrum, as the long-lived creatures of fable or the characters in a morality play.

And that is the unique effect, the unapproached power, of Stephen Crane's pages. His details are saturated with an almost topical everyday reality which superficially denies all breadth, depth, and poetic beauty; and the details achieve these qualities in all the greater measure by the very extremity of the apparent denial. The realities are of the earth, earthy; the vividness is as unearthly as a nightmare; and the combination most strangely affirms the stellar universe in a beer garden, man's struggle against the ironic gods within the length of a ten-foot dinghy.

That is what Mr. Hergesheimer means when, in the paper already cited, he says that the "practically nameless" youth of *The Red Badge* "was present for what, as universally as possible, he represented". And he goes on to report that what he found in Henry Fleming was, above all, himself. "I was perfectly merged with the subject of the book, he was a vessel carrying me over a threatening sea; his undignified cowardice, the temporary spiritual meanness of flight, were mine; when he ran I ran, when he skulked I skulked; when, in the wavering line of the retreating wounded, he was asked where he had been hit, my acute shame was his. . . . Stephen Crane might have been a doctor exploring me, to my ultimate good, with frigid and unerring fingers."

So must it be, whether or not we have the words to express it, with the rest of us readers—and not alone as readers of the one admitted masterpiece. All the stories have

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the same reality; nearly all have the same power to engulf the reality of the single instance in that of the general meaning. *Whilomville* is a riot of felicity in the single instances, and at the same time it stands for all childhood. *The Open Boat* is circumstantial as to the fact, but no thoughtful adult can escape it as a parable of man's unequal struggle generally—an implication which Conrad had instinctively in mind when he referred to Crane himself as one not permitted to make a safe landing after much weary toil at the oar. Crane could hardly have written this undying story, autobiography though it is, without a thought of his own earlier lines beginning "God fashioned the ship of the world carefully". *The Monster* has impressed many readers as the story of a man left without human features by a horrible accident. Others have seen in it an instance of the caprice, the capricious power, of public opinion. But the story far transcends either interpretation, and achieves its true stature as a narrative of the fate which, in a world imperfectly just, is meted out to the generous, the disinterested, the quixotic. Its close is a complete parable of man and his neighbor, told with Chekhovian lucidity in fifteen empty teacups.

Once—once only, I believe—Crane violated all his own canons by tacking on to a story of action one of those deliberate morals in which the abstract and generalized meaning of a tale can be made manifest to the incompetent reader. This was in *The Blue Hotel*, the grotesque story of a Swede who managed to get himself murdered by a gambler, by assuming a truculence born of nothing but sheer terror. And the Easterner, soliloquizing after the fact, says: "We are all in it! This poor gambler isn't even a noun. He is kind of an adverb. Every sin is the result of a collaboration. We, five of us, have collaborated in the murder of this Swede. Usually there are from a dozen to forty women really involved in every murder, but in this case it seems to be only five men . . . and that fool of an unfortunate gambler came merely as a culmination, the apex of a human movement, and gets all the punishment". Crane, happily for his art, was not much given to finding words for this sense of the general incoherence and irony. But he always had it; his stories always have it.

IV

If Crane's whole reputation as a writer has suffered a partial eclipse since his death in 1900, the reasons are not far to seek. In the first place, Stephen Crane died at twenty-eight, only four years after his one prodigious success, leaving fewer and slighter documentary evidences of his existence than could be mustered to represent many an obscure schoolboy of the same period. In the second place, with the exception of *The Red Badge of Courage* most of his work was out of print for decades; the one other volume latterly extant was largely composed of the minor scraps which were most easily procurable, and which, presented by themselves, could do the least service to Crane's memory. It is not strange that to a wholly false image of the man there should gradually have been added an equally false impression of his work: namely, that it consists of (a) *The Red Badge of Courage* and (b) negligible odds and ends, to be classified as the ephemeral by-products of a reporter and war correspondent.

Moreover, that very flair for vividness which compelled Crane to isolate each of his subjects as if in the glare of a spotlight has tended to obscure the wholeness of his perception, signified by, for example, his repetition of characters and communities from book to book; signified even more conclusively by his virtuosity in the reproduction of the whole American character and background in the desultory conversation of nobodies—a particular in which not even Mr. Sinclair Lewis has (except by quantitative measurement) surpassed him.

On the basis of a three years' very complete saturation with the idea and the writings of Stephen Crane, I can testify that a repeated and searching, even a narrowly textual, study of his works tends greatly to heighten the conviction of his permanent importance, the sense of his scope and variety. Here are the twelve volumes of a twenty-eight-year-old man who in any eleven of the

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twelve, or in any six, would still appear as a major writer. The ultimate great thing in writing is, after all, the identity, the talent, expressed in it. Crane's identity was a phenomenon of importance. It is inescapable in practically all that he did, and even those stray pieces of his work which trench on sheer silliness are pierced with gleams of an authenticity which was stronger in him than his power of life itself, and which burns in the lines of even his casual, aggressively nonchalant letters to his friends.

So long as Crane is remembered as author of *The Red Badge of Courage,* it is not going to be feasible to forget him as author of achievements quite as startling in originality. Put his *Maggie* (in *Major Conflicts*) beside the *Esther Waters* of George Moore, which is supposed to have played an influential part in the rise of naturalism in English fiction. The only thing there is left to do with Mr. Moore's early opus is to laugh at it; it is nearly as funny as *Alonzo and Melissa,* whereas Crane's *Maggie,* a cornerstone of American fictional history, is as solidly in its place as when it gave pain to the gentle soul of Richard Watson Gilder, before the author was twenty-one. Crane used the technique of the imagists (apparently inventing it out of whole cloth: see Miss Lowell's introduction to *The Black Riders and other lines*) as early as 1894. He wrote in *The Little Regiment* (*Tales of Two Wars*) one of the world's few entirely perfect short stories. *The Monster, The Blue Hotel* (in *Major Conflicts*), and *The Open Boat* are momentous at their length of from thirty-five to seventy pages; but they may be no more durable than *A Tale of Mere Chance* (*Midnight Sketches*) in a little over four pages, or than *The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky* (*The Open Boat and other stories*) in fifteen.

If a writer is great in himself, he will be as unmistakably great in some sentences as in some whole volumes. The Stephen Crane who does not die at twenty-eight, and who has now lived half of his fifty-six years unexposed to this world which did not know what to make of him, is hardly more himself or more complete in *The Red Badge of Courage* than in the characteristic lines,

> Many red devils ran from my heart
> And out upon the page.
> They were so tiny
> The pen could mash them.
> And many struggled in the ink.
> It was strange
> To write in this red muck
> Of things from my heart.

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THE ENGLISH NOVEL

From the Earliest Days to the Death of Joseph Conrad

By Ford Madox Ford

IN FOUR PARTS: PART TWO

Historical: Towards Defoe

IT IS not part of my purpose to trace the influence of *The Golden Ass* or the *Satyricon* on the course or development of the novel; and indeed their influences probably came into action so late that the effect was rather to give coloration to the pastiches of later writers like the late Mr. Walter Pater or the very much living Mr. Ezra Pound. It is the same, to all intents and purposes, with such medieval compilations of short-stories as the *Decameron*, the *Heptameron* or the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. The *Decameron* must in particular have been as enormously read in the course of centuries as *Madame Bovary*, but, except for the *Heptameron* and the rest of the works of that tradition, it can have led to no developments but merely to imitations such as the *Contes Drôlatiques* of Balzac.

To our immediate purpose they are germane solely as indicating the desire—the necessity—that humanity has always experienced for fiction of one kind or another, if merely as an expedient for clarifying the mind. The medieval European intellect seems to have been able to appreciate these crystallizing shocks only in smallish doses, and in Europe it was not until sixteenth century Spain that humanity seems to have been able to sustain its interest for the course of a long tale—a series of incidents in the life of one or of one or two central characters. And again it was not until the middle nineteenth century in France and the very late nineteenth or early twentieth in England that the mind of the public could be expected to take in the rendering—not the narrating—of a work whose central character was not an individual of slightly superhuman proportions but, rather, an Affair, whose participants, as befits a democratic age, if not all exactly equal in the rôles they play in the Affair's development, are at least nearly all normally similar in parts, aspirations, virtues and vices to one's surrounding humanity.

Let us for a moment consider the difference—if difference there be—between the apparently artless tale and the novel that fulfills my definition of the functions of a work of fiction in the modern body-politic. The artless tale, then, is nothing but a *conte*—a thing told to keep the hearers gasping, or at least engrossed. Told verbally it is usually short, but professional story-tellers have been found—as in the case of the group-authors of the *Arabian Nights*—to make them very long indeed. And the habit of telling very long tales that are practically serials still persists in Eastern bazaars.

You may say that the listening to tales for the mere purpose of being thrilled or engrossed has nothing to do with the gaining of vicarious experience, so that the stories of the *Decameron* or the ordinary novels of commerce were and are of no value to the body-politic; but a little reflection will show that the reverse is the case in practice. Human experience is built up by the averaging out of a great many cases—some inclining to the extreme right, some to the extreme left, and the majority probably approaching the normal.

Personally, on the face of it, I ought to be glad if in the interests of non-commercial literature the novel of commerce could be suppressed, but as a matter of fact I should be the first to lament such a catastrophe. Humanity needs carefree entertainment, and, in search of it, it seldom goes very far wrong. That is proved by the fact that ever since books were books the great public has devoured with avidity only two kinds of work:

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the very worst from the point of view of the literary artist—and the very best! The four most popular books the world over at any given moment since, say, 1860 have always been *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Madame Bovary*, and then two always changing works of egregious silliness and popularity. But whereas the so-called popular books change with the turn of each year, the more serious works continue to stand year after year at the head of the best sellers of the world.

That is a consideration to which we may return; the point that I wish to make here is that when *contes* and *nouvelles* of the type to be found in the *Decameron* were of an almost boundless popularity, not only had the serious novel no existence, but the reprehension that the Victorian moralist and industrialist later gave voice to had not arisen. As I am never tired of relating, my grand-aunt Eliza was the first utterer of the famous saying: "Sooner than be idle I'd take a book and read"; but that utterance, perfectly normal and applauded in the 1860's is today purely risible and could not in seriousness be uttered in the household of any family in comfortable circumstances. It would have been equally unthinkable at any date from the tenth century to the early nineteenth. During those nine centuries, in fact, the professional moralist was only too glad to enlist the services of the fiction-teller under the sacred banners of Faith and Good Works, and although, towards the end of the eighteenth century, the young ladies who lay day-long on sofas reading the thousandfold novels of popular female authors from Aphra Behn to Sarah Fielding were lightly satirized by dramatists and occasionally scourged in the sermons of non-conformist divines, these occurrences were very sporadic and altogether too infrequent to form a national habit. Indeed until the nineteenth century was under way it might even be advanced that the writers of such works of fiction as *Pilgrim's Progress, Rasselas* or *Robinson Crusoe* were eagerly sought as allies by the professional, ecclesiastical or non-conformist moralist.

And that was even more pronouncedly the case in days still earlier, when in Europe a universal and all-powerful Church dictated the morals of gentle and simple alike. Indeed whatever may or may not be said of Catholicism in the way of praise or blame, it cannot be alleged that when she was all-powerful she was ever afraid of the Arts or afraid to employ them for her own purposes. The Moralities of the Nun Hroswitha, the Mystery plays and mummings of every town-guild in the Middle Ages are alone overwhelming evidence that the Church, representing the professional moralists of five or six centuries, was only too glad to avail herself of forms of art as an indispensable means of spreading her teachings. Nor indeed, until the Puritan divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries turned upon the art of fiction as presented on the stage, did that form of art do anything other than bend itself willingly to the service of morality. For you might say that the drama of Wycherley and Killigrew was as much a protest against the oppression of the professional moralist as any spontaneous movement for the supply of lecherous fiction to the public.

The greater part of the plays of Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists (by far the greater part consisted of works of profound —and quite conventional—moral purpose), the earlier drama, and even the pace-egging and mumming of county shows, were nothing but pietistic pronouncements put as picturesquely—and as alluringly spiced with alliterations in the prosody and low comedy in the plots—as the fiction-writers of the day could contrive. Hell always yawned before the audience beneath the high trestle-boards and stages of these shows; in the flies Heaven and its denizens were always visible, whilst in what would today be called the wings there waited, perpetually visible, on the one hand the Devil ready to pitchfork the wicked into the lower story of the stage, and on the other Man's Better Angel to conduct him to the Better Place. Clowns and characters called Vices were always ready to endure the drubbings that, enlivening the public, were the portion of the mildly wicked and foolish.

No, decidedly the medieval and early-renaissance art of fiction, quite as much as Matthew Arnold, was on the side of the angels.

It might be as well here to point out that

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until the Restoration and its comedies brought scenery and attempts at scenic realism to the stage, the Play and the Novel were practically the same form. Or it might be better to put it that the Novel was the direct development of the Play—a development made possible by the art of printing. In effect the plays of Shakespeare were novels written for recitation, and that, naturally, was still more true of the works of Shakespeare's predecessors; and it is significant that as reading became more common with the establishment of Edward VI's grammar schools, the play itself became less a matter of rantings and by degrees even a medium for fine writing. *Gorboduc* and *Ferrex and Porrex* or *Ralph Roister Doister* were products of either a stilted classicism or of a boisterous, native spirit of knockabout buffoonery, puns and ribald jests. The classical motive issued presently into a mode of over-written elegance that speedily proved itself unreadable: then Lyly gave place to Shakespeare.

It has always seemed obvious to me—as a private conviction for which I have no wish to do battle and which I have no wish to force on the reader as any more than a suggestion—that Shakespeare himself regretted the relative chastity of his muse. I mean that as a gentleman and one wishing to move in the best social and scholastic circles he regretted the passing of the unities and of bombast, and wished that the public taste would have let him make a living by writing more in the style of *The Rape of Lucrece* and the more florid verses that decorate the end pages of complete editions of his works. His speeches to the players in *Hamlet* and the whole course of his life as far as it is known to us would seem strongly to indicate that. But it is not until you can bring yourself to regard not merely the plays of Shakespeare but the whole post-Lylian Elizabethan and Jacobean drama as novels written for recitation that the great mystery of Shakespeare's life seems to become reasonably explicable. For the great mystery of Shakespeare as novelist is simply: "Why did Shakespeare never correct his proofs?"

Beside this amazing enormity all questions as to the identity of Mr. W. H. or the Dark Lady or Mary Fitton or of the motives of the sonnets become paler and more ineffectual than any ghosts. For they at least don't matter. But that the greatest writer of all time should not have taken the trouble ever to read his own works in print, preferring to retire to Stratford, sue out his coat armour and so, on his profits as theatre owner, become titularly and legally a Gentleman—that, if you think about it and have ever known an author, is the most amazing phenomenon known to the history of literature. Napoleon at St. Helena, renaming himself Monsieur Dupont and shuddering at the mention of Austerlitz would not be more astonishing. For this novelist never blotted a line and never saw his work through the press!

On the face of it the plays of Shakespeare read extravagantly well, but on the modern stage play extravagantly badly. I have never in my life been more bored and appalled than at having to sit through an uncut performance of *Hamlet*, given by the most noted performers in the world in front of a gigantic real castle. It was terrifying, and it lasted from nine at night till four in the morning. There was the real castle, the real moon, real armour dating back to Shakespeare's days, real banners of the epoch; real soldiers played the troops of Fortinbras, and, to add a touch of reality of another sort, in the middle of the performance real Communists demonstrated for Sacco and Vanzetti!

But the point was that, with the real castle and the rest, all Shakespeare's descriptions became intolerable pleonasms and gave a singular unreality to the characters that uttered them. For normal humanity does not talk of patines of bright gold when considering the night skies; it says: "Look at the stars", and possibly adds: "Aren't they jolly?" The stars in fact do the rest: and in this given case the castle of Avignon, the Rhone and the moon were admirably prepared to replace all that anyone's descriptions could do.

On the other hand I have never in my life been so overwhelmed as by a ranted performance given by quite capable actors in modern dress in a rather bare modern studio that had galleries round it—a condition pretty well reproducing that of the Shakespearian stage.

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Hero and heroine and subordinate characters bellowed rhetorical periods, floods of bombast; they threw their arms about, raved, fell down and staggered to their feet. The effect was overwhelming; no such other utter tragedy has ever presented itself to the world for three hundred years; the grief of the heroine was so insufferable that you could not sit in your place; when the hero died you groaned aloud. Yet the play was only Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy,* ranking as a pretty poor work and today very difficult to read.

Shakespeare on the other hand does read extravagantly well through the greater part of his work, but large portions of the plays must pay the penalty of all works intended for one medium and presented in another. The sheer silliness of many, of most, of his plots—except in the Chronicle Plays—, that sheer silliness and negligence, regarded from the point of view of the art of the novel, becomes technical merit when it is a matter of recitation; bareness of plot is then a necessity, the mind having no time to turn back and pick up merely suggested clues. And of course a great deal of his writing must have seemed to a man of his own delicacy of temperament much more the merest writing down to the groundlings or coarse flatterings of those in authority than that caviare to the general that he hoped to provide. So that his inattention to the printing of his plays may very conceivably have proceeded from sheer disgust at them—a frame of mind not unfamiliar to the artist when viewing his work in the light of his own ideals. Or of course it remains open to us—all things in the case of Shakespeare being open to us—to consider that he really regarded his work as commercial trivia that had much better be ignored in the later stages of his aggrandizement to the state of gentility. That frame of mind is so usual in the British novelist, and ever since novels have been translated or written in England has proved so disastrous to the art itself, that it is quite conceivable that the first—and the greatest—of them all may have shared in that national characteristic.

Be that as it may, the assertion that the Elizabethan and Jacobean play answered in advance the call from the public for the novel that was so soon to come may very well be regarded as fact. Or it might be more just to say that the Grammar School, spreading at once the capacity and the taste for reading, and the enhanced national wealth of the age of Drake and countenanced piracy in Elizabeth's day, made the purchase and dissemination of books much wider.

We may then regard the rule-of-thumb definition of the novel as a printed book of some length telling one tale or relating the adventures of one single personage as reasonably acceptable. In that case you get an instance at once of supply created by demand and of that supply being rendered possible by the fact that education and material production arrived almost hand in hand: For, although printing was available as a means of spreading knowledge almost a couple of centuries earlier, the exiguity of material wealth and leisure, the turmoil and the scarcity of labor of the centuries of pestilence, dynastic wars and turmoil that preceded the firm establishment of the Tudors on the throne, infinitely delayed, and indeed indefinitely put back, the clock of culture in those kingdoms.

Roughly speaking we may say that Chaucer, the first English writer of sustained imaginative pieces, was also the first writer for the press—a writer, that is to say, for the individual reader in his closet rather than a composer of lays, ballads, roundels or even epics, for recitation. The dictum should be accepted with caution. That it is on the whole just is nevertheless demonstrable by the comparison of the *Canterbury Tales* or *Troylus and Creseide* with say, *The Faërie Queene* or Drayton's *Polyolbion.* That the work of Chaucer is readable whereas the epics of Spenser and Drayton practically defy perusal is not merely a matter of difference of greatness in the respective authors. Chaucer was an infinitely greater writer than either of his successors: his character-drawing is extraordinary, his sense of beauty overwhelming, his minutely observing mind stalls off the possibility of dullness in his pages. And read to himself by an individual reader the work of Spenser is intolerably pompous, allegorical and dull, and that of Drayton all too pedestrian because of his lack of any

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powers of selection. But if you will read the longer works of Chaucer aloud you will find them a little difficult to follow simply because of that very minuteness of observation and that very lack of dullness; the others, on the other hand, gain immensely if read aloud or recited—both Spenser and Drayton taking on a sort of jolly robustness that is even today by no means disagreeable, and that may well have been enormously engrossing in the mouth of a good reader reading to audiences that had little to do but listen and lacked the power of reading for themselves.

In the matter of the consumption of literature, in fact, the English world had gone back several generations between the ages of Chaucer and Spenser, if you regard the evolution of the printed book and the arrival of the novel as Progress, for it is quite open to you to regard the disappearance of oral poetry and the epic as retrogression. Nevertheless it is fairly true to say that Chaucer, with Caxton, the first printer, as an intimate, wrote far more definitely for the press than did any of the Elizabethan imaginative writers. Except in the internal style and the outward effect of his work there is of course no evidence that Chaucer considered definitely that the coming of the printing-press called for a change in the technique of the imaginative writer, but it would not be utterly fanciful to imagine that he did at least consider himself a writer destined to have a great number of individual readers, rather than vast audiences destined to listen to recitals of his work.

To what extent I am right in advancing the suggestion that Eastern and Eastern European audiences had tougher brain-stuffs than their Anglo-Saxon contemporaries, at any rate in the matter of listening to recitals of tales in prose or verse, the reader may decide for himself. The suggestion is nevertheless handy as presenting a certain not unuseful image. We may say that the printing-press killed alike the epic and all forms of metrical romance, or we may say that the epic and the metrical romance are essentially foreign to the taste of the Occidental public, and the first statement is in effect merely a repetition, in other terms, of the second.

Into that I do not propose to go. It is sufficient to say that when I do make the assertion I find myself, as it were unexpectedly, in company with the academic critic of today and yesterday. At any rate quite orthodox authorities have not unusually asserted that Romaunts or Romances were, in England at least, intended for the personal reading of the medieval courtly and clerical individual, whilst the less fatiguing shorter lays, virelais, ballads and the like were aimed at popular and numerous audiences. This seems to be merely common sense. On the other hand, very long metrical or prose compositions did simultaneously appeal to Oriental audiences, and it is not unusual in academic circles to describe the *Canterbury Tales* themselves as "Oriental in origin", which seems queer but may for the moment pass.

What I am anxious to establish, however, at the risk of a certain prolixity, is the fact that an appetite amounting also to an expression of a necessity has, at least since the Dark Ages till the present day, distinguished all humanity. The reason probably is, as I have already hinted, that we need accounts of human life not so much as matter from which to draw morals for our own particular cases but rather as something that will take us outside ourselves, and raise us to a height from which we may the better observe ourselves. The moral is usually thrown in by the moralist, who nevertheless insists or, at any rate, asserts that moralizing is the sole purpose of his life and work. But the Morality Plays of the Nun Hroswitha, the Mysteries of every English town from Salisbury to Lytham, the terrifically moralizing novels from *Guzman d'Alfarache* to the history of *Moll Flanders* were simply evidence of the fact that humanity did not want moralizing and did want fiction. They represent the moralist throwing up the sponge and trying to get a pinch of salt onto the tail of that difficult bird: man. It is obvious that large audiences in days when amusement was far to seek could be found for the sermons of ranting monks and violent reformers. But even at that what the audiences went to hear were rather the semi-hysterical and lively descriptions of the sufferings of souls in eternal flame than any doctrinal discourses

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on the life and teachings of Him Whose message was: "Neither do I condemn thee!"

So, gradually, fiction, emerging with timidity from under the wing of the Church itself, took such prentice flights in the direction of pure rendering of life as in picaresque novels like *Don Quixote*. It is, however, doubtful if the adventures of the Knight of la Mancha would have got past the Index had not the Church been represented in the person of the parish priest who in the end burns the poor hero's books of romance; and from that point of view Cervantes may be regarded as simply drawing the cord of conventional morality closer round the necks of the unfortunate public. The romance of *The Seven Champions of Christendom* had to be burned not because it was a silly book but because its morality was insufficiently puritan, the Church of Rome in the throes of the Catholic Reaction having to prove itself at least as puritan as the Anabaptists of Münster. So the body that tolerated Rabelais good-naturedly had to invent an *auto da fé* in order to deal with *Amadis de Gaul;* and Cervantes, for all the world like a seventeenth century Thackeray, had to attune his satire to the pipe of a reacting Church. Fiction, in short, had to pay an always greater tribute to morality as it escaped from being the mere servant of established religion.

In effect, the Church—and then the churches—said to the Novel, the Play, the Romance and the Ballad: "We are too busy cutting each other's throats and inventing newer theologies to bother any more about artistic productions. In the meantime we will remove the benefit of clergy that used to shield those who could manipulate a pen. You may write and compose what lay fictions you like, but the rack, the faggot or the pillory will attend you if you publish anything that *we* don't like". And the novelist, always a timid creature, and in England avid of social consideration, was quick to take the hint. So Don Quixote de la Mancha, the only gentleman produced by the genius of Cervantes, and indeed by all the genius of that age, had to become a pitiable lunatic, although it is impossible that a man of the perspicacity of the writer of that work could not have seen that the Don wiping curds from his benign and tranquil countenance was godlike in comparison to the crooks and gross peasants—the cats and monkeys!—that surrounded him.

With those Spaniards, then, the Novel approached some sort of rendering of life, and that sort of rendering was soon enough to make its appearance in England. It crossed the Bay of Biscay and the Channel with a picaresque work of a prodigious popularity in its day: *Guzman d'Alfarache or the Story of a Rogue.* Less picaresque in the true sense of being the strung-together life of a *picaro* or professional thief, less picaresque than the immortal *Lazarillo De Tormes,* and less achingly tragic, as a presentation of the life of the brothel and wineshop, than *Celestina,* this work of Hermann Alemannos—whose name betrays his Teutonic origin—was much more suited to the Anglo-Saxon taste than either of the other three Spanish books that I have selected for mention.

The true Spanish genius is for us obviously too austere. Our public could, it is true, guffaw over the discomfitures of *Don Quixote,* the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, and the manoeuvre by which Lazarillo gets rid of his blind master who himself was the most ferocious of scoundrels, and the suicide from the tower in *Celestina* may have excited disagreeable emotions in the English reader, who preferred to think that punishment for sins was a matter of the hereafter. But the remorseless, essentially Spanish black-and-white of the greater novels was no more for the English public or the English *littérateur* than are *Titus Andronicus* and *Pericles* when they can get *The Comedy of Errors* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Guzman d'Alfarache on the other hand was a wilderness of enormous passages of trite morality, enlivened here and there with episodes of cozening and purse-cutting, and it has always been a matter of speculation to me—for I have known these works ever since I was a very small child—to what extent the seventeenth century public really liked moralizings, to what extent its liking was merely hypocrisy, and to what extent, again, readers were really tricked by the tiny ha'pennyworth of sack into consuming the

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intolerable quantity of very dry bread. Obviously in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries mere length was not a deterrent, because there was an immense amount of time for vacant minds to fill in and relatively very few books. So that just as in distant colonies we will read home newspapers with all the advertisements they contain, three and four times over, so the subjects of the Jameses, Charleses and early Georges would accept almost anything that could be read or listened to, and, being attuned to prolixities, they would have probably disliked anything crisp if anything crisp could have been found.

That is perhaps a vain speculation, but even a superficial consideration of the first great Englishman who was for a time at least nearly solely a novelist would lead one to believe that such was indeed the case. Defoe was born about the time of the Restoration of Charles II—that is to say in 1660 or 1661—and died in 1731, aged in consequence about seventy. And it is interesting to note that his novels were all produced in the last twelve years of his life—as an expedient for procuring bread and butter after bankruptcy produced by too ingenious financial and philosophical speculations.

That gets rid of the theory we might otherwise have entertained that he was a Restoration novelist in the sense that the friends of Charles II were Restoration dramatists. Nevertheless the active portions of Defoe's life were passed in the seventeenth century, so that it comes naturally to think of him rather as Jacobean than Georgian or eighteenth century. It is, that is to say, not in the pomposity of the eighteenth century that Captain Singleton or Colonel Jack or Moll Flanders seem to be clothed. They were mobile, swaggering, piratical creatures seated on barrels and smoking their yards of clay, rather than strutters in brocades and ruffles. And probably Defoe's ideal was the substantial London merchant, sturdily planted over his stout calves on square feet. That was his ideal because he had himself lamentably failed in attaining to it.

His financial ideas are said to have found favor in succeeding ages; his plans for increasing the national revenue, like Swift's it is said, would have been admirable could they have been adopted. So his moralities are practical rather than theological—it was to the respectable suffrages of the merchants that his pious passages addressed themselves. Thus his moralizings may have been less hypocritical than those of most of his contemporaries, his predecessors or descendants; but the aspiring after respectability was none the less as marked.

What, however, is in him the most interesting, from our special point of view of tracing the development of the art of the novel, is the fact that Defoe may be called the first writer to strive after some sort of satisfactory convention for the novel. He aimed, that is to say, at being convincing—at convincing his reader that he was reading of real adventures, official biographies of real individuals. Such fictitious documents as *The Apparition of Mrs. Veal*, the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* or the *History of the Plague in London* are very near to historic forgeries, and ought perhaps to be regarded as fictitious journalism. For, whatever else he was or wasn't, Defoe was the first great journalist.

His *Review of the Affairs of France*, which was a periodical news-pamphlet, devoting itself to foreign affairs and what today we should call Town Topics, was no doubt Defoe's introduction to fiction. When, that is to say, foreign news ran out he filled in his space with the chronicles of an invented Scandalous Club and there, a little in the style of la Bruyère and still more in the style of the later *Tatlers, Ramblers* and *Spectators*, he presented the Town with slightly scandalous anecdotes of characters purely fictitious or suggested faintly by well-known living men.

From that to inventing false news, as in the case of the *Mrs. Veal* fascicule, and from that again to the production of sham autobiography like *Robinson Crusoe*, is a very obvious progression. Few journalists would make it today; but today news is more easily checked. There is no doubt that, whether it were his intention or no, he did evolve a convention for fiction that up to a certain point was effective enough. That he intended to do so, there is not (as was on the other hand the case with his great successor, Samuel Richardson) any evidence. On the contrary

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there is a good deal of evidence that several of his works of fiction were intended as mystifications or frauds on the public.

That does not interfere with the artistic merit of his work, which was very great. For, whether you set out to hypnotize the public into believing for the time being that they have attended at a scene, or trick them into believing that they have read real memoirs when the memoirs are fictitious, the artistic, if not the ethical, results are nearly equal. There is however this difference:

If you should read *Salammbô* and should be asked if you had ever been in Carthage before its destruction by the Romans you might almost answer in the affirmative with truth; whereas in the same scale of things if you were asked if you had been present at the Fire of London and had read Defoe's *History* you could not answer more than that you had read a very authentic account by an eyewitness. And inasmuch as an authentic rendering—a rendering made with extreme artistic skill—will give you more the sense of having been present at an event than if you had actually been corporeally present, whereas the reading of the most skilful of literary forgeries will only leave you with the sense that you have read a book, the artistic rendering is the more valuable to you and therefore the greater achievement. I once heard a couple of French marine engineers agreeing that, although they had traversed the Indian Ocean many times and had several times passed through, or through the fringes of, typhoons, neither of them had ever been in one till he had read Conrad's *Typhoon*. And indeed I have myself had the singular experience of looking out at dawn from a tent-flap and seeing the tents of a sleeping army running up into deep woods. And having just been reading Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*, which opens with a description of the dawn breaking on the tents of a sleeping army, for some minutes I was confused, not being able to understand why the one or two men that I saw about were dressed in our khaki instead of in the blue of the Federal troops of the United States during the Civil War. That is what I mean by saying that one might answer with truth that one had been present at a rendered scene, although one might never physically have been present there. For to me it is certain that I was, at that given moment, more present at the preparation of a battle somewhere near Gettysburg in the 'sixties of the last century than actually amongst British troops in support at a battle that was then proceeding in the Belgian Salient in September 1916.

To produce that or similar effects is the ambition of the novel of today.

Two centuries before—by, say, 1716—the novel had proceeded but a very little way. I should say that Bunyan in *Pilgrim's Progress* and still more in *Holy War* had gone as far as any writer till that day, and, dying in 1688, he anticipated Defoe as novelist by at least a generation. Ostensibly *Pilgrim's Progress* is an allegorical work just as the English Bible is a theological or even a doctrinal one, but just as in the Morality Plays which were produced by professionally religious writers or actors and in the Mysteries which were religious spectacles produced and acted under the direction of the Clergy by members of the professedly lay Guilds—just as in those productions the real attraction was the imaginative presentation of realities rather than the pious aspirations of authors or producers, so it is strongly to be suspected that the realistically human appeal of *Pilgrim's Progress* far outweighs the moral or religious interest. Indeed in *Holy War*, which is an allegorical presentation of the eternal struggle between the unseen forces that make for good and evil on earth, the presentation of seventeenth century warfare is for long passages so realistic that one might accuse Bunyan of having thrown up the moral sponge and of taking a pagan pleasure in fighting for fighting's sake. He renders, in short, battles of the Great Rebellion in which he took part or on whose outskirts he was present. He rendered them and did not write about them.

But the moral fervor and fierce sincerity of Bunyan are so far above suspicion that the mere fact that at times he was carried away in a sheer outburst of the artist's spirit and love of terrestrial aspects for the mere sake of those aspects—his moral fervor is so great and so deserving of respect that no slightest

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tang of hypocrisy can attach to him any more than it can attach to the translators of the English Bible. And, if we except Smollett—and possibly Samuel Richardson, who was the real great precursor of the modern novel—we cannot say as much for any other English novelist who wrote before the later years of the nineteenth century. For it is impossible to absolve such writers as Defoe, Fielding and Thackeray from the charge of deliberately writing, with their tongues in their cheeks, passages of virtuous aspirations that were in no way aspirations of theirs and that in consequence very seriously detracted from the value of their works as art.

With Bunyan that was not the case. He desired to inculcate certain moral teachings and he had the sense to see that the best way to inculcate a doctrine and to get it deep into the brain and marrow of the reader was to make him be vicariously present at scenes the contemplation of which would make certain moral or practical ideas arise in his mind. And the deservedly prodigious, the deservedly unrivalled, popular appeal of *Pilgrim's Progress* is sufficient testimony at once to the immense skill and the unparaleledly simple moral fervor of its author. For the reader attending on the episode of the Slough of Despond is actually in a bog a little way away from his native town, and the man who reads of Giant Despair is in all truth confronted with either Gog or Magog of the Lord Mayor's procession in the very flesh. At any rate it is to be remembered that, the world over, together with the *Imitation of Christ* and *Madame Bovary, Pilgrim's Progress* is the most read book in Christendom. And this we must put down to the artistic skill—to the power of presentation and of rendering—of the author.

For there is no other criterion of art but success, and the more lasting the success the better the art. I wish to strike that note very strongly, because, as soon as one begins to talk about an art, misinterpretations come creeping in, and one is at once suspected of, at the least, asserting one's possession of superior knowledge or—let us say—of high-hatting one's neighbor. Nothing is less true. The knowledge of the art of novel writing is open to everyone who takes the trouble to like one book better than another, and the literary tastes of men are fairly identical the world over and throughout time the great art of the world is found in books that are familiar to millions, if not the world over, then at any rate through several ages of several continents.

The difference between Bunyan and his predecessors is more than anything one of whole-heartedness, and if there is one work of fiction—for one can hardly call the Bible a work of fiction—if there is one work of prose fiction in England that, written before the birth of Bunyan, has survived to our time, it is Malory's *Morte d'Arthur,* and that survives because Malory whole-heartedly and unassumingly collected such legends of the Arthurian cycle as he liked and wrote them down simply and without flourishes. Otherwise, none of the pre-Elizabethan prose romances could today be read with any other than archæological pleasure, nor could any of the prose fiction which began to be mildly abundant in late Elizabethan and early Jacobean days. I suppose one might read Deloney's *Jack of Newbury* with some pleasure if one were interested in Elizabethan guilds or household mysteries. But I cannot imagine anyone reading for pleasure either *Euphues* or Greene's *Menaphon,* either Lodge's *Rosalynde* or even Sidney's *Arcadia.* One might glance at them from time to time, more or less in order to keep one's end up against the literary archæologist but they would all, including *Amadis de Gaul,* prove intolerable as books for "reading in"—to use an old phrase which meant a long, long, engrossed perusal. Nash's *Jack of Wilton* has been compared to *Don Quixote,* but there is no sense in reading the Englishman's satire of forgotten manners when one can re-read Cervantes's satire on things that are at the root of the human heart.

The difference between Malory and the earlier romances, or *Euphues,* or *Menaphon* is simply the difference in the relative sincerities of their authors. Malory records what a simple medieval knight liked, and to some extent how he looked at the world; it is modest, and, its author being wrapped up in his subject, has no eye to the modes of the time or to displaying the cleverness of the

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writer. You can engross yourself in the *Morte d'Arthur* if your tastes lie in the least in Malory's direction, and except that finally you may arrive at the conclusion that he was a modest and pleasant gentleman you need never give the author a thought.

With *Amadis de Gaul* or *Euphues*, on the other hand, you are forever thinking of the cleverness of the author. And you are meant to think of the cleverness of the author, and so you are in the case of *Rosalynde* and an enormous proportion of the Elizabethan drama. The prose and even the blank verse of that age sparkled with trope, metaphor, image, simile, plays upon words, conceits and every type of verbal felicity; so that the last thing that comes to the mind in the case of almost any work of that age is the subject treated.

Hundreds of thousands, nay millions of readers have read *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe* without giving a thought to, or even knowing the name of, Defoe or Bunyan. The other day in France I asked a child who was reading about Crusoe who had written it, and she replied: "Je crois que c'est par . . . par Madame de Ségur . . . Ou non; peut-être, Madame d'Aulnoy. Enfin, je n'y ai jamais pensé". And that is about the highest compliment that could be paid to Defoe. I may as well add the same child's comment on the story itself: she did not much like *Robinson Crusoe* because, she said, the sufferings depicted in it were true. She liked, as all children do, to read of sufferings, blood-sheddings and horrors, but only as long as she could believe that they were invented, whereas she was of opinion that the prolonged loneliness and fears of Crusoe had actually occurred. Similarly she found the story of the Crucifixion insupportable. . . . The root of all adult criticism is to be found in those revelations.

As long, that is to say, as a work remains in fashion you can be contented to read it in order to remain in the fashion yourself. It matters very little to you that whereas *Robinson Crusoe* is just *Robinson Crusoe*, or *Othello* just *Othello*, *Euphues* is Lyly's *Euphues*, the *Groat's Worth of Wit*, Greene's *Groat's Worth*, or *The Spanish Tragedy*, Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*. For it is impossible to talk of almost any sixteenth century work without prefixing the author's name, if the name is known, simply because the attraction, and even the attraction that it once had, lies in the verbal juggleries of the author. I must have read *Euphues* once at least right through, and have looked into it several times, but I have not the least idea what it is all about. And even although I have read Lyly's *Campaspe* once or twice I remember only that the plot is a classical plot, and the lyric:

> Cupid and my Campaspe played
> At cards for kisses, Cupid paid. . . .

The fact is that, with Elizabeth, English became a supple and easily employable language and, making the discovery that words could be played with as if they were oranges or gilt balls to be tossed half a dozen together in the air, mankind rushed upon it as colts will dash into suddenly opened rich and easy pastures. So it was, for the rich and cultured, much more a question of who could kick heels the higher and most flourish tail and mane, than any ambition of carrying burdens or drawing loads.

In the end, however, what humanity needs is that burdens should be carried, and, provided that things get from place to place, the name of carter or horse is of very secondary importance. If it is in the fashion we will go down to the meadow and watch the colts cavorting: but all the while we are aware that the business of words, as of colts or of the arts, is to carry things, and we tire reasonably soon of watching horse-play!

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THE CRISIS OF CONSTITUTIONAL DEMOCRACY

A Reply to Professor Laski

By G. Y. Elliott

THE problems of politics have habitually been approached from the two perspectives that have characterized all human thought. The state has, on the one hand, been treated ideally, as an ethical embodiment of justice in human society under law. That was Plato's way and the way of the Idealists after him. On the other hand, the state was described historically in terms of institutional development, in the light of the observed human behavior of man, the political animal. To this last method Aristotle added a Platonic consideration of the ideal state. But essentially his emphasis (although it was less extreme than that of Polybius, Machiavelli, Bodin or Hobbes and the Realists in politics) was placed upon possibilities drawn from the actual functioning of political society. I conceive Aristotle's marriage of *is* with *ought* the most fruitful of the possible approaches to politics.

Mr. Laski, who in the course of a very generous review has, by some really searching questions, hospitably invited me to reenter the spider's parlor, always insists upon realism in politics and upon a pragmatic consideration of means. It is with this realism in view that he has rejected the normative ideal of "constitutionalism", the duty of obedience to laws constitutionally made by responsible governments. The actually existing capitalistic organization of society offers only a spurious political freedom or equality so long as an exploiting class controls the reality of power through economic institutions. He thinks that only by an extension of economic equality through the creation of a syndicalistic control over industry, a nationalization of basic industries and of those tending to become natural economic monopolies, can the conditions of a genuine constitutionalism be authentic.

I am never quite sure whether, granted his re-arrangement of economic power, Mr. Laski would still insist that the State may justly be resisted, and that pluralism (not constitutionalism) would still be his idea. On the whole he seems to reject even the *ideal* of a constitutional morality which demands the acceptance of individual acts of government by all groups—even those that feel these acts unjust. Each act of government must justify itself for every individual and every group by its own results. The context of the rule of law must not be allowed to prevent resistance through direct action—if necessary through revolutionary violence—simply because citizens have been indoctrinated with a superstitious reverence for the "general will" of the state. Here again, but this time on the *ideal* grounds of justice, he sides with the syndicalists against state sovereignty. To him, the ideal type of society is one in which strongly organized groups will protect their own interests by a show of teeth (not merely by political pressure) sufficient to force negotiation rather than settlement by command of the state as overlord of them all. I do not know how better to describe this feudalistic structure than as a balance of power.

The only place that such a pluralistic ideal appears to distress Mr. Laski is where it most patently exists as a fact, that is in international relations: Nationalism, dating from the period of the monarchical absolutisms of the Reformation, may have served as an improvement in the protection of human freedom for a century or so. Today it is an anachronism in a world economically and culturally interdependent, and it will be unsafe until brought under the coërcive control of the League of Nations. This he states as a fact as well as an ideal. The ideal I share,

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but the facts seem to me to dictate a different approach to its realization.

It is on these general grounds that he disagrees with the case which I have made out for accepting the mature constitutional state, based upon the democratic nationalism of today (as it exists in Great Britain, in the Dominions, in the United States and, in most of North-Western Europe), as a sufficiently responsible and constitutionally sanctioned form of government to make the acceptance of its legal sovereignty morally justified. He sees no valid reason for always preferring political to direct action or a general election to a general strike. He freely cites revolutions against the ancient régimes of France and Russia as if these revolutions might find a just parallel in the democratic America and the England of today. The preservation of the constitutional system as a basis of consent that will offer an agreed-upon ground for a rule of law seems to him to be a vicious ideal, given what he considers the present type of rule of law to be. For that rule of law does not, he thinks, insure either justice or the real equality needed for liberty.

My own conception of the nature of constitutionalism is, as I think the chapters on constitutionalism in the book under consideration will bear out, somewhat different from Mr. Laski's impression of the rule of law as simply an escape from anarchy. On that ground Hobbes's *Leviathan* would be good theory, and Mussolini's application of Machiavelli good practice.

Constitutionalism, as an ideal, implies an agreed-upon basis of enforcing political responsibility upon the government in power for all its acts. The rule of law, as Mr. Laski has described it, is a necessary part of constitutionalism but it is not the whole of constitutionalism. He is quite right in thinking that I have insisted upon the rule of law as the primary condition of modern society. Order may or may not be heaven's first law. *Ici-bas* men will often ignobly sacrifice the ideals of liberty merely that they may be assured the conditions of peaceable and protected intercourse. Dictatorship is a *pis aller*, but it is, under the interdependent conditions of modern industrialism, a uniformly chosen alternative to the "discredited state" which permits the break-down of the economic order vital to life itself. This is a statement sufficiently documented by the aftermath of the resort to pluralistic methods of settlement for class struggles in Europe, particularly in Italy. Wherever pluralism has been tried, dictatorship has drawn the lines of nationalistic absolutism far tighter as the result. Of Bolshevist Russia, too, one can only say that there is an equally ruthless imposition of a class dictatorship which has created a rival to nationalism in its disruptive effect on world politics and in its supremacy internally over the area under its control.

But order is not the final law of political society. It is the necessary organic basis of the modern state, facts declare. That does not, wherever the constitutional systems that have matured with democratic nationalism have offered a means of combining order with political responsibility, limit the state merely to the realm of imposing order by force. This combination of the rule of law with political responsibility is the essence of the concept of the mature constitutional state, democratically organized as to its electorate and possessed of a constitutional technique for holding governments to accepted rules for the protection of free association and civil liberty, as well as to political responsibility.

Does the constitutional system, so defined, offer a working basis, and the best available, for the realization of justice? That is, first, a question of the sufficiency of constitutionalism as an ideal end; and second, a question of the adequacy to that end of the existing technique for enforcing responsibility and for protecting human personality in what I have called mature constitutional systems.

Justice may be sought by defining, as Mr. Laski apparently attempts to do, the ideal rights of personality in the ideal state. Plato sought it thus "writ large" in his poetic *Republic* although with the emphasis on the organic state, not on the free person. That is a legitimate effort, providing it does not become Utopian by forgetting too completely, as Plato did, the limits of human nature and of political institutions. But it is always a subjective ideal which others may be brought to share, *justly*, only by persuasion. Not

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even revolution may hope to impose such an ideal unless it is an ideal already generally shared. Under, say, the British constitution, can its spread be better fostered by direct than by political action? Need Mr. Laski resort even to "contingent" revolution?

The other method of attempting to provide for justice as the end of the state is to seek it in *the form of the state* which best assures that all ideals of justice shall have utterance and protection, and that that one only shall be imposed which has been subjected to such tests of *consent* as the actually existing British constitution, for example, requires. The ideas of justice, the "sentiments of justice", the feelings for right which exist in any community are various. They change even within the same groups with the context, so far as their practical application is concerned.

Justice seems to me to inhere, so far as it can be incorporated into political institutions, in a recognized reciprocity of rights and duties and the give and take of parliamentary government, as it is guaranteed by a political system which the existing British constitution at least approximates. Neither my own ideals of justice nor Mr. Laski's nor those of Mussolini or Lenin will serve as a final guide for political society. But the ideal of a constitutionally responsible government seems to me to guarantee best of all working concepts that justice will get done to each of these ideas without having any set of them rammed down unwilling throats, in a fashion that stifles effective protest or criticism.

The event may prove that Mr. Laski is a better prophet than Mussolini of what men will come to accept as ideally just, at least in England. I hope so, although I do not share sufficiently Mr. Laski's almost mystic belief in the omni-competence of democracy to be willing to employ it as the generalized technique of directly controlling everything—factories as well as local government, industries as well as parliaments, corporate finance as well as parties. I have some fears that Mr. Walter Lippmann may be right in thinking that public opinion, when it attempts to act in an executive capacity becomes a "phantom", or becomes an exasperated Leviathan apt to thrash itself into an exhaustion that welcomes Fascism from sheer bewilderment. American experience in the disillusionment and apathy of an electorate of which too much voting and too much energy and wisdom are expected ought to be worth something in judging proposals to provide a "technique of consultation" by extending voting control over industrial processes. The simpler machinery of political parties, supplemented by interest groups that can and do make themselves politically felt, seems to me to provide a technique of consultation sufficient for democratic control, so far as that is feasible.

Consultation through employee representation on boards of directors and through such a technique as Mr. Dennison has worked out in his factories seems to me to be dictated by economic considerations as well as by those of public policy. I am prepared for industrial councils and trade boards, and for a degree of state control over industrial relations like that of modern Germany, which Mr. Laski would hardly accept since he believes that the right to strike is absolute, even in the public services.

But whether the future, so far as ideal justice is concerned, belongs to Mussolini or to Mr. Laski—and it will probably oscillate between them considerably—I should prefer to have neither conception, pluralist or Fascist, destroy my constitutionally guaranteed rights of disagreement and opposition to both. The pluralist state would, I think, be quite as fatal as the Fascist state to this reciprocity of a mutually acknowledged system of rights (such as does exist presently under the English or the American systems). For what the group absolutism of, say, Labor "rights" forgets is that other rights than those of Labor are involved by a politically motivated strike, even by a serious economic strike. And by insisting that constitutional reciprocity must give way to its own ideal, pluralism makes reciprocity as impossible as does Fascism. Direct action, once appealed to, is a jealous god. Force and more force must serve to create the only consent he knows.

As a question of fact, *is* the existing machinery of constitutional responsibility adequate, *e.g.*, in England to this ideal of a jus-

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tice based upon recognizing political (and not economic) equality and upon the freedom of association to political ends? I should say that this is true not only of England but of the United States and of North-West Europe. My own feeling is that, given as much power as Labor now possesses in these countries and under existing guarantees of personal and political liberties, to prefer a general strike to a general election is a suicidal policy. If such a class group as the British Labor Party commands a majority's support for its program, direct action is unnecessary, defeats the ends sought by direct action, and will destroy the constitutional consent on which Labor must rely ultimately to make its own radical reforms workable. If Labor does not command such support, the organization of victory by "contingent revolution" is neither calculated to win nor to hold consent. It seems to me that justice is not to be captured by this method of attack.

To defend the existing constitutional system of England is not to defend the economic *status quo*. Baldwin occupies a different position from Mussolini, because of constitutional government in England. Baldwin's cabinet is not the *state* in England. It is only the *government* in a constitutionally controlled relationship to an opposition party and to a politically organized electorate. Mussolini and his advisors very nearly are the state in Italy, so far as the moral validity of consent to law is concerned. He has only the fear of revolution to avoid. There exists no settled technique for limiting his will or calling him to account.

To Mr. Laski the difference is one simply of degree. Both are governments imposed, he feels, by an exploiting class. But the difference in the conditions of assent to the continuance of those governments in power seems to me to be one of kind. Resistance to even the ultra-Tory Trade Unions Reform Act of 1927 is possible in England by a political action which Fascist dictatorship in Italy renders impossible. The moral grounds for obedience are therefore quite different because the available remedies are different.

As for international pluralism and the necessity in international affairs of a constitutional sovereignty, for which Mr. Laski does not feel the need in the relations of groups *within* the state, I admit a discouraging skepticism of the present possibility of that coërcion by the League Council which his *Grammar of Politics* thinks necessary. From the point of view of an ideal of peaceful world society, it may be "unsafe" to leave to national *agreements*, all questions of "tariffs, migrations, the supply of raw materials, the treatment of native races", even "the traffic in women and children, noxious drugs, the creation of adequate standards in the treatment of labor, the problem of armament"—to quote his list. But is it not pure folly to think that the League can, at this time, impose legally sanctioned solutions of these problems? The conditions for constitutional settlement, which a complex modern nationalism has given institutional form within the state, do not yet exist for a world super-state. Neither state nor super-state has a mystic "general will". But the state certainly represents a degree of "general willingness" among its citizens to settle disputes by legislative majorities quite lacking in relations among world powers. Here we face stubborn fact. Imagine the League issuing fiats even to its own members on Mr. Laski's list of international problems. The fate of all actual attempts to agree upon them, voluntarily, shows the present limitations of the League—which is so far no more than its members, freely consulting under settled forms, and with the reality of power in most matters resting with a few great states.

As against the opposing heroic solutions of His Excellency, Signor Benito Mussolini, I side with Mr. Laski and the children of light. The Fascist-corporative state, hierarchically absolute, strips human life of all its higher values by regimenting thought and act. But looking at the organic context of modern political institutions, and appalled by the worship of "efficiency" and the materialistic religion of things—production, more consumption—I am inclined to think that the trend of industrial society is, for the time being, rather toward the "corporative" *Machtsstaat* of Mussolini than to either the *Rechtsstaat* that I should like or to the "Discredited State" that Mr. Laski prefers. My own hopes are that things will grow better

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through the lessons learned by their having grown worse, with a chastening of both national and class egotisms. Mr. Laski himself seems latterly to put less and less stress upon piecemeal revolution as a technique for securing justice, given the rebuke of Fascist measures which a disrupted community is only too willing to administer when pluralism ceases to be an ideal and comes down into the market-place. In his most recent distinguished contribution to contemporary political theory, *A Grammar of Politics,* the old term *pluralism* is notably absent, and the temper of the brilliant chapter on "Political Constitutions" commands my admiration and substantial agreement as a statement of the case for the parliamentary and constitutional responsibility of government under law. His critical exposition of *Communism* in the *Home University Library* supplements the *Grammar* as a defense of the representative institution of our constitutional democracies.

If the European socialist parties give up the Marxian ideology of class war they are, I believe, the groups most likely to make some real headway in the battle that this century must fight against rampant nationalism, if we are to achieve any stability for international peace. With that aim and with Mr. Laski's ideal, I agree. On the other hand I suggest that the only feasible and just approach to that ideal is through conquest of the national governments from within and by constitutional means, where these exist already. To substitute class for national antagonism offers no peace, and to embrace force where persuasion is possible will bring no justice. Constitutional liberty and morality have been hardly won; they may be more easily lost.

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LITERARY THIEVES

By Louis Sherwin

DRIVEN to despair by the insubordination of his disorderly followers, the chieftain of a Bedouin tribe attempted a characteristic piece of political chicanery. For years he had been trying to drive it into their thick skulls that if they could only learn to obey a few rules they might no longer be at the mercy of their more disciplined but less hardy neighbors. One morning he disappeared into the mountains, apparently in disgust, and there remained for a while in retreat. During his absence several thunderstorms occurred, as was not infrequent at that time of year, to the terror of his leaderless and superstitious rabble. At the right moment the sheikh returned, carrying portentously a set of graven tablets. These, he announced, were a code of laws not merely dictated but actually written by the tribal god. The thunder they had heard was the Divine Voice and the lightning was the god at work on his lithographic job.

The device was entirely successful. The Bedouins, too stubborn and primitive of intelligence to adopt consciously the civilized customs of their betters, swallowed this tale of supernatural legislation with respectful stupefaction. Their headman was not only vastly superior to them in intellect but more travelled, and his code, a crude selection from the most obvious of the ordinances in effect among the Egyptians, Hittites and Assyrians, was just the thing his people needed at the time.

It should hardly be necessary to add that this chieftain was Moses, who thus appears as the first literary forger to be recorded in history. Of course, if you want to be recondite you may ask: "What about the inventors of the Moses legend itself? What of the scribes who compiled the Pentateuch and attributed it, under divine inspiration, to Moses?" By your leave that is delving just a little too deeply into archæological criticism for the purpose of this narrative. And if you press me I fall back upon the authority of that great scholar and artist, Sir James Frazer, who allows: "There seems to be no sufficient reason to doubt that in these broad outlines the tradition concerning him (Moses) is correct".

The Hebrew law-maker was, however, more than the first of the literary forgers. He stands out as the prototype of the most numerous class among them—the perpetrators of the *fraus pia*. With a few exceptions they are also, to my mind, the least interesting and most obvious. Andrew Lang divides the whole body of literary falsifiers into four kinds, according as they are actuated by "piety, greed, push or love of fun". He evidently did not think of those varieties in which two or more of these motives were combined. More than one joker started a hoax from which he eventually profited. As for the scores upon scores of faking churchmen, one would have to be credulous, indeed, to credit them with nothing but holy purpose. And in Lang's day psychiatry had not discovered the pathological liar, of whom I shall present one or two specimens.

Foremost among these is an umbrageous lad who in the most ludicrous way helped to make American history. He emerged into nefarious eminence one hundred years ago in western New York State and his name should recur instantly to every reader, for his saga illustrates several phases of this question. Joseph Smith, Jr., no less—an illiterate farmer's son who founded what is "splendiloquently" known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day saints. I consider his *opus*, the famous Book of Mormon, the most curious fraud ever accomplished in the world of letters, if not exactly beautiful letters. The theocracy he created is alive and flourishing today, with more than half a million tithe-paying adherents, and if you had its income for one year you could retire and buy a whole colony of Sabine farms.

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This is no place for an analysis of Mormonism. I take it most people recall the visitations this young man had from the Angel Moroni, who told him to dig in the hill called Cumorah in Ontario County, N. Y., and find the gold plates on which was inscribed the American Supplement to the New Testament. You will remember also that it was written in hieroglyphics quite undecipherable by anybody. But—with the gold plates was discovered a pair of magic spectacles, Urim and Thummim. By means of these our Joe, to whom the reading of English in large type was a laborious task, was able to translate the new bible fluently. This he did from behind a curtain, dictating the holy words to various persons, including his own wife and the local blacksmith and school teacher. The wife—his first but far from last—seems to have been the only unbeliever in his family. Father, mother and two brothers were eager converts or, if you prefer, accomplices. One brother, Hyrum, shared Joseph's subsequent martyrdom when a mob of moral Missourians broke into the Carthage county jail with the connivance of the militia and murdered the too-married Saints.

Turning back a few thousand years, we find some brilliant forgery in the Psalms which were supposed to have been written by the versatile King David. I believe it was Professor Breasted who first drew the deadly parallel between Psalm CIV and the Egyptian Akhnaton's (or Ikhnaton's) Hymn to the Sun, a beautiful example of devotional lyric. It is quite obvious which was written first, and the inference that all the poetry attributed to David was not only a forgery but a gigantic plagiarism is more than plausible.

It will be a great surprise if the now prevalent epidemic of activity in letters and archæology does not produce a corresponding crop of counterfeits. Every period rich in scholarship has abounded in them. In Athens, for instance, such a pillar of society as Solon is supposed to have forged a line in Homer's catalogue of ships in the second book of the Iliad, to prove that Salamis belonged to Athens. And during the reign of the Pisistratidae an amusing exposure took place. The poet Onomacritus, chief of the Orphic succession, held the valuable office of guardian of the oracles of Musæus, to which he seems to have been appointed by the founder of the Pisistratid dynasty himself. Whenever Pisistratus contemplated a dubious or unpopular measure he would call upon his laureate for an oracle to authorize it and Onomacritus would always oblige. In addition to this—for Onomacritus was evidently a versatile old *littérateur*—he was commissioned to edit Homer and interpolated a passage of his own creation in the episode of the visit of Odysseus to Hades. His talents in this direction were equally appreciated at the court of the sons of Pisistratus until he committed a grave error. He was found out. His rival, Hermiones, apparently craved his job. Hermiones's son, Lasos, did a little sleuthing and came upon Onomacritus in the act of inscribing on a thin sheet of lead in old Cadmean letters a prophecy that one of the isles near Lemnos would disappear under the sea. Naturally the discovery was made public and the tyrant Hipparchus could not do anything but banish his maker of *ex post facto* predictions.

But the fabrications of Onomacritus were yet to make history. When Hippias, the younger brother of Hipparchus, was expelled from Athens he fled to the court of Darius. In the effort to persuade the Persian to restore him to his throne, he sent for the faithful Onomacritus who produced an appropriate oracle which, it is believed, was the final argument that persuaded the king of kings to undertake the disastrous Battle of Marathon. What happened to Onomacritus after that, history does not record. Probably, as the Mikado remarks, "something lingering in boiling oil".

MacPherson, who in the Eighteenth Century "discovered" the epics of Ossian, had a prototype in Athens during the Periclean era. He invented a contemporary of Homer and produced manuscripts to prove it. Unfortunately he not only employed pseudo-archaic phrases, as well as tenses and expressions unknown to Homer, but he mentioned weapons and utensils of iron, the use of which did not come into Greece until the sixth century, B. C.

With the advent of Christianity, literary

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forgery became a prominent and respectable industry. John M. Robertson and the rationalist school will tell you the whole New Testament is one vast fabrication. To anybody who wants a succinct presentation of this contention I commend Robertson's brilliant monograph on Renan. It leads to the diverting idea that every *fraus pia* perpetrated by the Early Fathers was a forgery superimposed upon a forgery. Such, for example, was the contribution of those godly exegetists who attempted the "harmonizing" of the Synoptic Gospels by deft alterations in the text. Then the faithful Origen took the Septuagint—which, as everybody knows, is a translation of the Old Testament from manuscripts much older than those accessible to him—and made it conform to those that he was familiar with. The identity of the zealot who conceived the inspiration of inserting a fraudulent allusion to Christ into Josephus will probably remain unknown.

Anything like a complete list of the reverend fathers who forged for their faith would be as tiresome to read as to compile, to say nothing of requiring an entire issue of this magazine. Upon the question whether they were actuated only by piety, the case of the False Decretals may throw some light. They arose out of the needs of the Church after the collapse of the empire erected by Charlemagne had brought about as much confusion in spiritual as in temporal affairs. This was especially rank in Brittany, where the powerful Duke Nominoé had deposed the four Frankish bishops established by the great Charles, evidently by extracting forced confessions of simony. So a trusty monk conceived the idea of fabricating additions to the canon law which should have the weight of antiquity, protect the bishops and assert the supremacy of Rome. He forged thirty letters supposed to have been written by various popes, from Sylvester to Damasus. These he combined with a number of genuine Decretals to serve as a passport for his counterfeits and attributed the compilation to Isidore, Archbishop of Seville. The False Decretals, which appeared in the middle of the Ninth Century, were obviously composed by the same hand as the False Capitularies. These were for civil legislation what the Decretals were for the ecclesiastical. The first exposure came from the pen of Etienne Baluze, though Juan de Torquemada and one other expressed doubts about them a hundred years earlier.

It merits attention that these exploits in falsification were exceedingly minute in all matters affecting church property. So, in another day and clime, were the "Institutes of Vishnu", created by the Hindu theocracy, in which you will find such admonitions as: "Let him not levy any tax upon the Brahmans". Meaning that ecclesiastical gentlemen have changed very little since the first shaman sold the first charm against the Evil Eye. The famous "Donation of Constantine" was even more profitable in results, but there is no hint as to its author's identity.

For fifteen hundred years the learned of Europe took great delight in a volume entitled the "Epistles of Phalaris". This was a collection of letters firmly believed to have been written by the Tyrant of Agrigentum in Sicily, 570-554 B. C. They gave a fascinating description of life, civilization and culture among the Greek colonies in the Mediterranean. Sir William Temple declared they had more "race, more spirit, more force of wit and genius" than any others he had ever seen, either ancient or modern. Erasmus was sceptical about the authorship of Phalaris, but it remained for Bentley, in 1697, to show that the Epistles mentioned towns which did not exist in the time of the Sicilian tyrant and mentioned as well the art of tragedy, generally accepted as having begun in Attica no earlier than 535. They also contained imitations of Herodotus, Democritus, Euripides and Callimachus. Modern scholarship ascribes them to Adrianus of Tyre, a sophist and rhetorician famous in the reign of Marcus Aurelius.

That literary forgery should have been rife during the Renaissance is not surprising. "Scholars," says Lang, "were eager rather than critical." Moreover, penmanship was one of the fine arts, and it must have been fairly easy for its masters to produce manuscripts of faked but plausible antiquity. The political restlessness produced by the emotional disturbances that raged throughout Europe aroused a continuous ferment of ex-

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citement and disturbance not only in nations but in individuals. About this time the first commercial paper, in the form of bills of exchange, was invented by Florentine Jews, and laws against forgery were beginning to find their way into the statute-books. The fabrication of papal bulls by kings as well as hierarchs was a matter of almost every-day state-craft. For the virtuoso of the pen the perpetration of literary frauds was one way of getting his psychosis off his chest, so to speak. And even in medieval days the art had begun to acquire its technique.

"There was no lack of cunning in the medieval forger," says Professor Tout in his sound monograph on this subject. "He knew how to erase the writing from ancient parchments and rewrite them in a feigned archaic hand. He showed marvellous intelligence in the manipulation of authentic seals and in their transference to surreptitious documents. He was clever enough to cut the wax, or lead, into two thin slices with a sharp knife and introduce new attachments of parchment, silk or leather so that it could be affixed to a new document, the sides being carefully heated up so that the two halves could be fastened innocently together again."

Of the counterfeiting lads of the Cinquecento, the best known seems to have been Annius of Viterbo, a Dominican monk and *maître du palais* to Alexander Borgia. He pretended to have found a number of antique parchments at Mantua. These he collected into a volume and published as historical works by Fabius Pictor, a predecessor of Livy, Manetho, Berosius and Cato. There were also poems attributed to Archilochus. The job was not very deftly done, since even the credulous scholars of the time soon pounced upon anachronisms that gave the fake away. But the position of Annius at court wrung a modicum of civility from his critics and many of them gave him the benefit of the doubt on the ground that he might have been duped. The controversy raged furiously for years while its storm center shrewdly kept his mouth shut.

Knowing little about this Dominican's character and antecedents, the only motive we can conjecture for him is the need of drawing attention to himself. But concerning George Psalmanaazaar, whose great exploit was the writing of a geographical and historical account of a country he had never seen and who repeated the feat of the physician of Liége who wrote the "Travels" of "Jehan de Mandeville" without ever leaving his native city, there is no need for conjecture. George was born in Languedoc about 1679. His mother was a simple, pious soul, his father a runagate of ancient but decayed stock. The boy was spoiled but precocious, and received a sound linguistic education from the Franciscans, which helped him considerably during his hoboing years, since it enabled him to do his begging in Latin. For a considerable while after he left school he tramped all over France, the Rhineland and the Low Countries posing as a pilgrim, as a Japanese convert and, when he perceived the religious were more interested in an outlander whom they might have the glory of bringing to God, as an unconverted wanderer from Nippon. His name he took from Shalmaneser, the king of Assyria mentioned in 2 Kings 10:7. Far be it from me to hint that it was from the reverend fathers he had learned enough to forge himself a passport. At any rate he brought up at Sluys in a Mecklenburg regiment serving on the Dutch side about the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. There he encountered a British chaplain, the Reverend Alexander Innes, a former curate of the fashionable St. Margaret's, Westminster.

"Innes was a worthless character," says Isaac D'Israeli in his *Curiosities of Literature*. He avowed himself the author of an anonymous tract entitled, "A Modest Inquiry After Moral Virtue", and was rewarded with a good living in Essex. Unfortunately the real author, a poor Scottish clergyman, obliged him to disclaim the work in print and pay damages to boot.

At Sluys our Psalmanaazaar—who had come across a copy of Varenius's *Descriptio Regni Japoni*—passed himself off as a Formosan. "To support his new character," says D'Israeli, "he practised religious mummeries; he was seen worshipping the rising and setting sun. He made a prayer book, with rude drawings of the sun, moon and stars, to which he added some gibberish

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written in his invented characters. . . His custom of eating raw fish seemed to assist him in his deception."

Innes immediately wrote to the Bishop of London about the "Asiatic heathen" and was encouraged to attempt his conversion, which would not merely be a feather in his cap but an easy road to preferment in the church. Psalmanaazaar, of course, wanted a patron, so there arose a merry duel of wits between the two *picari*. The Formosan was not planning to yield too easily. There were Dutch ministers at Sluys, also eager for a proselyte from the mysterious remote. Innes was no fool, smelled a rat and neatly trapped the impostor. Instead of unmasking him he used his discovery to blackmail George into being baptized. The latter, a devout Catholic at heart, salved his conscience with the reflection that the officiant was only a heretic after all. The clergyman now obtained the other's discharge and took his prize to London to show him off.

In the loudly protested reluctance of Psalmanaazaar to perpetrate his big fraud I take very little stock, though undoubtedly Innes encouraged and abetted him. It was published in 1704 under the modest title: "An Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, with accounts of the Religion, Customs and Manners of the Inhabitants, by George Psalmanaazaar, a Native of the Island". The book was dedicated to Bishop Compton. For this work the author received the munificent pay of ten guineas and Innes got the job of Chaplain-General to the British forces in Portugal. For a revised edition, the book having sold well, the generous publisher later gave him twelve guineas.

The London highbrows fell heavily for the Formosan. He dined with Sir Hans Sloane, secretary of the Royal Society, with the Prussian Minister, with Lord Pembroke and other noblemen, none of whom penetrated the fake. But Halley, the astronomer, exposed him by means of a simple question concerning the twilight in his native isle, and Father Fontenay, S. J., fell on him tooth and nail. By 1711 a torrent of ridicule swept him into obscurity and in 1728 a severe attack of religion superinduced by an illness led him to make a public confession.

This confession was unquestionably current during the boyhood of a fellow who duped the British literati much more successfully. This was Charles Julius Bertram, the son of an English silk-dyer. He was born in London but migrated to Copenhagen with his parents in 1743, at which date he was twenty years old. Evidently educated beyond his station, he was employed at the Danish Royal Naval Academy as a teacher of English. In 1747 he started a correspondence with Dr. Richard Stukeley, F.R.S., a prominent but pompous and divertingly gullible British antiquary. With copious flattery Bertram gained the complete confidence of the simple scholar. In one of his letters he proceeded to mention a manuscript which he had seen in the possession of "the famous Mr. Gramm, a learned gentleman who had been in England and visited our Universities". It was written by a medieval monk, Richard of Westminster, and seemed to be a history of Roman Britain with an ancient map of the island attached. (As an illustration of the gullibility of scholars in all ages, you will learn with amusement that nobody then asked why a Fourteenth Century monk should have access to information of any particular value about the Roman occupation.) Stukeley jumped at the bait and became eager to lay hands on this documentary treasure. The famous Mr. Gramm conveniently died and Bertram sent to England a copy of the handwriting in the manuscript, which the keeper of the Cotton Library instantly pronounced to be four hundred years old. Stukeley's avidity grew. Finally the young man sent over a complete transcript of the "history" with a duplicate of the map. After reading it the antiquary made the suggestion that this "Richard of Westminster" might well be the Westminster monk, Richard of Cirencester, whose authentic work was in existence. Bertram jumped at the idea and, at Stukeley's urgent solicitation, published this *De Situ Britanniae* at Copenhagen in 1757.

With Stukeley for its proud sponsor, this imposition was swallowed whole by the entire body of British scholarship. As late as 1840 the Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum pronounced it genuine. The

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Royal Ordinance Survey copied the imaginary sites of "Richard's" Roman stations on its maps and there they still were at the close of the Nineteenth Century! It was not until 1845 that a German critic, Karl Wex, showed that the quotations from Tacitus in the manuscript had been taken from editions of the Sixteenth Century, that the whole thing was a mosaic of extracts from Caesar, Tacitus, Selinus and others, some of them not even paraphrased. Bertram, however, died in 1765, covered with glory but with no pecuniary profits from his hoax.

William Henry Ireland and his Shakespeare forgeries have been written about so much that a few of the more amusing details will suffice for this record. The picture of Boswell falling on his knees and kissing the fake relics of the Bard with an appropriate speech seems to me quite charming. Then, too, such *illuminati* as Dr. Parr, Sir Frederick Eden, the Headmaster of Winchester and the Poet Laureate vouched for their authenticity. Both big theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, competed for the right to produce the play, "Vortigern", but the prize went to the latter because of Ireland *père's* long friendship for Linley, Sheridan's father-in-law. It is a fact unflattering to writers that Sheridan was completely befooled, but the actors showed more penetration. Mrs. Siddons resigned sooner than play the part of Edmunda, and Kemble, the company manager, did his damnedest to get out of producing the piece. Sheridan overruled him, whereupon Kemble proposed to follow "Vortigern" on the same program with a one-acter entitled, "My Grandmother". Foiled in this, Kemble had recourse to a characteristic mummer's trick. On the opening night he read his lines in such fashion as to ridicule the whole proceeding, and the play was booed. He was fired soon after.

Ireland was unquestionably a talented fellow. "Vortigern" was no worse than several authentic works of Shakespeare and, for a lad of barely nineteen, a distinctly promising achievement. He planned to acknowledge the deception had it continued to be successful and to write a series of historical dramas from William the Conqueror to Elizabeth. As it was, all he got out of his forgeries was £90 and a ruined career.

At school he had been sickly and backward and in disfavor with his father, a Spitalfields weaver with a sciolistic taste for books. Young Ireland's first fraud was accomplished to ingratiate himself with the old man. According to his own account he was impelled subsequently by vanity after observing the ease with which he took in some of the learned. The vehemence of Malone's exposure hastened the death of Ireland, the elder, but the son lived on in indigent obscurity forty more years.

The Chatterton story, of course, is much too well known to require analysis here. The facts that his father, among other pastimes, was a dabbler in the occult and that his mother had been four months a widow at the date of young Thomas's birth are significant. As a child he was wayward and considered deficient. But whatever chemical disturbance there was in his system, its important results were his brilliance, astounding versatility and unquestionable genius rather than his harmless impostures. If there were a hell it should contain a special compartment for the publishers who paid Chatterton at the rate of a shilling for an article and eightpence apiece for some of the most unforgettable poems in the language. Incidentally Walpole, who had contrived an innocent piece of faking himself with his *Castle of Otranto* and who was completely taken in by MacPherson's "Ossian" swindle, expressed keen admiration for and curiosity about the specimens of pseudo-Rowleian poetry that Chatterton sent him. But when he learned the young "discoverer" was a solicitor's apprentice he declined to give him any help.

Turning back a few pages we come to the *Eikon Basilike,* a document quite worthless as literature but of a certain importance in so far as it contributed to the making of political history. It was designed with the idea of whitewashing the unfortunate Charles I and showing the public what a noble and misjudged martyr he was. As an effort to save his life it was a trifle late: it was published a few hours after his execution. But it did arouse British opinion against the regi-

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cides and in favor of the Restoration. Soon after the coronation of Charles II, the Right Rev. John Gauden, Bishop of Exeter, asked Clarendon for a more prosperous see, on the ground that he was the real author of the *Eikon Basilike*. Milton had already challenged the authenticity of the manuscript. Gauden, like the melodious Vicar of Bray, had faced both ways during the Commonwealth and received his bishopric at Cromwell's hands. Nevertheless Clarendon recognized his claim and translated him to Worcester. But the question was revived late in the last century, as there is evidence that some people saw Charles writing parts of the manuscript in the Tower and read it before publication.

One of the worst offenses of Napoleon was that he admired the "Ossian" fake of James MacPherson. Not because it was a forgery, but because it was such a dull, flat, concoction. What would we think of Abraham Lincoln if he had spent his nights reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin?* I take it every literate person knows how MacPherson—quite a Gaelic scholar—went into the Highlands and came back with some fragments of verses which he said he had picked up there and which established the existence of a hitherto unknown Caledonian Homer named "Ossian". A gullible pundit named Dr. Hugh Blair got up a subscription to enable MacPherson to continue his researches. The result was "Fingal" in six books, "Temora" and finally the Completed Works. They were immediately exposed by Hume and Dr. Johnson. The latter received a challenge from the fabricating Scot to which he replied sonorously that, Sir, he was not to be deterred from detecting a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian. The stuff was full of reminiscences of Homer, Milton and the Hebrew prophets and confused the Ulster and Fenian heroic cycles, nevertheless the Highlanders of India sent MacPherson £1000 to finance his vindication. The disgrace did not harm him. He ended his life a prosperous member of Parliament.

Of weaker mettle was poor William Lauder, a countryman and contemporary of MacPherson and a great Latin scholar. Also a friend of Johnson. He hated Milton and devoted four years to collecting material to prove plagiarisms in "Paradise Lost". He published the result in 1747 and was promptly detected and held up to scorn by John Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury. Lauder wrote a confession, dictated by Johnson. He went to Barbados and there died in exile.

We will now, in the words of Broadway, bring on the dames. Although they have contributed industriously to almost every other branch of the annals of crime—especially murder—the technical equipment necessary to a good literary forgery seems to have been beyond them. But in 1817 an English peasant woman almost outdid George Psalmanaazaar in fooling the learned of Britain.

By dint of appearing one day in a village near Bristol, outlandishly apparelled, talking gibberish and apparently understanding no English, she succeeded in passing herself off on the entire country as the Princess Caraboo, daughter of the Sultan of Javasu in the Malay Archipelago. She had been kidnapped, it seems, by pirates. (In this imposture she had some improvised help from a vagrant Portuguese sailor.) Given writing materials she set down on paper a scrawl of strange characters. Copies of this were sent to Orientalist professors at Oxford and Cambridge who spent weeks trying to decipher them and discover to what language they belonged. Some said they resembled Chinese, others Arabic, and one detected a likeness to Hebrew. Finally it was not the pundits that exposed her, but a laborer who recognized her as a vagabond female he had plied with rum in a tavern a few weeks before. And to cap the climax a Bristol housewife disclosed the girl's real identity with Mary Baker, a servant she had recently discharged for her bad cooking.

Mary was of the type known to science as an emotional defective. She had been a wayward child and, since her eighteenth year, a tramp and consort of hoboes, gypsies and even criminals.

Another amusing example of the pathological liar had better luck or better equipment. This was Olivia Wilmot Serres, daughter of a journeyman house painter. By some influential patron she was sent to the art

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classes of John Thomas Serres, marine painter to George III. She caught the fancy of her *maestro;* he married her and thus she became acquainted with several members of the Royal Family. Her first sensational exploit in letters, after an unsuccessful novel, was a biography of her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Wilmot, asserting that he was the author of the letters of "Junius". But the next promotion she gave herself set all England by the ears. She was really, so please you, the Princess Olive, daughter of the King's brother, Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland. The latter had been secretly married to her mother by her uncle and the ceremony had been witnessed by the Earl of Warwick and Lord Archer. Then Olivia's invention took on a wider scope. Her uncle was also her grandfather for he had become the husband of the Princess Poniatowski, sister of Stanislaus of that ilk, King of the Poles. It was their daughter who had married the Duke of Cumberland and become Olivia's mother.

For all this the fair pretender produced copious documentary evidence purporting to be signed by all the Great Personages mentioned. Furthermore a considerable body of opinion in England believed this gallimaufry of romance and wept over her as another victim of royal perfidy. In this chorus her husband did not join. After he had endured thirteen years of her fantasies they parted. Strangely enough, she was not prosecuted—the government merely ignored her. Unquestionably some of the believers must have provided her with funds, for she lived like a princess. It was not until after her death that her claims were tested in court. In 1866 her daughter, "Princess Lavinia", brought suit against the Attorney-General. The jury threw the case out without waiting for the crown to conclude and the documents were impounded as forgeries.

Olivia's chief literary fabrication was a series of articles in the *Monthly Magazine* "proving" that George III, before he became king, had married Hannah Lightfoot, a "beautiful Quakeress" and daughter of a linen draper in St. James's Market. She gave herself away when, in one of the later articles designed to confirm the *canard,* she wrote that the pair had been re-married by Dr. Wilmot.

It was from an office at 237 Broadway, New York City, that Icodad George Gordon Byron announced his forthcoming biography of his "father", claiming to have some thousand of the poet's unedited letters and the Ravenna journal of 1822. He had already sold some forty-seven letters, ostensibly by Byron, to Mr. White, the London bookseller, as well as a batch attributed to Shelley. Murray, the publisher, who knew Byron's handwriting as well as anybody, pronounced them genuine. The tone, style, wit and bitterness of the correspondence were admirably Byronic. The Shelley letters were published in 1852 by Moxon with an introduction by Browning. This George Gordon Byron proclaimed himself an illegitimate son of the poet and a Spanish lady of noble family. In his preliminary ballyhoo he declared he had access to a great deal of his "father's" correspondence through the kindness of Mrs. Leigh, Byron's sister. Mrs. Leigh promptly wrote to the Athenæum denying the statement and doubting the young man's parentage. But the final exposure came from Palgrave, who saw a copy of the Shelley book that Moxon had sent to Tennyson. The double *esclandre* estopped the forger from achieving his proposed biography, which is rather a pity, for he was obviously a gifted lad and had, son or no son, done a prodigious lot of research for the job. He was living, at the time, on a farm he owned near Wilkes-Barre.

For sheer *bravura,* however, commend me to the great French forgers. Their brilliance and audacity are incomparable. What they lack in skill and industry they make up in effrontery. Consider, for instance, Vrain-Denis Lucas, who sold M. Chasles, the geometrician and astronomer, no less than 27,320 forged letters, nearly all by the most famous people in history.

Lucas was the son of a peasant, but was obviously well instructed. When he arrived in Paris he tried for a job in the *Imprimerie Nationale.* Failing this he went to work for M. Letellier, who made a specialty of providing pedigrees for such as had the price. Now the Marquis du Prat wanted to estab-

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lish a family connection with the Cardinal du Prat, a Sixteenth Century prelate. Lucas obliged with a couple of letters from Montaigne, proving the relationship beyond doubt. Not only the marquis but all the pundits who saw the documents were so delighted with them that Lucas decided his career was made. Concerning his patron, Chasles, there is conflicting information. J. A. Farrer says he was an astronomer, but according to other authorities he was a philologist. If he was, the tale is so much the better, for among the letters he bought was one from Alexander to Aristotle, praising Gaul and its inhabitants. Also one from Lazarus to St. Peter about the Druids of Gaul. Mary Magdalene, you will be glad to learn, wrote to the King of the Burgundians, enclosing a communication from Jesus Christ. Then there was an epistle from Strabo to Juvenal, written when the former was ninety-two. From the date on the Venerable Bede's letter to Alcuin the latter must have been only nine years old when he received it.

The fact that some of these illustrious ancients wrote on paper and in French does not seem to have disturbed Philologist Chasles at all. I did not discover what finally enlightened him about the frauds, but at any rate he was not a good sport about it. He "squealed" and in February, 1870, the Correction Tribunal of Paris sentenced Vrain-Denis Lucas to two years' imprisonment and a fine of 625 francs. He had "taken" his learned patron for 150,000 francs and was, from all accounts, quite undisturbed during his trial.

Somewhat earlier and more copious were the activities of Etienne Léon, Baron de Lamothe Langon. (His name and pedigree he had, at least partially, invented for himself, a common practice in the two decades following the Revolution.) In all French letters no more fluent imagination can be found. Old Dumas used to help himself without stint to Langon's plots and material. In his own name he turned out some twenty novels, mostly unreadable today. But in addition to this he wrote two which he published as translations from Mary Ann Radcliffe, author of "The Mysteries of Udolpho". He also composed the memoirs of Du Barry, of the Duc de Richelieu, of Marie Antoinette (attributed to the Comtesse d'Adhemar) and new series of reminiscences for Frederick the Great and Talleyrand. As Farrer says, the good baron considered famous names common property. He also invented volumes of "secret court history" under the pseudonyms of the Vicomte de Vaudéry, the Comtesse O. du C——, Louis Julien de Rochemont and others. He wrote several plays, two tragedies having been produced at the *Comédie Française*. It is interesting to learn that he was kicked out of school when he was thirteen for writing a satire on his masters. For a while he was a great favorite of Queen Hortense and was noted for his vanity and fatuousness.

Another French forger was Fabre d'Olivet, the Kabbalist. This worthy was the author, incidentally, of *The Hebrew Tongue Restored*. All previous translations from that language were worthless, including the Septuagint, according to Fabre. He made a new grammar and vocabulary and in the process discovered in the cosmogony of Moses all the scientific secrets of the Egyptian priesthood. His first exploit was *Le Troubadour: Poésies Occitaniques* which he gave out as the work of a medieval poet of Provence. He enjoyed the delusion that Napoleon was persecuting him and claimed to have cured a deaf-mute by his magic methods. The famous Abbé Sicard investigated the case and pronounced it a fake.

The recent publication by Boni & Liveright of Petronius's *Satyricon* here will have made most literate people so familiar with the forgery by the French soldier, François Nodot, and the brilliant, delightful fabrication by the Spanish Jew, José Marchena, that there is hardly any need to recapitulate them now. In obscenity the latter's contribution outrivals that of Petronius and, if he had not confessed, the falsification would never have been discovered.

Only three literary forgers have I dug up who went to jail for the offence—Vrain-Denis Lucas, Constantine Simonides, a great scholar who sold a fake Uranius to Professor Dindorf of Leipzig, and one Antique Smith, a lawyer's copyist who was convicted at Edinburgh in June, 1893, for writing

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(and selling) letters that Burns had forgotten to write.

I must not be so discourteous as to conclude without remembering America's contribution to the art. In 1913 Houghton Mifflin acquired the rights to the memoirs of Li Hung Chang, some of which had already appeared serially in the *New York Sun* and the *London Observer*. The editor was one William Francis Mannix, an individual unknown to the publishers, so they took the precaution of submitting the manuscript to several authorities, including a couple of sinologues, who approved it highly. It also passed the scrutiny of John W. Forster, Secretary of State in the Harrison Cabinet, 1892-93. In the fullness of time the book appeared and a copy came into the hands of Mr. E. B. Drew of Boston, a former official in the Imperial Chinese Customs service. Imagine his astonishment when he read of Li Hung Chang's being in Hankow on a day when Mr. Drew knew he was in Vancouver.

When this came to the Houghton Mifflin ears they instituted an investigation of Mister Mannix and discovered, to their doubtless huge delight, that he had written the work while serving a year's imprisonment for forgery in Honolulu. His only sources of information were books about China that had been taken to him by friends while he was in jail. The whole thing was nothing but rehashed contemporary history and pure fiction.

Mannix was a newspaper man from upstate New York. His first exploit on a country journal was padding his space bills in a fashion that did not commend itself to the cashier. He came to New York and earned a reputation as a brilliant and thoroughly unreliable reporter. He was deported from Cuba by the Spanish Captain-General for cabling the most unmitigated fakes and, when he returned home, capitalized his expulsion for all it was worth and became a popular hero for a while. Later, when working for the *Philadelphia Press*, he was sent to cover the story of a defaulting bank employée. He got the name of the defaulter right but the bank wrong, which suffered a run in consequence and started a million-dollar libel suit against the paper. Mannix came smiling into the office the following evening and—says Ralph Paine, to whose account I am obliged for these details—never was a reporter fired with such speed and profanity. The society editress, sitting near-by, put her hands over her ears too late, fainted and had to go home. Mannix, always the gentleman, met her on the front steps and escorted her to her front door!

Houghton Mifflin, I am glad to relate, had sufficient sense of humor to re-print the Li Hung Chang "memoirs" with an introduction by Paine, giving a delightfully spicy description of Mannix and his career.

Except for that, the American record is singularly bare in this domain of virtuosity. Of course, there have been so few authors here worth forging, but it surprises me that nobody has written a novel for Poe—there would be a sensation!—with epistolary evidence to substantiate it.

Do I hear someone object that modern chemistry makes detection easy? Pish-tush! Modern forgers are accomplished chemists, as bankers are learning every day.

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BROADCASTING BOOKS

By Carl L. Cannon

SEVERAL years ago a story going the rounds of American libraries awakened faint ripples of amusement among the discreet *bibliothécaires*. A stout, hearty gentleman in plus fours and golf cap appeared before the reference desk of a large city library in some bewilderment. He explained that he, a stranger in the city, was bound for the offices of the Automobile Legal Association, and, upon inquiring in the street for the A. L. A. had been directed to what now appeared to be only a public library. The humor of his predicament lay not so much in the motorist's finding himself in a house of books, as in the fact that the man-in-the-street who directed him should have known that A. L. A. could be the initials of the American Library Association.

While the identical initials no doubt continue to cause trouble for both book and travel lovers, confusion of the two associations would now scarcely cause a deprecatory smile in library circles. For in the intervening period, brief as it is, the American Library Association has come of age, and has reason to believe that its name is known beyond the circle of its own members.

Like many other matters, recognition began with the World War. Before that stretched years of obscurity. The great year that gave it birth—for A. L. A. history is marked by epochal dates—was the anniversary of the birth of the Republic, and the place was the same placid city of Philadelphia. Here in 1876 an association was formed with a membership of one hundred and three, and from it has grown the present rather imposing organization of ten thousand members, with an endowment of a million dollars. The Carnegie Corporation of New York has pledged to the A. L. A. $4,385,000 for library purposes payable over a ten year period. Of this sum a million and a quarter will be used to establish and endow an advanced graduate library school at the University of Chicago. Other library schools already in existence will be aided from the income of another million. A third million will be devoted to the endowment of the association, and the fourth million will provide funds for the general activities of the association and for further aid to library schools.

Librarians in popular conception are not practical men or women. The masculine portion of the profession (as it now styles itself) are still cartooned as venerable old gentlemen, benignant but fuzzy-headed, learned but absent-minded, who spend their years pothering about amongst musty volumes (they must always be musty) or, if they are women, as severe and sharp-featured spinsters, who would much rather their books remained in neat rows on their shelves than go into the hands of bothersome readers.

Edmund Lester Pearson in his delicious hoax, *The Old Librarian's Almanac*, thus describes him advising his fellows: "Keep your books behind stout Gratings, and in no wise let any Person come at them to take them from the shelf".

This tradition, well established as it is, scarcely explains the development of a library system second only, perhaps, to the public school system in growth. It does not account for the evolution of the present distinctive and specialized type of architecture, noticeable in modern library buildings, with steel stacks equipped with electric elevators, pneumatic tubes for book slips, reading rooms grouped about light courts, and work rooms arranged with all the care of a department store. This carefully nurtured tradition would not, in fact, lead one to expect the invention of the card catalogue, capable of indefinite expansion and now adopted by Business, nor for the device of the open shelf where readers can help themselves to the literature. Many can still remember the good old libraries where the books were carefully

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locked in the depths of the building and brought out one by one to the patient watchers outside the wicket. They will bear witness, as will reference workers, to the advantages of seeing and handling the volumes instead of relying exclusively upon an uncertain catalogue card.

It was these same impractical people who originated the decimal scheme of classification, and the machinery for lending books for home use (now so commonplace as to be accepted without comment). Lending books by the ten thousand sounds simple, certainly, but did you, perhaps, ever lend a book to a friend? And, if so, did you ever have any trouble in getting it back again?

No doubt it was the experience accumulated in building and cataloguing and lending that flared up in such unexpected energy during the World War when the A. L. A. was allowed to participate with six other "Sisters of Service" in raising money to help the boys.

How many Elsie Books were collected in that drive to help the marines win the battle of Belleau Wood will never be known. The number of volumes of such inspiring literature as complete bound files of the *Undertakers' Journal*, given by patriotic citizens to cheer the gobs while they dodged German torpedoes, is likewise unrecorded. But six million dollars in hard cash was collected and the proceeds spent on books to be distributed in training camps, rest areas, hospitals, ships and huts overseas.

It is, however, apparent that a movement flexible enough to adapt itself to an emergency, and vigorous enough to continue its thrust after the emergency subsided, must be explained by other reasons than personnel. The increasing wealth of the country and Andrew Carnegie had a good deal to do with it. So had the American genius for organization, which seems to operate as freely among books as in steel or transportation. But the principal sustaining energy came from two sources—the naïve faith of the people of the United States in the magical power of the printed page, and the missionary zeal of librarians themselves in carrying their service to every part of the continent. In what country but our own may be found the spectacle of a farmer buying (on the instalment plan) from a glib agent, a subscription set of books which he might never read, but which he hopefully believed offered release from the crushing burden of physical toil? In what other calling, not excepting the church, may be found girls just out of the 'teens, riding pack mules for hours over dangerous mountain roads, rattling across leagues of dust in crazy Fords, or packing dog-sleds for camps in frozen woods remote from ordinary travelled routes, except in the library profession? In the mountainous counties of California bridle paths are often the only access to library sub-stations in tiny hamlets. The eastern plains of Oregon and the deserts of Arizona must be penetrated in many sparsely settled areas by the swift moving motor forces of the library, and Saskatchewan, though equipped for the most part with modern roads, contains settlements of lumberjacks and hunters in the heart of the forest who can only be approached by the primitive canoe or team of "huskies".

The result of the meeting of library fervor with the American faith-in-books has been somewhat surprising to both librarian and citizen. In many states farmers are already familiar with the sight of tall book vans conveying rapidly circulating "travelling" libraries to country schools and stations, almost to the farmer's door. In other places books are delivered directly to him by parcel post. He finds in his new acquisition not the familiar subscription folios, magnificent in imitation morocco and lavish in text concerning topics in which he has no real interest, but, instead, competent and handy octavos, attractively printed, and dealing with subjects which touch his daily life and work.

The librarian in turn finds his missionary zeal challenged by the cold organization problems of staff, equipment and buildings supported by taxation and operating in a definite limited area.

It would be misleading, however, to overemphasize the recent extension of library work into new and strange fields. For, while it is true that the most rapid expansion is taking place in rural districts and in high

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schools, the past twenty-five years has seen tax-supported libraries firmly established in almost all cities and in thousands of towns and villages.

It is possible that this would have taken place without the aid of a national library association, but it is doubtful. American institutions thrive best when their members can fraternize and exchange ideas and enthusiasm. State and national conferences, organized publicity and much travelling to and fro by Headquarters Staff have come about naturally and almost inevitably.

If, at this point, some cynic should mildly inquire, "What of it? To what end should so much time and money be spent?" the reply might be expressed briefly in the slogan of the Association, "Books for Everybody". Or, more practically, since sixty percent of the population now has access to public libraries in some form, to extending the service to the remainder. Yet such a trifling matter as supplying libraries and books to the fifty millions on the shaded area of the library map will not absorb the full time of the A.L.A. Such an idea is impious. Even while speculating on the next move librarians are busily consolidating positions already won. They have never been satisfied with mass distribution. There are too many individualists in the ranks, entirely too many who refuse to be impressed by numbers, for the complacent acceptance of a goal expressed in statistics. That is why committees and experts attached to Headquarters are thrown out as scouts in advance of the main body to test and report upon methods of changing old ways to meet new conditions. Rural populations becoming urban, home cities becoming industrialized, floods of printed matter, good, negligible and salacious, call for quick readjustments if contact is to be maintained with the individual reader, and library work is nothing if it does not accomplish just that.

Legislation, county extension, book-buying, cataloguing, recruiting, censorship, reading habits, union lists of library resources, service to the blind, the halt and the lame, present themselves in a dervish dance along the library front. At present adult education is the particular target on which the big guns are being trained. The reason for "following up" the adult rests upon the theory that grown-ups, or those whose early formal education was not completed, should have individual guidance in making good the deficiency by systematic reading. England has been experimenting successfully with the idea for some time and American organized labor is also well disposed. Millions of dollars annually are poured into correspondence schools which offer little, if any, more than texts which may be obtained without charge at the public library. Rising young business men, who can absorb enough easy culture in a few hours from reading certain heavily advertised books to be the life of the party, might, by giving up a number of evenings a week for two winters, rise to be chairmen of municipal art committees, or even toast masters. There is a chance, also, that instead of stopping with enough French to dazzle their lady friends by ordering a dinner in a few chaste Parisian phrases, they might, with the aid of an entire library, proceed to the mastery of two or three modern languages, or perhaps a dead one.

Librarians disposed to give adult education a trial are providing assistants to advise all and sundry who apply, and the Association is helping by publishing a series of booklets by authorities which are sold to the public through libraries at cost. Some of the best sellers in this series are *Ten Pivotal Figures in History,* by Ambrose W. Vernon, *Frontiers of Knowledge,* by Jesse Lee Bennett, and *Biology,* by Vernon Kellogg. Their success is shown by a sale of three hundred thousand copies in two years and is not likely to be seriously impeded by the recently expressed opposition of "Sport" Hermann of Chicago to one or two of them.

As a publisher the A.L.A. commands respect. For, in addition to the booklets mentioned, a steady stream of manuals, texts, bibliographies and surveys flowing from its presses explains last year's distribution of 687,000 publications with a sales value of $85,000.

After the sub-conscious of the reader had been thoroughly dragged and his habits and needs recorded, and after the technical points

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of library administration had been explored, the Association at length got around to scrutinizing the qualifications of librarians themselves. Here was found much cause for dissatisfaction. Standards of training were pronounced too low, and the number of graduates of existing library schools inadequate to fill new positions and replace vacancies. The wish was expressed that graduates should have a real as well as a nominal professional status. When the committees and educational advisers had finished sifting curricula and standards of admission, the surviving schools were neatly graded on performance, and one advanced graduate school established with strong financial support.

The pioneering cycle in library work seems about at an end. A few years or, at most, decades will probably see universal book service from the Rio Grande to Baffin's Bay (for Canadians are included in the Association). When this time comes the intensive cultivation of such well-known fields as interlibrary loans, bibliography, larger book stocks and better methods of transportation will enable scholars and mechanics to read what they want where they want it. Suppose —just for the pleasure of supposing—that America follows President Coolidge's advice and places its energy and accumulated wealth at the service of art and education. Libraries will be as numerous and as popular as baseball parks, if and when, as they say in Wall Street, the millennium arrives.

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Sights and Sounds

MID-SEASON

By Ernest Boyd

THOSE of us whose comments on the theatre are written once a week or once a month have been described by the eminent Mr. Percy Hammond as "leisured critics", the implication being that we are advantageously situated for the utterance of deliberate and well weighed judgments. In actual fact, our plight is lamentable since, owing to the exigencies of magazine publishing, we must try to read the future of the plays we have seen and decide whether they will even be remembered by the time our comments are made public. At the same time, as the season advances, plays crowd upon one another until we are embarrassed by the wealth of material and envy those who nightly discharge their duties and who look neither before nor after. Sufficient unto the night is the play thereof.

What, in the last analysis, is the basis of a critic's decision to attend one opening night rather than another when several plays are offered on the same evening? Sometimes the matter is decided by the evident importance of one particular play, but that is not always the case. On the night when Miss Violet Heming appeared in that charming comedy, "This Thing Called Love", one of the leading reviewers ignored the occasion and visited a quite mediocre musical comedy which might well have been left to his hapless assistant. His report upon the musical comedy was unfavorable, for he declared that one of the comedians had misrepresented the pronunciation of a British peer. A strange approach to musical comedy, yet it was presumably a weakness for that form of entertainment which prompted him to give it the preference over a play which had obvious claims to first consideration.

The critic, in other words, chooses for comment whatever happens to attract him personally whenever he is free to make such a choice. At this time of the year the dilemma of a "leisured critic", with dozens of plays behind him, can easily be imagined. He cannot possibly undertake to give a detailed account, taking them seriatim, of the innumerable productions which he has witnessed in the space of four weeks. Claiming for him the right to be human, I shall limit my remarks to such plays as entertained me most.

Having protested last month against the Theatre Guild's production of "Faust", I shall begin by welcoming the Guild's production of "Major Barbara", in which Miss Winifred Lenihan and Mr. Dudley Digges distinguished themselves. Since the performance of "Heartbreak House" a few years ago, the Guild has produced "Back to Methuselah", "The Devil's Disciple", "Saint Joan", "Caesar and Cleopatra", "Arms and the Man", "Androcles and the Lion", "The Man of Destiny", "Pygmalion" and "The Doctor's Dilemma". Not all of these productions were excellent, but several were superb, notably "Heartbreak House", "Pygmalion" and "The Doctor's Dilemma". These reached the high level of the famous Shaw season with Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy at the London Court Theatre, which marked the beginning of Shaw's success in the popular theatre.

Shaw is so popular nowadays that people often forget how recent his popularity is. It is necessary to have seen his plays in the days when they were regarded as bold, bad and unendurably highbrow in order to realize that the money and fame which have come in to him in these last years of his long life have been hard earned. No pioneering spirit is now required to produce Shaw; he is, in Broadway parlance, good box-office. But

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taste and intelligence are essential to his plays, and he is lucky in finding such an organization as the Theatre Guild and such interpreters as Mr. Digges, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and Henry Travers to render his plays in the manner to which Granville Barker accustomed us over twenty years ago. There can be no doubt that "Major Barbara" will be counted amongst the happiest of the Guild's Shavian enterprises.

Plays with only two characters have rarely been a success, even when in one act like Strindberg's "The Stronger". Yet, in "Jealousy", a play based by Eugene Walter on the French of Louis Verneuil, Miss Fay Bainter and Mr. John Halliday contrived to hold the attention of an audience for three acts which were as full of incident and excitement as if the stage were crowded with action. The fact that the theme also lacked variety only added to the wonder of the play's freedom from any sense of monotony. Two people enter their apartment on their wedding night, a slight detail arouses the husband's suspicions, and from that germ grows a drama of jealousy which, if melodramatic, offers a good picture of the peculiar ravages of that malady, with its infinite possibilities of self-torture. Alternating between jealous hatred and passionate reconciliation, Mr. Halliday and Miss Bainter were so effective that one lost all thought of the essential poverty of the theme.

Ferenc Molnar's "Olympia", despite the assistance of a good cast and the good offices of Sidney Howard as the adapter, went the way of all theatrical flesh after a brief run. The only question it left in the mind is the mystery of this Hungarian Sardou's reputation amongst people who think of themselves as sophisticated. "Liliom", of course, had some elements of reality, but what can be said for these eternal servant girl stories of the woes of royal and aristocratic Austrians, freely equipped with flunkeys, champagne, hunting lodges and passionate rendezvous in romantic parks? These characters are admirable in a Lehar operetta, but it is impossible to take them and their imaginary problems seriously. Save that its end was cynical, "Olympia" was true to its type of preposterous situation, which no person of Mr. Gilbert Miller's experience would listen to if it were presented in the manuscript of an American. Hungarian is a difficult language, so its prestige must be correspondingly great to account for the vogue of Molnar.

It was all the greater relief to turn to Samson Raphaelson's "Young Love", an artificial comedy, certainly, but one relieved by really witty scenes and dialogue which, if spoken with an English accent, would have been styled sophisticated. The author has imagined a young couple who are very deeply in love and are about to be married. Not unnaturally they, being of their age and generation, have no illusions (they think) about the married state. Most of the cases they know are pretty bad. What can they do to be saved, so to speak, from the fate which has befallen others? They decide to commit their adultery beforehand and thus test themselves and their mutual affection. They choose for the experiment an older couple who are their close friends.

The play is quite an amusing commentary on the illusions of romantic love when confronted with physical facts and, aside from the convention of its extremely artificial premises, it gets close to life. The psychology of the youth, admirably played by Tom Douglas, is well observed, as is that of the husband, incarnated to perfection by James Rennie, who does not hesitate to cooperate with the young girl. His wife, however, well played by Miss Catherine Willard, is equally well observed in her reluctance to do the same for the youth. Miss Dorothy Gish stepped out of the movies for this occasion and gave a good performance of the perplexed young thing, especially in her moments of speechlessness, for the silent drama has not helped Miss Gish's speaking voice.

"The Squealer" may be recommended to those who liked "Diamond Lil". It is a rank melodrama of that vintage and supplies every kind of ingredient from opium dens to earthquakes, and including the Oriental villain, the brave detective, the frills and flounces of the nineties and the feminine proportions which were popular when silk tights were in flower and a female calf an object of overpowering interest to the average man. It is not unintentionally funny, I imagine, so

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that its exaggerations may be taken as a deliberate substitute for art.

Musical shows accumulate and offer the widest variety of choice. In "Animal Crackers", for example, the music is nowhere, as the whole entertainment is provided by the four Marx brothers who, if that is possible, surpassed themselves. Only Mr. George S. Kaufman could have supplied them with the crazy dialogue peculiarly required by their peculiar talents. At "Three Cheers", on the other hand, the music and dancing are the main thing, save for Will Rogers who interrupts the proceedings to discourse in his inimitable manner on life and politics. "Pompanola" and "Maybe this is Love" were two of the more attractive musical numbers. Miss Dorothy Stone danced in a manner worthy of the family tradition, part of which, in the person of her father, was absent owing to an airplane accident, but very much present in the dialogue of Will Rogers.

After great expectations on the part of the cognoscenti, Noel Coward's review, "This Year of Grace", arrived in New York and was enthusiastically received. Distance, I suppose, lends enchantment to the American view of English humor. For my own part, I was bored more often than amused. Mr. Coward can do so many things that he ought not to try to sing, especially as he thereby does an injustice to some of his best songs, such as "A Room with a View", which barely emerged in his rendering of it. "Try to Learn to Love" has quite amusing words, but they are lost in a dancing number with Miss Queenie Leonard. In London even the sternest intellectual condescended to praise this show, yet it contains only a couple of really amusing things: the contrasted modesty of 1890 and 1928, the contrast between an English and a Continental watering-place, and the scene in which Miss Beatrice Lillie, much burdened with parcels, waits for a bus.

A great many effects were aimed at by the now too easy process of costuming. The sketch of gay life in Paris in the nineties was heavyhanded, but the number called "Teach me to Dance like Grandma" was charming and picturesque. Miss Lillie introduced a pleasant interlude in a song called "World Weary", which showed her in a rôle somewhat different from that usually associated with her. A bizarre and striking number was "Dance, Dance Little Lady", which contained more than meets the ear of those who may have merely heard the tune. In the finale Mr. Coward pokes fun at the "peppy" American musical comedy of the "Good News" type. It is a fair satire, yet it is precisely that speed and energy and good looks which are lacking in "This Year of Grace", while the compensatory elements are too few and far between.

Miss Gertrude Lawrence is a rival this season and not a collaborator with Miss Lillie. Her play is "Treasure Girl", a musical show marred by an idiotic libretto and only partly redeemed by George Gershwin at his second best. Were it not for the sheer personal charm of Miss Lawrence and the humor of Walter Catlett, the show would have had little notice. None of the songs is really up to the Gershwin standard: "Crush on You", "K-ra-zy for You", "I've got a Rainbow", "Feeling I'm Falling". Mr. Clifton Webb and Miss Mary Hay contribute a great deal to what just falls short of being a first-rate entertainment. Why anyone should have thought it necessary to retain the book of "Treasure Girl", which is obtrusively and obstructively preposterous, it is hard to say. Why not fall back on the usual absence of plot which is at least a negative quality? But the chorus was superb.

Suggested by the literary adventures of Gene Tunney, "Hold Everything" is a musical show with a prize-fight in it, and little else. Of that else, the songs, "You're the Cream in my Coffee" and "To Know You is To Love You", are fair samples.

Readers of Hugh Walpole may be curious about "The Man with Red Hair". Sadism is to my mind the dreariest of bores, and the dramatic possibilities of pain are a little too obvious. However, as the sinister character of the title part, Edward G. Robinson gives a performance comparable to his rendering of the underworld king in "The Racket". All one regretted was that Mr. Walpole's idea had not been dispensed with and that Mr. Robinson was not given an American play. Importations and adaptations of this kind are no longer necessary.

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"BALLADS, SONGS AND SNATCHES"

Jazz, 1928: An Index Expurgatorius

By Abbe Niles

> The noble trombone is made to bray like an ass, to guffaw like a village idiot and moo like a cow in distress. The silver-toned trumpet, associated in poetry with the seraphim, is made to screech, producing sounds like tearing calico or a nocturnal tomcat. (Sir Henry Coward.)
>
> The halfwits and epileptics and sufferers from St. Vitus dance who fatuously imagine that jazz is music . . . (St. John Ervine.)

One of the unwritten mottoes of sensational pulpiteers runs, "When in doubt, denounce jazz". It jazzes up a sermon, it has helped to fill empty pews—I, for one, shall not quarrel with the precept when it is limited to such worthy purposes. Neither shall I quarrel with Sir Henry Coward's above-quoted remark, since it correctly and artistically describes some, though not all, of the best jazz, by way of laying a reasoned basis for its author's aversion. I do quarrel with magazine and newspaper writers, musicians, and others who should know better; who, when jazz is concerned, run to join the clerical chorus of generalized abuse without first taking some steps to inform themselves.

In general, writers and speakers on jazz, friendly and unfriendly, don't know their subject, and the people who know it best can't write. The principal reason for the ignorance of the articulate is that jazz, for the most part, lies within the categories of dance music, popular song and musical comedy scores; and that professional critics are not expected to have special knowledge of any of those things. The musical shows, at least, definitely suffer through this situation, since, unlike popular sheet music, they are regularly reviewed at length in the press. Although music and dancing are their warp and woof, the judgment of them is entrusted to dramatic critics who, often as not, are deaf to the one and blind to the other, but who feel no embarrassment in distributing double handfuls of praise and damnation offhand. "Graceful", "personable" or "colorful" disposes of the dancers (dancers are uniformly praised); "pleasant", "reminiscent", "tuneful" or "dull" of the score—with this simple, safe vocabulary, personal for the dancing, indefinite for the music, a cagey journalist can run any season's gauntlet without one palpable error.

Were no other data available, the generality and the personality of Mr. St. John Ervine's above-quoted reference would serve as *prima facie* evidence that he was talking through his hat.

Now intelligent outside criticism is more valuable to an art, craft or racket than parrots' cries, friendly or hostile. And as I take pleasure in some jazz and, therefore, wish it well, I now propose to help its enemies to denounce it intelligently, as gentlemen who have performed the ancient preliminary of looking up the facts. Simultaneously, I shall thus accomplish the more grateful service of pointing out potential sources of amusement for some who have previously found it in this quarter. During the year 1928, I have, for THE BOOKMAN, listened to a substantial proportion of the current "popular" records of five leading phonograph companies. I have heard and taken notes upon the dance-music, not only of the more polished orchestras that lurk, Tuxedo-clad, beneath the potted palms, but of

> *Boyd Senter and his Senterpedes; Jelly-Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers; The Dixieland Jug Blowers; Curtis Mosby's Dixieland Blue Blowers; Wilson's Catfish String Band; Gid Tanner's Skillet-Lickers; Joe Foss's Hungry Sand Lappers; Frank Blevin's Tar Heel Rattlers; Peg Leg Howell and his Gang; Clarence Williams's Washboard Five;*

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Creath's Jazz-O-Maniacs; The Whoopee Makers; The New Orleans Bootblacks; Dad Blackard's Moonshiners and of The Goofus Five.

From the mass of American music, or something, that has been thus passed through my ears, I select a few examples as the richest in the strangeness, the bitter, salty wit and humor, and the flashes of defiant, unwilling beauty which characterize good jazz; examples, in short, by hearing which anyone who will take the trouble may learn whether he likes jazz or not. They are presented, not as great music, nor as *the* American music, but as good jazz. Some are harsh, raucous and unrefined. Only two might be said to have individual importance. But they have ideas and vitality, of a peculiarly American flavor; and on the proposition that that flavor is worth knowing, I rest their case. . . .

Duke Ellington's Orchestra (also known as *The Washingtonians*), especially when playing its leader's own dance-tunes, is dogmatically pronounced to be supreme in this field. I should say that anyone who could not enjoy the savage and mournful Ellington records of "Take It Easy" (*Okeh* 41013), "Black Beauty" (*Br.* 4009, *Vo.* 15704), "Black and Tan Fantasy" (*Ok.* 40955), or "East St. Louis Toodle-Oo" (*Br.* 3480) could not enjoy jazz; save for the fact that from an orthodox atmosphere to Ellington is a formidable jump. There is more and better melody in one of the dances of this astounding Negro than in ten of the pallid tunes of the average operetta, but this fact would be obscured for a beginner by the hair-raising arabesques of the Ellington trumpet and clarinet—even, in the extraordinary record of "The Mooche" and the break-neck "Hot and Bothered" (*Ok.* 8623), by sounds from a human throat which most listeners would swear issued from some tortured instrument. Yet on many hearings, there is not a note that should be changed—and what power, what attack!

Four other regular recording organizations have such individuality as to make them leaders of the crowd. The one known as *Red Nichols and His Five Pennies* (why not his Hot Scents?), and also as *Red and Miff's Stompers, Miff Mole's Little Molers, The Charleston Chasers, The Red Heads, The Six Hottentots,* etc., is a group of virtuosi in guitar, brass, clarinet and traps which limits its work to playing of specially-composed "novelty" dances and advanced jazz arrangements of half-forgotten songs; an orchestra for sophisticates, almost austerely contemptuous of the obvious, and sacrificing melody to eccentric brilliance. I cite here only "Riverboat Shuffle" (*Br.* 3627), in which genuine beauty transpires in the passage for single-string guitar against chords sustained, I think, by male voices and not muted trombones—the use of the human voice in close simulation of orchestral instruments is perhaps the most interesting jazz device now developing. *Joe Venuti's Orchestra* (or *Blue Four*) shares with Nichols's the guitar-player Ed Lang; Venuti himself is the master of jazz fiddling, particularly of the free jazz use of the extreme upper register of that instrument. These two alone in "Wild Cat" (*Vic.* 21561) will enable one to appreciate the degree to which they determine the color of their little orchestra, as they do in "Dinah" (*Ok.* 41025), or in that fastest, silliest and gayest thing ever written in dark-gypsy minors: "The Man from the South" (*Ok.* 41706). In *Frankie Trumbauer's Orchestra,* led by Whiteman's saxophone-clarinet-bassoon-player, the bland saxophone voice is naturally prominent and the color soft and pleasing, but enlivened by genuine originality and humor, even when playing pretty ordinary current tunes. For Trumbauer at his best, hear "Bless You, Sister" (*Ok.* 41100) or "Jubilee" (*Ok.* 41044). Finally, *Paul Whiteman's Orchestra,* though normally confined to "sweet" jazz (*cf.* "ginger" ale), must be mentioned not only as the supreme sweet orchestra, but as the occasional means of introduction of ambitious jazz experiments such as Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (*Vic.* 35822), Grofé's less important but interesting "Metropolis" (*Vic.* 35933-35934), and his new arrangement of Gershwin's "Concerto in F" (*Columbia*).

Let us turn to a few striking performances from other bands. "Slidin' Around",

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by *Donald Lindley's Orchestra* (Col. 1443-D) would be a good introduction to modern jazz; quiet, melodious, eccentric, with an odd echo as from some Chinese garden (at the other end of the same gallery is the advanced Sino-jazz, all odd accents and atonalities, of McKenzie & Condon's Okeh record, 41011, of "China Boy"). The next step would be the late *Herb Wiedoft's* "Sad Moments" (*Br.* 3813; the orchestra is now *Jesse Stafford's*); or *Whiteman's* mixture of sweet and hot in "Washboard Blues" (*Vic.* 35877); or *Nat Shilkret's* large concert orchestra playing the mild neo-McDowellian poetry of "Manhattan Serenade" (*Vic.* 35914), or *Ben Bernie* in "Soliloquy" (*Br.* 20064, the work of the brilliant jazz composer, Rube Bloom) or a few examples of soft perky Memphis jug-blowing such as "Minglewood Blues", by *Cannon's Jug Stompers* (*Vic.* 21267). "Slue Foot" by the fine *Coon-Sanders Orchestra* (*Vic.* 21305), "Four or Five Times" by the *Chocolate Dandies* (*Ok.* 8627), or, again, *Trumbauer's* "revival" fantasy, "Bless You, Sister!" (*Ok.* 41100), all illustrate how jazz draws on the timbres and accents of the Negro voice, weaving it into its fabric, contrasting its shrill or throaty melancholy with the voices of wood and brass, imitating, imitated by it, catching its tricks of expression, translating them, throwing them back again. And with this graduated introduction the inquiring mind will be better able to take what would otherwise have struck it as unmitigated cacophony; "China Boy", or the "New Twister" of the *Original Wolverines* (*Br.* 3707), and appreciate, if not love it; he should be able to applaud the jazz clarinet of Wilton Crawley in "Crawley Clarinet Moan" (*Ok.* 8539), or the piano jazz of Seger Ellis in "Prairie Blues" (*Vic.*) as a unique sort of ribaldry; to stand without flinching Negro "low-downs" as played by *Clarence Williams's Washboard Five* in "Organ Grinder Blues" (*Ok.* 8617) or *Louis Armstrong's Hot Five* in "West End Blues" (*Ok.* 41078), even to stand and cheer for all the atrocities of *Peg Leg Howell's* "Too Tight Blues" (*Col.* 14298-D), to like Bessie Smith's accompaniment in "Pickpocket Blues" (*Col.* 14304-D) and Clara Smith's in "Jelly, Look What You Done Done" (*Col.* 14319-D)—and, certainly, to comprehend what Duke Ellington is driving at. That is, the listener should be able to do all this if, like the jazzists themselves, he only won't be too doggoned solemn about it.

If the supposed student plays the piano, there is, of course, plenty more available material for his researches: Gershwin's "Let's Kiss and Make Up" and "My One and Only" from *Funny Face,* his "Say So", "O Gee O Joy" and "How Long Has This Been Going On?" from *Rosalie;* Henderson's "The Varsity Drag" from *Good News;* Rodgers's "You're What I Need" from *She's My Baby;* Kern's "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" and the verse to his "Old Man River" from *Show Boat;* Pinkard's "Lila"; Morét's verse to "Ready for the River"; such piano pieces as Bloom's "Sapphire" and "Serenata", Robison's "Letter from Dixie" and "Eight-Ball", Ellis's "Sentimental Blues", etc., etc.* But this review is primarily designed, not for performers, but for talkers who should first have been listeners. Let them listen, then, or forever hold their peace. For that matter, try and make 'em.

* This list is a selection of jazz in the narrow sense and, like the foregoing list of records, it does not assume to cover popular music generally.

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ENGLISH NOVELS—FROM AN AMERICAN STANDPOINT

Reflections on Ourselves While Reading Swinnerton, Ford, Nichols, Arlen and H. D.

By Gorham B. Munson

IT HAS been said that very often English reviewers look at books by Americans not just as books but as *American* books. I propose here to turn the tables and examine five novels not simply as such but peculiarly as *English* novels. For the English attitude toward our letters—there are plenty of exceptions to it, enough almost to presage a general change in English readers—is incredulous and patronizing: American writers are upstarts and it is not conceivable that they should bear themselves well in service to the Muses. And Heaven knows that there are enough provincial blunders daily committed "over here" to confirm the lettered Englishman in his opinion. He is interested in Poe, let us say, and reads the books Americans have written for or against or about that moon-struck figure: three out of five amaze him by their fantasticality.

But we are learning to pay off British snobbery with a snobbery of our own. We —particularly the younger of us—are fond of saying that English literature has become devitalized. We affect the scorn of the exuberant and living for the weak and the dead. This is, no doubt, a crude enthusiasm for our native writers, but it is also very interesting as a symptom. It signifies that an American point of view is emerging.

Leaving that point of view quite undefined for the moment, let us see what it is we hate in contemporary English fiction. I fancy that it is just such novels as *A Brood of Ducklings*, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Here it is: that well-bred drone which the *Times Literary Supplement* might commend as a "quiet style", that fussy agitation about mild breaches of good form, that slow pace of construction, that indulgent point of view that distends itself to take in sympathetically the doings of the young folks, and, oh, those shadowy, refined gentlemen and those dabs of quaintness—in short, here is the hush of sterile brooding over life. *A Brood of Ducklings* is the story of an old-fashioned widower's adoration for his two daughters and how their love affairs baffled him and subdued him and finally gave him relief. All is forgiven and the father sets forth to see the world; and the author has blended Victorianism and the new ethos. But I shall remember the novel not for that, but for striking so perfectly an average in English literary production, for exemplifying so wearisomely the duller modes of English thought and feeling.

Well! My frank venting of dislike should, no doubt, be corrected but there is at times need for an appropriate injustice in criticism, and I am indulging myself for the sake of clarifying the American viewpoint. That viewpoint is based on the belief that the power of initiative in Western culture has passed to America. The center of creative energy is here. And energy—in style, in motive, in outlook—is precisely what we miss in Mr. Swinnerton and his peers. But, of course, leisured, prudent, quietistic writing does not make up all of British letters, as we sometimes need to remind ourselves, and as *A Little Less Than Gods*, by Ford Madox Ford (Viking, $2.50), illustrates.

Another recent English novel that raises our eyes away from the dead level is *Under the Yew or the Gambler Transformed*, by Robert Nichols (Covici, Friede, $2.00). From these writers we may estimate what we lose in our own current letters time and time again, and that is the advantages of

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inheriting and using a rich and variegated literary tradition. We have, I hope it is granted, the power for assuming leadership, but we have not been taught to lead. We have the creative energy but not the data for spending it. We are, in short, weak in traditions and furthermore unequipped with standards. Thus it is that America is the land of geniuses (Poe, Whitman, Melville) and of badly-trained talents (Stephen Crane, Theodore Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill), whereas England shows economy in disciplining and bringing out the most in her men of talent, as witness the burgeoning of Messrs. Ford and Nichols.

The first has written an historical romance of the Hundred Days—from the court at Elba to the Royalist proscriptions after Waterloo. He catches us neatly on that military-hero worshipping side which society makes sure we all possess, and he has the grace to feed our emotions with convincing portrayals of Napoleon, Wellington, Ney, Blücher and the other "demi-gods", including Assheden Smith who is modelled from Thomas Assheden Smith, famous in the annals of Nimrod for his unexcelled riding to hounds. Mr. Ford—it should perhaps go without saying—has a nice sense of style, of situation and of narrative. He makes his characters speak ideally (that is, with a deliberate artifice not possible in the hubbub of actual circumstances) but never stiltedly. His eye is exceptionally good and composes his scenes for him into a vivid formal beauty. And everyone knows—though Mr. Ford does it so expertly it must be mentioned again—that he has smoothly blended the narrative devices of Henry James (the action viewed by a bystander) and of Joseph Conrad (the anticipation of the story and then catching up) into his own technique of construction.

Some of these, and one thing more, can be exemplified in one of the last speeches of Assheden Smith. He has tapped with his riding crop the feet of the figure on a wayside crucifix. "If," he says to George Fielding, "you insist on matching valours with me, put this one first. I will ride through a bullfinch of thorns before any man or devil created; you will cry up your Napoleon marching unarmed and with breast bared up to hostile troops. But these are the actions of those who are a little less than gods. I would not hang upon a cross in a dark wood, having suffered all that went before; nor yet would Napoleon! Nor yet would he who is—who was—styled the Bravest of the Brave." The one thing more is a sense of proportion.

Mr. Nichols in *Under the Yew* has been as audacious as Mr. Ford. He has undertaken a *tour de force*—to write "a story with a moral" (largely implicit, however) in the manner of the greatest century of English prose, the eighteenth. A single bad slip in vocabulary, tone or idiom would have been fatal to his design, but there are no slips. Many pitfalls has this tale of a young profligate and gambler who in 1786 was ruined in mad play with Sir Anthony Noble, a character who assumes more and more the air of being the Devil, and the ruined young man is confronted by a gruesome, heart-rending pair of phantoms under the yew as he flees homeward and thereafter mends his life; but Mr. Nichols is unerring in keeping out of the pitfalls. The moral is that perfection is to be found within, in a city built without hands, whereas the perfect gambler in the person of Sir Anthony Noble seeks perfection without and finishes as a shabby Mephistopheles.

To recur to my connective theme, I said that we, besides enjoying the books of Messrs. Nichols and Ford, could learn from them the advantages of living in a country with a continuous, powerful and sustaining literary tradition. But this statement requires modification, for in a sense it is now an advantage that traditional moulds are not too firmly set for our energies to flow into. We are, of course, living in a critical period—how critical is a consideration outside the present attempt; but the peculiar thing about our time of crisis is that the traditions available are not valid for our problematical rejuvenescence. Mr. Ford's sense of proportion is but a mere grain of salt, and Mr. Nichols offers a valuable commonplace but not a vital edifice of being in which it acts as cornerstone: in fact, he is more concerned in stirring our literary associations and al-

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most achieves quaintness. No, with one exception I do not think it necessary to deplore the weakness of the European traditions of the last two hundred years in our land; and that exception is the tradition of pure craft, the drilling in how to go about the job intelligently which our two authors, and Mr. Swinnerton too, exhibit.

Consider Michael Arlen, a naturalized Englishman, as a workman alone, and the meaning of the foregoing should clear up. He received his early training under that wizard among English editors for bringing writers to birth, A. R. Orage of *The New Age*. From him he learned to prune the "natural" out of his style and make it all artifice, an opium dream style, a fashion-style. With this Mr. Arlen did precisely what he wanted to and, now that it has served its turn, he is refurbishing his instrument. *Lily Christine,* by Michael Arlen (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is the proof that he intends to manifest his other potentialities as a writer. This is the story of a "good woman" in that she is essentially faithful in love and friendship and she has in her own words, "What a life!" For her friends are "incapables" and her husband is a cad who appalls us the more in that Mr. Arlen makes us see that the cad's "fate was to get what he wanted and to be defeated in his soul". The end of Lily Christine is pathetic and so very skilfully handled by Mr. Arlen that no one hereafter can despise his ability as an *artist*. No, no one need blush to acknowledge a liking for Arlen in this book. If he has no standards, he is shrewdly civilized, and his cynicism needs to be swallowed.

H. D., also naturalized in England, has profited less than Mr. Arlen. Where he has acquired ease, range and vivacity, in addressing the reader, she continues to be tightly circumscribed in style and subject and appeal, and to strain for an intensity which is less often present in her prose than in her verse. *Hedylus,* by H. D. (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50) is not so much caviar as a poorly cooked common honest dessert. Her theme—the emotional complications of a minor Greek poet toward his mother (one of the hetæræ), his unknown father and a former lover of his mother—is no more difficult or precious than Mr. Arlen's theme. But it is treated in a jagged tedious style with much pretence at "beauty" and much sentimentalism about the craft of letters.

I would wager that she has not the *spirit* of the writer, whereas Mr. Arlen, whatever one may think of his motives for writing, has that spirit. In the way he goes at his job he is a better example for us who on the whole trust too much to inspiration and who, the more serious we are, the more narrow and precious we incline to be. Yes, the tradition of hard work at communicating the effects we wish to make on readers is the one thing for which we still need to go to school in London. The rest is realizing what we don't know as yet, namely, the responsibilities that must be prepared for and assumed if our possession of creative energy is not to be blindly spilled.

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UNPACKING HEARTS WITH WORDS

By Conrad Aiken

THERE is only one thing to be said in favor of the "group review" of books of verse, especially when the group is as miscellaneous as the present one; and that is the fact that nothing can be so well calculated to sharpen anew one's sense of the predicament which any contemporary poet must face. Here are these five poets—Mr. Robinson, Mr. Jeffers, Mr. Coppard, Mr. Sandburg and Mr. MacLeish; and their very dissimilarity, which is striking, suggests, a good deal, that the contemporary poet is in a sense a lost man. Tradition, which in other ages was precise and dictatorial, is now overwhelmingly complex. Which, of all the traditions he inherits, shall our poet obey? Or shall he endeavor to combine several of them, and of the combination to make something new?

The situation is a difficult one, at best; and one is aware of the difficulty when one reads these five volumes of verse. They are all of them good books, very much above the average. But one feels of all of them that they lack that ultimate power and directness and rootedness which seems, unfortunately, to accrue only to those works which are produced at a time when tradition is great and single and even, perhaps, *simple*. That these five poets feel the *need* of some such sustaining certainty and simplicity is at once obvious. A. E. Coppard, for example, in his *Collected Poems* (Knopf, $2.50) deliberately goes back to the seventeenth century for his quality, and very charmingly he does it, too. His formal lyrics are admirable: they have the genuine freshness and neatness, the dexterously naïve mingling of conceptual and sensory view, which one associates with the best of Cavalier and metaphysical poetry. He has wit, too, and an engaging lustiness. But in thus retreating to an earlier period, he admits himself to be lost; and *how* lost betrays itself in his other and more modern poems, which as a rule are loose and unsuccessful.

E. A. Robinson, whose collected *Sonnets: 1889-1927* (Macmillan, $1.50) are now presented to us, plays a little safer, chooses a tradition less remote and odd: his roots are in the nineteenth century; and perhaps his closest congener, in that era, was Meredith. He treats the sonnet formally, a little abstractly, at a low pitch of intensity; he is not much gifted on the sensuous side; there is a kind of Puritan bleakness in him, which rather fortunately blends with his intellectual irony and dry Yankee humor; and if his sonnets never glow, or become radiant, or *melt* into a sort of white-hot integrity, as one feels the best sonnets should, they are nevertheless excellent. One reads them with a genuine pleasure and with a feeling (rare enough in poetry) that one's mind is being employed; but one fails, afterward, to remember them particularly. They are just a little colorless.

Carl Sandburg is another matter. His roots, clearly enough, are in Whitman. On the technical side, in fact, he is the chief of Whitman's disciples; he endeavors to bring Whitman up to date. He has a rich feeling for slang, for the jazz rhythms of the age, a fine "voice", a splendid gusto; if he fails on the whole to satisfy us it is because his *range*—mental or spiritual or emotional, or whatever one wants to call it—is so narrow. He is too persistently sentimental, crooning, nostalgic, yearning. And while he achieves very often a charming effect by his mixture of neologism or slang and sentiment, he does so with insufficient sense of variety and selection. His poems wear out comparatively quickly—partly because they are all too much alike, too much in one key, and partly because, for all their "thickness" (in William James's sense), they contain so little "idea". Of his new book, *Good Morning, America*

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(Harcourt, Brace, $3.00), one can only say that it seems to be as good as the others, and very like them.

Our two remaining poets are in a way more exciting. Robinson Jeffers is a remarkable poet: there is no dodging that fact. One may not like him; one may feel him to be uncouth, overstrained, hyperbolic, too laboriously and unintermittently violent; but of his power there can be no question. Is he, too, lost? He has evidently been at pains to transplant Sophocles to California; and the effect is a little queer. His consequent grandeurs become at times, unfortunately, a little grandiose; his tragedies lie too close to the horrible; attempting the stark and awful, he too often, like D. H. Lawrence, revels in the merely and rawly abnormal, and with a kind of cruelty; his poems are always bloodshot. But his new poem, *Cawdor* (Liveright, $2.50), a kind of nightmare novel in a loose prose-verse (like a semi-prose semi-verse translation from the Greek) is, for all its monstrosities and absurdities and excessive use of symbolism—his wounded eagles and shot lions—a very impressive thing. His people are vivid, psychologically true. If at the outset one feels an extraordinary unreality in the whole affair, disbelieves in these farmer folk who talk like Clytemnestra at one moment and like a Henry James or Dostoevski character the next, one soon finds oneself being swept off one's feet by the sheer force of Mr. Jeffer's creative power. He seems to be developing something of Dostoevski's ability to take one bodily into an unreal world so unified and consistent and apprehensible that one ends by believing it against one's will. That is a rare kind of power: if only Mr. Jeffers can hold himself down a little, be a shade less drastically and humorlessly melodramatic, one feels that he might give us something pretty astonishing. Even so, *Cawdor* is a fine thing, despite its bad lapses. He is a poet to be watched enviously by his fellows.

Archibald MacLeish is perhaps the most fascinating psychological problem, among contemporary poets, which is at our disposal. On the technical side, there is no living poet to whom he need take off his hat. He has technical genius. He can say things with a cunning, a brilliance, a suppleness, a power, which any living poet might covet. But he, too, is a kind of slave of tradition: with the difference that the traditions which enslave him are contemporary ones. He seems unable to throw off the influence of T. S. Eliot, of Mr. Stevens, of various French poets of the last quarter century; an influence which is so deeply pervasive that it seems to have affected even his way of thinking and feeling. His new poem, *The Hamlet of A. MacLeish* (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.50), is again, like *Pot of Earth*, a kind of brilliant *pastiche*. It is full of beautiful things. There are passages which move one, or hurt one, deeply. But, also, the poem is so full of echoes as to be positively prismatic with them; not only prosodically and verbally, but even in the very frame of the idea, the approach. Why must Mr. MacLeish keep us in such a despair about him? If he could free himself—if he could get down to the *Ding-an-sich*, the thing which is himself—if he could make *this* discovery, which is the final discovery of any artist, and mine *this* material—one feels that the result might be dazzling. Meanwhile, one perpetually notes, in his work, a kind of falsity of tone, a falsity which seems to result from the fact that he is always, in a sense, playing a part, a part which is not wholly natural to him. For a passage or two, at any point, he can maintain the tone admirably; but sooner or later he is betrayed into that sort of overstatement which the parodist and the imitator equally achieve, but with a different purpose. He appears to *think* his way into attitudes which are not, unfortunately, native to him. Just why he should do this, with so tremendous an ability at his disposal, one cannot guess. Nor can one be wholly sure whether his "echoes" might not, by a future generation, be actually preferred to the things they echo.

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ASPECTS OF THE WAR

By John Carter

THE official theories of "war-guilt" die hard. So indispensable were they to enthusiastic popular participation in the world war that it is extraordinary that they should even take to their beds during the life of the war generations. "Germany began it" was so thoroughly drilled into the minds and consciousness of the allied and associated peoples that it will be a generation at least before a contrary theory is widely held and even longer before such a theory influences our political conduct. Yet on the face of documentary and official proofs now available, it appears that Germany was not solely or even principally guilty. This fact was suspected as early as the Treaty of Versailles which, however, incorporated a confession of German guilt in one of its clauses.

Who, then, *was* responsible for the war? The answer seems to be that every major European nation was responsible, that every major European statesman collaborated in making an explosion inevitable. From 1870 to 1914, Europe stumbled along, patching things up, postponing decisions, arriving at rule-of-thumb agreements, hoping to postpone conflict and striving to heap up armaments which would make the cost of conflict prohibitive. Some of the "revisionists" have gone so far as to say that France and Russia, or rather Poincaré and Izvolsky, were solely responsible for the outbreak in 1914; but surely this is a fable of an imbecility equal to that which represented the Entente powers as all virtuous and the Triple Alliance as utterly wicked. As the returns come in, it seems clear beyond peradventure that the entire European system of balance of power and alliances, backed by armaments and intensified by political and economic ambitions, is to blame.

This does not absolve the powers directly responsible in 1914 for the outbreak of hostilities. Austria-Hungary's intransigeant attitude towards the provocative Serbs set the ball rolling, and it was Russia which, by mobilization, made a war inevitable. Russia and Austria-Hungary have paid the historic penalty. France and Germany ought to have exerted greater influence over their allies in the crisis, but temporized in the name of treaty obligations until it was too late. If Sir Edward Grey had spoken clearly and made it plain that England would or would not go to war in defence of France, war might have been prevented at the eleventh hour. In this respect it is worth while quoting the considered opinion of the foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*.

"England was, before the war, in more or less the same position as America is to-day. It is certain that if a country were to declare war the United States could neither assist nor remain indifferent. By refusing to bind herself in advance, she encourages, without wishing to do so, the aggressive tendencies of certain countries and endangers the peace of the world and her own peace with it."

Yet this is not entirely true of England in the decade which intervened between the Entente Cordiale of 1904 and the fatal year of Sarajevo. England let herself be bound in advance by military and naval conversations which left Sir Edward Grey helpless to do anything but follow the French lead. Worse still, the vague obligation of an *entente* made the British Foreign Office reluctant to take any steps towards healing the breach with Germany. That, in fact, was one of the saddest aspects of pre-war Europe. Nations were, in fact, prepared on numerous occasions to settle outstanding problems but feared to do so lest it should seem to leave an ally in the lurch. If Russia and Germany agreed on a single point, France and Austria became frightened. If Germany and England came to terms on the Bagdad railway, France and

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Russia were offended. The system of treaties which had originally been a guarantee of peace insensibly was transformed from insurance societies into companies for profit.

Here is a group of ten volumes which give a bird's-eye view of the war from its original causes to its remotest effects. Professor Sidney B. Fay's scholarly study of *Origins of the War* (Macmillan, two vols., $9.00) is the most significant of them all. The others are embroideries upon the text of history. M. Fay cannot write final history, but he is striving to find and express the truth, to say what really happened and why. Count Max Montgelas in *British Foreign Policy under Sir Edward Grey* (Knopf, $2.50) approaches the English aspects of "war-guilt" and shows how Sir Edward Grey's constructive ignorance was as prime a cause as any.

"What they (the French and British military experts) settled, I never knew," he (Grey) wrote to Asquith in April, 1911.

Lichnowsky and Poincaré are diplomatic technicians of a very high order. Lichnowsky, Germany's Ambassador at London, is able to say in *Heading for the Abyss* (Payson & Clarke, $7.50) "I told you so". His despatches were ignored or overruled by the Kaiser and Von Tirpitz, who were obsessed with the idea of building a "risk" navy, a fleet formidable enough to make England reluctant to go to war and to make Lord Fisher, and other British navalists hesitate before undertaking to "copenhagen" it—destroy it without declaring war. In the second volume of his *Memoirs: January 1913—August 1914* (Doubleday, Doran, $5.00), Poincaré is trying to show that his hands and those of France are entirely clean. He uses more logic than soap and water in the process and his book is more interesting than conclusive.

In *Politicians and the War* (Doubleday, Doran, $5.00), Lord Beaverbrook tells how the Conservatives in England declined to adjourn politics for the duration of the war and used the national emergency as a means to wriggle back to power, via the Coalition, and eventually to throw the Liberals out. William Martin, the author of *Statesmen of the War* (Minton, Balch, $5.00), is an engaging journalist who doesn't realize that the war is over. To him, the heroes of 1917 and 1918 are the heroes of 1928. Some of his phrases are piquant—"None of the three emperors reigning in Europe at the beginning of the War was a man of dissolute morals, and it might be said of all three that it was a great pity"—but he is obsessed by the Allied victory and the League of Nations. The League has brought prestige to Switzerland and disburses a good deal of money in Geneva and Mr. Martin is a patriotic Swiss, so no one can find fault with his motives. Yet the fact that ten years of peace have not availed to alter Mr. Martin's opinions by one iota suggests that his views are propagandist rather than critical.

The final three volumes under consideration suggest that the world is just about where it was in 1914. In *A Short History of the World 1918-1928* (Payson & Clarke, $3.50) Mr. C. Delisle Burns tells what has happened in less than five hundred pages, about twenty of which are devoted to the United States. Mr. Burns is an Englishman, so it is gratifying after a lustrum of transatlantic Babbitt-baiting to read his opinion that "the influence of the United States since the Armistice has promoted economic restoration and therefore the happiness of the common man. Doing business efficiently is by no means despicable, if it increases the common man's supply of food and fuel and therefore improves the quality of his life".

Professor Raymond Leslie Buell's *Europe: A History of Ten Years* (Macmillan, $2.50) omits America and covers even less space than his English colleague. His study concludes with the observation that "the great problem in international relations is the problem of establishing machinery whereby the status quo may be peacefully changed".

This calls forth the comment that "the great cause of international conflict is not the change of the status quo but getting other nations to recognize it. For example, the status quo in Morocco was changed between 1904 and 1916; it nearly provoked a war on three separate occasions. Germany changed the status quo in Turkey, peacefully; it led to war later because neither

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England nor Russia wanted the change. Austria changed the status quo in the Balkans by annexing Bosnia-Herzegovina in 1908. The change led straight to the Sarajevo crime and its tragic aftermath. There is little difficulty in changing the status quo peacefully. Other nations simply don't like it and are likely to form alliances about it.

Which brings us back to Professor Fay and his splendid study of war-origins. If one thing is painfully clear it is that the causes of the war of 1914-18 were political rather than economic. In June, 1914, England and Germany had settled between them all outstanding economic and colonial difficulties. German mercantile competition annoyed the British—the German navy laws aroused them. German railways and loans in Turkey did not please the Entente powers; German political and military influence at the Sublime Porte infuriated them. So it went all over Europe and throughout the world. Economic and commercial rivalries merely exacerbated existing political quarrels—the origins of the Great War were political, dating back for centuries and involving the traditional national policies of every European state.

Sidney Fay's book is fascinating in its efforts to follow the path of truth through the fog of propaganda and the forest of words. People who like to see the fine art of controversy are invited to consider his discussion of Ambassador Morgenthau's historical writings. But for sheer effect, nothing quite equals his analysis of the falsifications of the French Yellow Book. Here is the telegram which Paleologue, the French Ambassador at Petrograd, sent his government. *Original Text:* "The general mobilization of the Russian army has been ordered." *Falsified Text, F. Y. B., 118:* "As a result of the general mobilization of Austria and of the measures for mobilization taken secretly, but continuously, by Germany for the last six days, the order for the general mobilization of the Russian army has been given, Russia not being able, without most serious danger, to allow herself to be further outdistanced; really she is only taking military measures corresponding to those taken by Germany.

"For imperative reasons of strategy the Russian government, knowing that Germany was arming, could no longer delay the conversion of her partial mobilization into a general mobilization."

Such discrepancies as this account for the phrenetic interest of scholars in the war-guilt question.

The last book herein discussed—*Heading for War,* by W. H. Edwards (Payson & Clarke, $3.50)—is worthless, save as a piece of "scare" literature. It circulates a number of half-truths, together with some statements out of the whole cloth (as that there is a secret American-Brazilian naval *entente* which occasioned the recent Anglo-French agreement), in the hope of scaring the world into better behavior. The best guarantee of such behavior would seem to lie in a careful study of such books as Professor Fay's. The origins of the war have the quality of an Æschylean tragedy. Suspicion, hate, fear were the furies which drove nations, often against the judgment of their leaders, into hostilities. A step toward coming to terms with one nation led to estrangement from another. Entangling alliances produced crops of embarrassing friendships and unwelcome enmities. Armaments kept an uneasy peace until the political catastrophe, and then became engines for the destruction of whole races and nations. Only today are we beginning to see that what caused the war was the belief that war was inevitable, and that what made it so terrible when it came was the efforts of statesmen to preserve the peace in times of crisis until the accumulated weight of unsettled disputes became too great for the world to carry. Whether we have escaped from that cruel dilemma seems to depend on whether we can trust in the public faith of other nations and persuade them to join us in limiting armaments. In short, the future, as always, remains indefinite.

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HOW, AND HOW NOT, TO WRITE ABOUT WOMEN

By Gilbert Seldes

THE test for a book about a woman is, not to put too fine a point upon the matter, the test for a book about anything—is it interesting?—and few books can be interesting if they place their central characters in a void. Philip Guedalla, writing in his customary vein, in *Bonnet and Shawl* (Putnam, $3.00), deals with wives, even more than with women; three of his wives are imaginary, but they are as much placed in relation to their husbands as the others. Yet the whole group floats and lacks reality. A sort of cynical sentimentalism nullifies their existence, for Mr. Guedalla is always uttering a little sigh over his women and smiling to the reader to assure him that Mr. Guedalla isn't moved by anything more than his own intelligence. He certainly isn't moved by the tragedy of Jane Carlyle and manages to tell almost nothing about her after her marriage, although his account of the preposterous comedy of the engagement is full of humor and even a sort of sympathy. The wives of Tennyson, Disraeli, Palmerston, Gladstone are treated in the same way, not as human beings, but as members of the peculiar sex. They were, no doubt, apanages of their masters; most of them, if asked, would have rejected the idea of living lives of their own. But even in the brittle chronicle of Mr. Guedalla it is clear enough that they had character of their own, that they possessed certain powers and capacities; and the moment he gets to these, Mr. Guedalla sighs gently and lets it go at that.

His three imaginary wives are, therefore, much more satisfying. There is the wife of Swinburne, whose solitary appearance in good society is recorded in an excellent parody of Number Two, The Pines; there is the single wife of the two Goncourts, transpiring through their incredibly trivial diary; and there is the wife of Henry James, with ever so many hesitations and qualifications getting herself uttered through the fog. The wit and the imagination of these sketches are bright and make me wonder whether Mr. Guedalla thinks the lives of real women ought not to be subjected to the play of the same qualities: his Napoleon III comes out of his book a full figure precisely because the wit is part of a systematic treatment and the imagination is powerful.

Mrs. Cecil Chesterton's study of *St. Teresa* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) and Mr. Martin Armstrong's study of *Lady Hester Stanhope* (an odd combination) suffer from a single fault: neither makes the subject as interesting as one imagines it should be. If you read two pages of the visions recorded by St. Teresa you come instantly under the spell of a great mystic, one of the few people who knew ecstasy and were able to communicate the knowledge. These records, Mrs. Chesterton explains, were largely written at the command of heresy-hunters; they wanted, in black and white, St. Teresa's account of her communication with God, so that they might find flaws in it and discover the Devil. St. Teresa wrote, therefore, with a most scrupulous pen; she explains in a great passage (which William James considers one of the chief exhibits in the case of mysticism) just how the mind and the senses act during a vision—it has the accuracy of a scientific explanation and the rapture of great poetry. No one expects a modern commentator, however zealous in the cause of the saint's visions, to write like this; but one looks for a greater magnificence than Mrs. Chesterton has given her treatment. The lack is not intentional; Mrs. Chesterton is not exactly a debunker of the mystics of Catholicism. But she spends chapters on the question which exercised the young nun's mind and soul: whether she ought to join the others in the common room where laity appeared for conversation; and she cannot make

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that question significant to us. Its significance in relation to the rule St. Teresa later established is great; as it appeared to the novice it must have dramatized the struggle between Christ and the world. Mrs. Chesterton, by giving it every detail and no significance, renders it abstract and unimportant; and it takes up so much of the book that the importance of St. Teresa, as a visionary and as an innovator, is scamped.

Lady Hester Stanhope is a half-legendary character. One always remembers vaguely that a titled English woman of the early nineteenth century went and lived alone somewhere in the Near East; one hears of a relative of Pitt who gave up a brilliant social career to traffic with Arabs; presently all the rumors coalesce, and there is Lady Hester. And Mr. Armstrong leaves her just there, with the appalling suggestion (not made by him) that she was a pretty dull woman. Brave, no doubt, and willing to undergo hardships, but cantankerous and uninteresting. She seems to have fallen into her way of living, not to have made her life. Possibly the biographer intends this—although again he makes no effort to dispel illusions. He tells whatever is known to be true about this strange woman and it is not important.

This book is one of a series of "Representative Women" (Viking, $2.00); its method is totally different from that of Clifford Bax, who takes "the infamous Bianca" —*Bianca Capello*—and not only demolishes the mean adjective attached to her by John Addington Symonds, but makes her an extremely attractive human being. Bianca lives with all her wits and beauty and intelligence, and lives in relation to dozens of men and women, and against the background of her time. Mr. Bax has told the story like a romance and I would not repeat a word of it, for fear of giving away the plot. Mr. Clement Shaw, treating the mother of Napoleon (*Letizia Bonaparte*) in the same series, has a difficult job—since Bonaparte himself has such an ungracious way of crowding other figures off the screen. But Letizia was the most powerful character in the family of her son and she lends herself to the biographer who appreciates character more than characteristics.

I feel a little jingo, since the two books I prefer to the English biographies noted above are both by Americans. Mr. Richardson Wright's *Forgotten Ladies* (Lippincott, $5.00) is, in effect, a running story of the social life, and a bit of the history, of America from the coming of the Jesuits into Louisiana to the Civil War, all of it told through the lives of odd and interesting women. The theatre of pre-Revolutionary days is carried in the adventures of the Storer sisters; the religious enthusiasm of the same period through John Wesley's love affairs and a later phase through the fantastic lies of Maria Monk. Anne Royall, "the widow with the serpent's tongue", and Sarah Josepha Hale, editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, present the conflict of feminism and femininity, and the Fox Sisters suggest the whole lunatic fringe of the 1840's. Mr. Wright's tone is a little jocose in a literary way; but he handles his material well, integrates the important events and the important mental habits of the time into his stories. The book is documented and, in the parts of which I have personal knowledge, exceptionally accurate and well-balanced.

Turning from the odd men of her *Trumpets of Jubilee*, Constance Rourke went into the sunlight of San Francisco in the middle of the century and chose as her central figure Lotta Crabtree, not in order to write a biography, but to give the form and pressure of a time, from the 1840's on, when "every appearance was highly keyed or brightly colored" and San Franciscans were "a wild, perverse race". Life was all dramatic and Miss Rourke has studied the course of the theatres, the travelling companies and the stars who provided a professional parallel to the rhythm of the common life. Her book is called *Troupers of the Gold Coast* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), and she never loses sight of her undertaking, so that Lola Montez and the incredible Adah Menken and the Booths and the local celebrities all shine by their own light and are not in the shadow of Lotta.

This was a picturesque life and, as it hap-

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pened, a girl rose out of it to become a national favorite and then a national memory. Miss Rourke makes no exclamations about Lotta, points to no special virtues due to her sex, treats her continuously as a human being who lived with other human beings. It happens that to me she does not make Lotta attractive—I suspect that in her heyday Lotta resembled a certain extremely young actress of today who has been told that she has high spirits and never allows anyone to forget it, being too awfully *gamine* for words. But I consider this impression a high tribute to Miss Rourke, for, feeling unsympathetic to Lotta, I feel enormously in sympathy with Miss Rourke's story of Lotta. The precision of her words, the cadence of her prose, the justice and vividness of her observation, all seem to me remarkable even in an age of superior biographical and historical style. She cannot write a paragraph without distinction; and she seems incapable of copying the mannerisms of anyone, so that everything is fresh and personal.

Because of the range of the book, Miss Rourke has contributed something important to the history of the American theatre. As I have undertaken to review the book as biography, I haven't left myself room to discuss this contribution. In brief, this history indicates how universal and how profound acquaintance with the theatre was nearly a century ago and, through the chief character, shows how the type of theatrical which now is most typically American rose out of the older, imported theatre.

"Keeping a pace which belonged to her own period, Lotta came to the brink of contemporary musical comedy, the blackface revue, of comic opera. She gave impetus to a form of fantasy in which native actors and composers and writers were to prove singularly adept. Perhaps this light and transient expression, appearing like fireworks, quickly dying, catching the color of the changing day, could never itself endure. Yet it could be transmitted through years by the most definite heritage—quickly as this seems to vanish—that of the stage, with a momentum which seemed to belong inalienably to Lotta's small figure, giving it a continued life."

"For good remembrance of the past," says Miss Rourke, her book is offered. It is in itself the best way of remembrance.

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AFTER "WE" THE DELUGE

A Review of Present Day Popular Aeronautical Literature

By Daniel Sayre

THIRTY-FIVE record flights ago, in 1925, the task of making a general survey of the literature of aeronautics would have been simplicity itself. A few war records and text-books written within a year or two of the Armistice by men who had acquired fighting or technical experience in the war, a half dozen propaganda books mostly British or Mitchellian, and the stories of the few previous record flights, made up the total at that time. Two of these last are still entertaining reading: *Our Polar Flight,* by Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth (Dodd, Mead, $5.00) and *The First World Flight,* by Lowell Thomas (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00), excellent books both, but pioneers, and too early for the tide of popular favor.

Today the task of anything like a complete survey is Herculean. There seems to be a book for every flight that ever broke into front page space in a newspaper, and there are numerous books about the fliers who wrote these books. There are regiments of war books of recent publication, there are propaganda books by the dozen, both pro and con, and laymen's text books and histories by the score. Even the technical expert who for years has subsisted on free government technical reports and one or two periodicals is swamped with specialized text-books in each and every phase of his subject. Last and, in the matter of worth, least, there is a growing school of aeronautical fiction which, having won its way successfully into the magazine press, blossoms now and again into a book.

This survey will begin with the bulky literature of record flights. Above all of it at unapproachable altitudes stand the three books by Lindbergh, Byrd and Captain Wilkins. Read these three only and resist if you can the impulse to pawn your possessions, and with a plane, rubber coat, four sandwiches and a dog-sled, go forth to make whatever record has hitherto been neglected by the aviators of the world.

To review Charles A. Lindbergh's *We* (Putnam, $2.50) at this date is somewhat akin to reviewing the book of Genesis. First, it is the beginning of all things, the first of the epochs, so to speak; second, everyone knows the story; and last, the saga under consideration already has much of the aura which surrounds other revealed books, and criticism is probably punishable by incarceration in St. Louis, Los Angeles, Paterson, and other interested communities. Not that I have any adverse criticism to make—it is a good book.

Commander Richard E. Byrd's *Skyward* (Putnam, $3.50) is an excellent cross section of the high spots in American aviation of the last fifteen years. Combined in this volume are his interesting war-time record, his close call from the fate of the R 38 (the ill-starred British airship which fell in flames with the best of the American and British airship officers aboard), his important part in the Navy project which resulted in the first crossing of the Atlantic by the NC boats, his summer with MacMillan pioneering in Arctic air work, his spectacular flight to the Pole and return, and finally his arduous flight to France in the tri-motored "America". An excellent organizer, patient, infinitely just and helpful to rivals and associates alike, the man revealed to us in these pages possesses a grace and charm which make his unending and miraculous exploits seem as effortless as the movements of a champion athlete. To read this book while he is now setting out on what is his largest and most ambitious project, is a great deal like reading the preceding chapters of an unfinished and absorbing serial.

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And now we come to the best reading of the lot. Lump the stories of an eighteen day hike to land over drifting pack-ice, three seasons' work in uncharted territory where the common temperature is forty degrees below zero; forced landings at night on pack-ice, or in a Greenland hurricane; climbing over mountains in an overloaded plane with a home-made propeller; a man concealing an arm broken in two places in order not to delay things; a twenty-two hundred mile flight under the most difficult navigating conditions in the world, and a hundred other incidents and odd crashes, fogs, freezings, fires, and the eternal story of difficulties of organization, and you have a fair conception of Captain George H. Wilkins's *Flying the Arctic* (Putnam, $3.50).

Second in importance among popular narratives are war-time experiences of the air services of both sides. The best of these have already appeared in magazines and are pretty well known. The mean average of the principal character in these stories seems to spend half of his time in the Dawn Patrol and the other half in the *Folies Bergères*. Most of them have the authentic ring of biographical fiction, but occasionally I should like to hear the adventures of an observer, or a night bomber or two. About the best performance of the lot is Floyd Gibbons's *The Red Knight of Germany* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) who is, of course, Von Richthofen of the eighty victories and the circus. The character of the man is brought out as much in his letters as in the surprisingly complete chronicle of his victories and victims. The book is as satisfying as it is readable.

In a class by itself is *The Zeppelins*, by Captain Ernest Lehmann and Howard Mingos (Sears, $4.00). Lehmann was an officer on one of the commercial Zeppelins operated so successfully in Germany from 1910 to 1914, and he served through the entire war. He is now head of the modern Zeppelin works at Friedrichshafen. The German version of the war-time activities of the Zeppelins is as interesting to the lay-reader as to the technical man hunting for operating details. Popular heroes of their nation since the first experiments in 1901, the German Zeppelin experts laid out and carried on a campaign with their airships which required the building, during the four years of the war, of a hundred ships and the expenditure of huge masses of men and materials. The wonder is not the threefold development in size or the remarkable increase in speed, performance and endurance effected in the ships, but the human courage and ingenuity which were equal to the task. The picture of a crew returning through a howling snowstorm from a bombing mission over London with whole gas cells of their ship shot away, the remaining cells leaking, part of the engines disabled and their fuel dwindling, only to set forth again within a few days on the same mission in a new ship, is an example of the amazing incidents which fill the book. If you have any complexes about the decay of the manly qualities of the human race, read this book and Wilkins's *Flying the Arctic*.

Last of the groups in the heroic section of this literature is the fiction of the air. It is, alas, not very valuable. Some of the books are frankly juvenile and these are the most pardonable of the lot. *The Search For The Lost Mail Plane*, by Lewis E. Theiss (Wilde, $1.75) is typical. A young pilot laid off his run turns reporter and scoops his colleagues on the mysterious disappearance of a mail plane which has been held up by airway robbers.

The adult fiction consists mainly in variations on the Dawn-Patrol-*Folies-Bergères* theme mentioned above, and is rather monotonous. As I see it, the fiction writers of air stories have the same difficulties as the writers of football fiction. What they are both writing about is intensely absorbing and thrilling in real life, especially when there is some personal interest involved; but to start fresh and make it up is beyond the limited talents of football or air fiction writers. Has anyone ever read a football story in which the hero is not plotted against by his rival for his position on the team and everything else in life, only to come into the last minutes of the game to score the necessary points for dear old Raway?

There are a number of new general his-

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tories of aviation which make the usual beginning at Dædalus and Icarus and bring up to date the story of what the authors choose to call the conquest of the air, but none of them seems to be of as solid stuff as the older histories. A small book by C. L. M. Brown from the American Branch of the Oxford Press, selling for the delightful price of one dollar—*The Conquest of the Air*—is competent but inadequately illustrated. *The History of Aeronautics,* by E. C. Vivian and W. Lockwood Marsh, published before 1924, is the best I have ever seen, but it is surprisingly reported out of print at Harcourt, Brace. This is almost inconceivable when all the books of the past decade which contain the word "airplane" in more than two chapters have been dug up and put on the market as aeronautical literature.

The propaganda books are generally not worth reading. One of the most important is the well-known *Great Delusion* by Neon, a wholesale indictment of British aeronautics, but of only limited interest to Americans. There are a number of shortcomings in present day aeronautics, but no one has yet written of them who could not be refuted on his detailed facts and arguments, no matter what his major contentions. The iconoclast as a race seems to have the reassuring faculty of self-destruction. Why anyone should read any of the pro-flying books is beyond my imagining. However, if you want the best of the lot, try Lowell Thomas's *European Skyways* (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00), which is not really a propaganda book anyhow.

We come finally to the layman's text-books. Faced with a bewildering number I have endeavored to set up a criterion. To my mind, a layman's text-book of aviation should have the following specifications:

It should be up to date.
It should be complete and well balanced.
It should be technically correct yet non-technical in treatment.
It should avoid propaganda and sentimentality.
It should be well illustrated.

Again I find three which stand out. The first in order of popularity is *Modern Aircraft,* by V. W. Pagé (Henley, $5.00), who is well known as a compiler of books on automobile and aircraft engines. The book is complete and well illustrated and fair technically, but he quotes so much of his material from miscellaneous sources in the industry that much of it has the unavoidable and rather obvious earmarks of propaganda. The second is the modern edition of *The Aeroplane Speaks,* by H. Barber (McBride, $3.50). After he moves past his fifty page prologue, the book is a well explained text-book on rigging, a complete glossary of aeronautical terms, and a picture gallery of planes from Wright's famous biplane to Lindbergh's equally famous monoplane. The prologue from which comes the title and for which the book is best known, I have never liked. The author personifies all parts and attributes of an aeroplane and has them explain themselves. Were we to do the same with an automobile we would get the following:

"Well, old fellow," said Foot Pedal to Brake Rod, "here we go for a stretch." "Oh, my, oh, my," cried Efficiency, as Waste Heat slipped from under the Clutch of Brake Band to join her sisters fleeing from Exhaust Pipe.

A book which promises a prosperous future is a new McGraw-Hill product, *The Airplane and Its Engine,* by C. H. Chatfield and C. F. Taylor (McGraw-Hill, $2.50). It is up to date, it is complete, it scrupulously avoids propaganda and is technically without flaw. It might be better illustrated in some of its chapters, notably in the one on airplane manoeuvres, but in general the pictures are satisfactory. If you are hunting a general introduction to the technicalities of aviation, this is your book.

* * *

Letters from a Flying Officer. *By Rothesay Stuart Wortley. Oxford. $2.50.*

If this book could have been published during the war, it would have been a best seller. I suggest it to writers of aeronautical fiction as a splendid source of material. Being a war diary, its stories contain a psychological approach quite different from that which arouses contemporary interest.

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The Balloon Buster. *By Norman S. Hall. Doubleday, Doran. $2.00.*

The hell-for-leather story of a western boy, who shot down fourteen balloons and four planes in two mad weeks, and died resisting capture when shot down behind the German lines. His commanding officer recommended him for the Congressional Medal of Honor and for court martial. A marvellous book for the sedentary of all ages.

* * *

Air Facts and Problems. *By Lord Thomson. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.*

A small and interesting book by the man who was head of the Air Ministry in Great Britain during the Labor Government. It is getting a little out of date and was primarily of major interest to the British; but it treats of some general problems along stimulating lines.

* * *

Historic Airships. *By Rupert Sargent Holland. Macrae Smith. $4.00.*

This beautifully illustrated book comes in a box. It is the third of a series by the author, the first two being *Historic Ships* and *Historic Railroads.* It is a disconnected series of stories about exceptional flights and aircraft. It has two glaring superficial faults; the first in the title, which should be *Historic Aircraft;* the second in the fact that the photograph on page 56 is entitled "The Los Angeles and smaller blimps in the hangar". Even the newspaper reporters know that the Los Angeles is not a blimp. However, his stories are uniformly of high interest and are by no means all of the usual selection.

* * *

An Alphabet of Aviation. *By Paul Jones. Macrae Smith. $2.00.*

Do not let the title prejudice you against this volume; it is well illustrated, very nice technically, and, if you want to straighten out twenty-six of your present ideas about aeronautics, here is a simple way of doing so.

* * *

The Aircraft Handbook. *By Fred H. Colvin and Henry F. Colvin. McGraw-Hill. $2.50.*

This is an excellent manual for the amateur pilot and the mechanic in all categories. It is quite up to date and exhibits a competent experience in the compilation of such text-books.

* * *

Beginning to Fly. *By Merrill Hamburg. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.*

Here is a splendid book on model building which gives a complete introduction not only to model-building but also to elementary technical aeronautics. For any boy who has ambitions in the direction of aeronautical engineering, the book could hardly be surpassed.

* * *

Twenty Hours: Forty Minutes. *By Amelia Earhart. Putnam. $2.50.*

Very much her book. A distinctly feminine account of a flight. You end the book by liking and admiring Miss Earhart but the flight itself seems rather forced and purposeless.

* * *

The Three Musketeers of the Air. *By Captain Hermann Koehl, Major James C. Fitzmaurice and Baron Guenther von Huenefeld. Putnam. $2.50.*

Fitzmaurice may make something of a d'Artagnan, though hardly an Aramis. Captain Koehl is a sturdy enough Porthos but I am afraid that Baron Guenther von Huenefeld is at best a very German version of Athos. I had never been attracted much to this flight until I read the book but, projected against the background of the personal stories of these three men, it makes an interesting chronicle.

* * *

Record Flights. *By Clarence D. Chamberlin. Dorrance. $2.50.*

This is not a summary as the title might indicate, of a number of record flights by different people, but is the story of Chamberlin's life and flying. It is a good story of American aviation from a less official angle than Byrd's. Among newspaper reporters Chamberlin's is the most popular of all record fliers. In his book you are shown some of the qualities which give him this standing.

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IMMIGRANTS AMONG THE NOVELS

By Clifton P. Fadiman

IT WAS an American who laid the first sharp emphasis on the theory of compensation. There is, then, something fitting and proper about the flood of translated books which have come down upon us this fall and winter like the waters at Lodore. Economic necessity, as they say, forces us to establish a rigorous immigration quota. But no matter how thin may be the dribble of Jugo-Slavs and Polish Jews and Sicilians, nobody dares accuse us of a narrow provincialism; for our publishers extend a more than cosmopolitan welcome to the literature of the outland. We may be unwilling to admit strangers but we are happy to print their books. America, a complacent, narcissistic nation? Perish the thought! Here are novels by two Russians, two Norwegians, a German, a Dane, a Pole and a Frenchwoman. The statue in the harbor need not look shamefaced; for her functions have been taken over by universal-minded editors who, in the name of America, extend the hand of welcome to the nations.

A truly democratic country is like the ostrich's intestinal tract: it will digest anything. Evidently there is a reading public waiting to swallow the eight works of translated fiction lying before me. I can do little more than admire its appetite without being able to share it. Not one of these books is mediocre; but, speaking for myself, there is not one of them that I should not have been content to see remain undisturbed in the original language of its author.

A work may not be mediocre and still it may be an impossibility. This seems to be the case with *Ashes*, by Stefan Zeromski (Knopf, two volumes, $6.00). The writer who created this huge, sprawling historical romance of the Napoleonic invasion of Poland had passion and sincerity and a national feeling that occasionally gives his incredible prose a quality of rhetorical grandeur. But we can no longer view history the way Zeromski viewed it: that is, as a series of violent incidents constituting a background for the romantic contortions of young Polish nobles and patriotic heroines who cast themselves into gloomy abysses to avoid the odious embraces of a foreign soldiery. Zeromski is a perfect laboratory specimen of the completely uncritical historical novelist. Like his countryman, Sienkiewicz, whom he resembled in many ways, he saw the destinies of nations as sound and fury. Forgetting that thunder is always associated with a vacuum, he believed that if you endow characters with emotions sufficiently exclamatory they become live personages. *Ashes* is full of fine, old-fashioned, passionate speeches and sentimental nature descriptions and battle pictures that recall the chromos of Frederic Remington. It has no more form or organization than a crazy quilt but is heartily recommended to all those fond of eight hundred pages of assorted fireworks.

In curious contrast to *Ashes* is *The Devil's Bridge*, by M. A. Aldanov (Knopf, $2.50). In Zeromski the Slavic gift for expansiveness amounted to sheer incoherence. But Aldanov does not write like a Russian at all. He organizes his historical episodes with a neatness and balanced precision that are more French than anything else; and, instead of falling in love with his main character, as does Zeromski, he views Staal, his Byronic and rather disagreeable young hero, with an irony that, were it not deficient in depth and humanity, would recall Anatole France. *The Devil's Bridge* is the second volume of a historical trilogy of which *The Ninth Thermidor* was the first. It is concerned with the adventures and impressions of a young officer in Suvarov's army, in 1799 engaged in repelling the Napoleonic advance over the Alps. Its curious astringent tone and its bitterly realistic portrait of the old Russian general make it just worth reading; but one hardly feels that Aldanov is actually interested in

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or moved by the artistic possibilities of his subject. Rather, this seems to be the manufacture of a frigid and clever dilettante. It is more comprehensible to the American reader than was *The Ninth Thermidor,* which contained innumerable veiled allusions to the Russian Revolution; yet, if carefully examined, this sequel will reveal the same anti-Soviet bias that was so obtrusive in the first volume of Aldanov's Napoleonic trilogy.

The case of Frank Thiess, author of *The Devil's Shadow,* (Knopf, $3.00) is interesting. In the present volume (a direct sequel to *The Gateway to Life*) he devotes his very fluent pen to what appears superficially to be a complete study of the post-war inflation period in Germany, a depiction, in the jacket's eloquent phraseology, of "an entire social order, by turns bewildered, despairing and cynical, dancing on the grave of its own aspirations". Now, in Germany, Herr Thiess is a popular writer, in both senses of the word. The intellectuals scorn him but he has a great attraction for the middle-class reading public, who believe that from him they are deriving the solid ideological sustenance of a social historian like Balzac, when what really draws them is merely Herr Thiess's gift for clever melodrama. Over here, of course, the intelligentsia are expected to swallow him, hook, line and sinker. I do not mean to imply that Herr Thiess is without his qualities. On the contrary, he is one of the best story-tellers Germany can boast. Once you open *The Devil's Shadow,* you will probably not lay it down. Absurd as are his conspiratorial communists, his sadistic millionaires, his nymphomaniac ladies of wealth, his opportunists and boxers and embezzlers, the whole phantasmagoria that reaches an incredible climax in Adam Porterhaus's society for the universal industrialization of the sex drive—absurd as it all is, it is so cleverly put together and described with such verve that only when the last page is turned does the reader realize he has been amused by a bagful of literary tricks.

How marked is the contrast between this brilliant, complicated jugglery and Ivan Shmelov's simple mystical legend, *Inexhaustible Cup* (Dutton, $2.00). Shmelov won for himself an all too small American audience last year with *The Sun of the Dead,* a moving and sombre picture of the Crimea under the régime of Bela Kun. Unfortunately, his public will not be increased materially by this new book. *Inexhaustible Cup* is the muted legend, bathed in a dim, religious light, of Ilia, the village serf who became a great painter and found his final inspiration in the face of his master's wife. In the original Russian it may very well be a brief masterpiece, but to the American reader it is more likely to appear as a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of Tolstoi's esthetic theories. Shmelov's naïve, unquestioning mysticism, his elemental peasant-faith, somehow fail to carry over in the English version, which is awkward and ungrammatical in the extreme. Also, the book means very little unless one is familiar with the hagiology of the Greek Orthodox Church. It is to be hoped that his publishers will see fit to follow up this rather unsatisfactory volume with Shmelov's splendid picture of revolutionary Russia, *The Waiter,* possibly his finest novel.

Simplicity distinguishes Marie Le Franc's slight but lovely story of the Breton moors, *The Whisper of a Name* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00). Under its more apt French title, *Grand-Louis L'Innocent,* this strange tale of the growth of an almost wordless love between a cultivated Parisienne and a shell-shocked, child-minded giant, won the *Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize* and passed rapidly through thirty-eight editions. Part of this success is undoubtedly due to the poetic and idyllic quality of the simple love story; part of it must be ascribed to the local color, the rather consciously emotional evocation of the gloomy but magical Breton seacoast; and a good deal of it is undoubtedly related to the curious sexual situation it poses, a situation which is half lovely and half perverse. *The Whisper of a Name* is really a "sheik" novel with a new twist; the hero is Rousseau's natural man, a beautiful blonde beast who has lost his memory and all but a tiny flicker of his intelligence. The emotion aroused in cultivated readers is analogous to that naïve pruriency which the less sophisticated feel upon perusing the pages of E. M. Hull or Elinor Glyn.

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We were introduced several years ago to the notable Danish novelist, Herman Bang, by way of his satire on the patriotic sentiment, *Denied a Country*. This new novel, *Ida Brandt* (Knopf, $2.50), will perhaps prove a slight disappointment. Bang possesses one great, almost magnificent, gift: he can handle masterfully a group of rather ordinary middle-class people engaged in simple, unpolished conversation. He is happiest when faced with the problem of reporting the small talk at a crowded dinner table. His gift is so much for social comedy that at times his novels appear as mere vehicles for tiny isolated dramas. In *Denied a Country* the satiric core of the story was so inherently interesting that he did not have to depend merely on this virtuoso technique, but in *Ida Brandt* neither the heroine's yearning affection for her old home, Ludwigsbakke, nor her Bovaryesque love tragedy is a motif strong enough to engage the reader's continued interest. The theme of betrayal at the hands of a weak-willed and selfish male is so clearly borrowed from and modelled on similar themes from the French naturalistic school that one tends to skip the plot and concentrate on the aimless but delightfully exact bourgeois gossipings scattered throughout the book.

Only a humorless Protestant mind could have conceived Olav Duun's first work to be done into English, *Good Conscience* (Harper, $2.50). This dull story of the effects of conscience on three generations of two Norwegian families lies under the shadow of Calvin and John Knox. The sins, the penances and the punishments are as geometrically worked out as a good sermon on predestination; and the effect is just about as rousing. O. E. Rolvaag, author of *Giants in the Earth*, whose judgment is certainly entitled to respect, says of Olav Duun that he "will be counted among the greatest writers of the twentieth century". If this be at all true, one can only suppose that Mr. Rolvaag does not base his opinion on *Good Conscience* but upon Duun's other and more ambitious work, perhaps his six-volume series *Juvikinger* still awaiting translation into English.

The Golden Gospel, by Gabriel Scott (Macy-Masius, $2.50), is a light, fantastic satire depending for its effect upon the Sancho Panza-like character of St. Peter who, accompanied by the Lord, visits the earth to find out what is wrong with it. The adventures of the worthy pair are related with a sort of skittish humor, at times pleasant, at times sickly. The Scandinavian seriousness breaks through at the end in the form of a lecture on Christian socialism and the discovery by Peter that "Love is the remedy. Love and Charity—the Golden Gospel for all ages, for all generations, for all mankind on the wide earth!"

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WHAT MANNER OF MEN?

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

THACKERAY, planning to write *The Virginians*, went to the American historian Kennedy for information about Washington. Kennedy began an academic discourse, involving facts and dates. The Englishman interrupted him rather testily. "No, that's not what I want. Tell me, was he a fussy old gentleman in a wig, who spilled snuff down the front of his coat?" Here are biographical works about six men of letters, touching six centuries. The works of these men have lived and speak for themselves. But what of the lives? What manner of men were they? Some of them had foibles far more serious than snuff-spilling. Curiously, some of them live in history by names that were not literally their own. The man we know as François Villon was really François de Montcorbier, with various unsavory aliases. Voltaire was baptized François-Marie Arouet. Alexandre Dumas was Alexandre Dumas, but there was a time in his life when he tried to borrow his grandfather's name, parading as the Marquis de Pailleterie. Joseph Conrad was born Korzeniowski. Let us consider them in chronological order: Villon, 1431-1463; Montaigne, 1532-1592; Voltaire, 1694-1778; Dumas, 1802-1870; Rosetti, 1828-1882; Conrad, 1856-1924.

Four hundred and fifty-five years ago François de Montcorbier, better known as François Villon, vanished from history. The French Parliament commuted the death penalty for the last known of his long list of crimes to banishment for ten years, and he left Paris through the Porte St. Jacques and trudged out on the Orleans road, never to be seen again. Yet today to study his life and work, to write about him, brings to the nostrils the pungent reek of an evil old world, the unwholesome, yet not entirely unpleasant, odor of the stews, of narrow winding streets, of the boozing dens of thieves. Robert Louis Stevenson, writing his essay on Villon and his story, *A Lodging for the Night*, with the moving pen lived in the shadow of Villon's soul. Suggested, if not inspired, by Stevenson is D. B. Wyndham Lewis's present study, *François Villon* (Coward, McCann, $5.00); scholarly, comprehensive, excellent; perhaps all the better for the reason that the author seems to have yielded to the Villon spell. It is apparent in the general tone and also in little things. Scattered through the book are gratuitous bits of whimsical malice in the Villon manner. For example, Mr. Wyndham Lewis is gravely picturing conditions of life at the University of Paris in the fifteenth century; the national rivalries of the students there enrolled. The French, Normans, Bretons, Romans, Germans, Picards, Lombards, Burgundians, Flemings and men of Brabant used to say that the English "have tails". Mr. Wyndham Lewis contributes the footnote: "This has never been true, except of the men of Kent".

Take the poets who have sought to render Villon's verse into English. Rosetti, Swinburne, Henley and J. M. Synge all contributed to the work; and by John Payne, H. de Vere Stackpoole and J. Heron Lepper Villon has been translated entire. Mr. Wyndham Lewis is somewhat intolerant, somewhat hypercritical, in his estimate of the various English versions. But good, bad or indifferent, all of them curiously reflect the Villon spirit. There is even the obscurity of the old French *argot* and all its flavor in Henley's poem, "Villon's Straight Tip to all Cross Coves". Almost impossible to interpret, it is easy to sense.

> Fiddle, or fence, or mace, or mack,
> Or moskeneer, or flash the drag;
> Dead-lurk a crib, or do a crack,
> Pad with the slang, or chuck a fag;
> Bonnet, or tout, or mump and gag,
> Rattle the tats or mark the spot:
> You cannot bag a single stag,
> Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

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Before the last quarter of the nineteenth century Villon's life was shrouded in mystery. Mr. Wyndham Lewis compares it to Africa in a *mappa mundi.* Rabelais, writing a hundred years later, was supposed to have drawn his Panurge from Villon. But for four centuries all that was positively known was the year of his birth, the year of his imprisonment at Meun, some evidence that he was at least once in danger of hanging and a few evidences, direct and oblique, of a criminal career. Then the researches of Vitu, Schone, Schwab and, above all, Longnon, brought life out of darkness. Now, though fog still hangs over many stages of the road, and though there are large gaps and patches of impassable land, the main part of Villon's life, from his adoption in the early 1430's to his final disappearance from the scene in 1463, are clear enough. Mr. Wyndham Lewis believes that nothing more is likely to be discovered. To quote him: "The road ends, as I have said, in the air. There is nothing beyond the gulf but silence. But the journey, I promise you, is a good one".

With André Lamandé's *Montaigne, Grave and Gay* (Holt, $3.00) we turn from the furtive, fetid alleys and low boozing dens of medieval Paris, the shadow of the gibbet at Montfaucon, from Villon, the outcast, and his touts and trulls, to the pleasant countryside of a hundred years later and the rich, orderly, mellow life of Michel de Montaigne. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast. The hundred years had wrought no radical political and social changes. It was still an age of turbulence. But the serenity of Montaigne, reflected in the *Essays,* which, after three hundred and fifty years so vigorously survive that they are invariably included in the lists of books associated with imaginary sojourns on desert islands, enabled him to live a beautiful and harmonious life surrounded by noise and vexation. Beyond the strife he saw and recognized the eternal values. Before Voltaire he was an apostle of tolerance.

Of course, he had the advantage of having been "born", as the saying was, and of the finest schooling available in his age, a schooling of which he failed to make full use. He was no plaster saint; light loves, but very different from the mad-eyed, dishevelled trollops of Villon, influenced his adolescent years. But, his wild oats once sown, he settled down to serious things. In retrospect his youth seems merely an incident; the Montaigne who lives in history is the sedate husband of Françoise de La Chassaigne, long wearied "of the slavery of the courts and of public functions", seeking productive solitude in his castle among the Périgord hills. From that solitude he issued for travel; to serve four years as Mayor of Bordeaux and to act as an advisor to "the Beranais", Henry of Navarre, later Henry IV, of France.

It is impossible to overestimate the debt that humanity owes to François-Marie Arouet de Voltaire, of whom Victor Thaddeus writes in *Voltaire, Genius of Mockery* (Brentano, $5.00). Macaulay wrote: "Of all the intellectual weapons that have ever been wielded by man, the most terrible was the mockery of Voltaire. Bigots and tyrants who had never been moved by the wailings and cursings of millions turned pale at his name". Victor Hugo, in 1878, delivering the oration on the one hundredth anniversary of Voltaire's death, said: "He departed laden with years, laden with works, laden with the most illustrious and the most fearful of responsibilities, the responsibility of the human conscience informed and rectified. He went cursed and blest, cursed by the past, blessed by the future". In his lifetime Voltaire was accused of attacking religion. What he attacked were the cruelties, injustices and intolerances practised in the name of religion.

There is no obscurity in Voltaire's life. From the time of his precocious boyhood he was always in the limelight. His celebrity was often inconvenient. Whenever a pamphlet of revolutionary nature appeared, provided it was clever, it was ascribed to Voltaire. True, he wrote enough of them. In his early youth he knew a France that was described as a despotism tempered by epigrams, and if Louis XIV, *Le Roi Soleil,* could say, "I am the State", he, Voltaire, could contribute by supplying the epigrams. He did so throughout a life that lasted for eighty-four years. Sixteen of those years

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were spent at the court of Frederick the Great of Prussia, and it is significant that his own country, quite ready to banish him on his own account, resented his voluntary exile.

But what of the man? Women played a conspicuous part in his life. A monkey-like little creature, he seemed ill-fitted to inspire love. His calf-love for the Dutch Huguenot girl, Olympe Dunoyer, was probably reciprocated, and that affair might have led to something had not parents intervened. Later he became so infatuated with the young, beautiful Duchesse de Villars that he could not work. It was the one totally unproductive period of his life. But though the Duchesse encouraged him to fall in love with her she did not return the affection. His devotion pleased her vanity, but beyond that she saw him with the eyes of the Regent's daughter, who had called him "that wicked mummy". Then came the great feminine influence of his life, his association with the Marquise de Châtelet. That lasted for sixteen years.

When they met she was twenty-eight, married, and the mother of three children. Her husband, an army officer, did not trouble her much, living his own life and allowing her to live hers. She was a tall, mannishly-built woman, a blue-stocking with a real talent for writing. She seems to have been genuinely devoted to Voltaire's interests, though her devotion did not imply fidelity. But Voltaire was blind through the years of their intimacy. She was in her forties when he surprised her in the company of a young poet-officer conversing upon "something besides verses and philosophy". By specious argument she persuaded Voltaire to accept the situation. Soon after there were threatened consequences, and it became a question as to what father the child should be assigned. "As to that," said the philosophical M. de Voltaire, "we will put it among the miscellaneous works of Madame de Châtelet."

Alexander Dumas, the Elder, hero of J. Lucas-Dubreton's *The Fourth Musketeer* (Coward, McCann, $3.00) was one of the great eccentrics of the 19th century. As a story teller, as an entertainer, he is perhaps the supreme figure in all literary history. Of all the writing men of genius he was the most delightful and disreputable. His was at once a great soul and a petty soul. Generous to the point of prodigality, he seems never to have had the slightest conception of a moral standard. His life was as romantic as one of the several hundreds of novels that are associated with his name.

He was born in Villers-Cotterets in 1802, the son of Thomas Alexandre, a general of the infant republic whose heroic achievements won him the title of the Horatius Cocles of the Tyrol; the grandson of the Marquis Alexandre-Antoine Davy de la Pailleterie, an aristocrat who emigrated to the West Indies, and of Louise Cesette Dumas, a negress of San Domingo. As a youth he made his way to Paris, entered upon a series of light love affairs, and rapidly won success as a writer of plays. When about forty years of age he began the work that was to establish his enduring fame. Between 1840 and 1850 he produced his greatest novels, the three dealing with d'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos and Aramis, and with Athos's son, the Vicomte de Bragelonne; and *The Count of Monte Cristo.*

Sprightliness is in the fibre of J. Lucas-Dubreton's book, fitting admirably his hero and his title. Alexandre Dumas was by turn Monte Cristo, Chicot the Jester; and, above all, he was d'Artagnan, the Fourth Musketeer, though unhappily he never acquired the canny wisdom of the mature Gascon of *Vingt Ans Après* and *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne.* Better than anyone else, his son, Alexandre Dumas *fils,* the legitimatized offspring of a light love of the romancer's youth, understood him, adored him and deplored. "My Father," the author of *Le Demi-Monde* and *The Lady of the Camellias* used to say, "is a great child whom I had when I was very young." On other occasions he would sum up the old man's weaknesses with ironic pity. "My father is so vain that he would get up behind his own coach in order that people might think that he kept a negro footman."

Evelyn Waugh begins his *Rossetti* (Dodd, Mead, $3.50) with a dig at the new school of biography, in which "the corpse has be-

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come the marionette, which with bells on its fingers and wires on its toes is jigged about to a 'period dance' of our own piping". The old-fashioned biography, which he believes will return, he finds better suited to Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Posterity is likely to chuckle with amusement at contemporary opinion of the Pre-Raphaelites, that brotherhood of the middle of the last century which included in its limited membership Rossetti, Hunt and Millais. The members were considered beyond the pale. They were cut by their acquaintances and insulted in the streets by total strangers. Holman Hunt's father was the laughing stock of his city companions. For the best pictures of the Pre-Raphaelites there was no market. Even the usually wise Macaulay wrote: "Pre-Raphaelitism is spreading, I am glad to see, glad, because it is by spreading that such affectations die".

From being one of the Pre-Raphaelite painters Rossetti became one of the Pre-Raphaelite poets, along with Swinburne and Morris, and was included in Robert Buchanan's assault on what he called "The Fleshly School". Chloral, then a newly-discovered drug, played a considerable part in Rossetti's later life. In 1870, tortured with insomnia and fearing blindness, he turned to chloral as a relief from his troubles. He took it in fabulous quantities. The normal dose for an adult is from ten to twenty grains. Rossetti's daily consumption was rarely less than a hundred. There was a period, in 1872, when madness threatened him. The women who counted most in his life were usually models, the beautiful Elizabeth Siddal, whom he married in 1860 and who died in 1862; Jane Morris and Fannie Schott. Mr. Waugh thus sums up his sentimental life: "As Elizabeth Siddal typifies his early simplicity and cloistral purity, and Fannie Schott breaks through coarsely and voluptuously in the rich gaiety of the 'good years', so now Jane Morris, 'as she fills his dream', stands for all the melancholy and frustration that beset him at the close of his life".

The Joseph Conrad, whom Richard Curle boswells in *The Last Twelve Years of Joseph Conrad* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) was a middle-aged Englishman, somewhat more British than the British, who lived in a Kentish farmhouse and wrote remarkable stories in remarkable English. Only in occasional and brief retrospect is there a glimpse of the Pole Korzeniowski who as a boy followed his father into Russian exile, who as a youth fought a duel in Marseilles, and who as a young man had sailed up the dark and dangerous rivers of Borneo and been wrecked in a burning ship. Those last twelve years were rich in production, but in them there was little that can be considered as adventure. Again, Mr. Curle's attitude towards his subject, twenty-five years his senior, is that of the Scottish biographer of Dr. Johnson. It is frankly hero-worship. It leaves the impression that if Conrad had had a really unpleasant side Curle would not have permitted himself to see it; much less put it down in damning black and white.

Yet, considered as boswelling, it is honest and careful, picturing vividly the working Conrad, illuminating and reflecting his opinions and his manner of life.

Of such information is Mr. Curle's book. Joseph Conrad is too close to us. A generation or two must pass before the real man can be weighed by document and conjecture. Indiscretion is a privilege of posterity.

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A Shelf of Recent Books

THE WAY OF ART YOUNG

By Edgar Lee Masters

ON MY WAY. *By Art Young. Liveright, $4.00.*

THE end papers of this book are illustrated by Art Young himself to show the way he took from Monroe, Wisconsin, through Chicago to Greenwich Village, with a detour to Paris when he was about twenty-one. A comic map it is with a line lettered, "longitude, latitude, altitude and also platitude", and it shows the author first as a very fat cupid standing in the meadow grass not far from Monroe, and then at the end of the journey as a Pickwick of inquiring expression near Bethel, Connecticut, hallowed by the memories of Joel Barlow, P. T. Barnum and Mark Twain. The written story reveals all the classical indicia of the struggle of the gifted young American from the farm, who in the period just following the Civil War became possessed of the passion to be an artist, a writer or something else outside of achieving success in business. It is the story over again of aspiration trying to find the direction and the way, and then of the persistent but often distracted will with which the way is kept, or returned to after digressions, with the economic disadvantage everywhere and at all times to be handled and solved if possible.

These life revelations which are multiplying now of the men who emerged in the last third of the last century furnish proof in every direction that America was not then, and is not now, articulated; it is not wired, it has no spiritual compactness and organization, such as older and smaller countries have, with the result that an artist confronts an unwieldy mass of large and diverse populations, with no definite standard of beauty or excellence of any sort, but with a very great preoccupation with material success. This giant America can be tickled on the feet without the message being sent to the head, and hence the feet merely twitch; or his hair can be pulled without evoking anything more than a gesture of sleepy remonstrance—save in times of war when anyone is likely to be trampled by him, as Young himself discovered when he was indicted with the rest of the *Masses* staff. Changing the figure, America seems to be a sounding board so cluttered with weeds and brush and obstructions that a voice thrown against it from a distance where there can be vision is not broadcast to the country, not at once. In a more manageable commonwealth one wonders how much quicker Young would have found the way.

As a farm boy in Wisconsin he carried *Puck and Harper's Weekly* to the field and studied them at the end of the rows while plowing. Soon he was exhibiting drawings on the walls of the post office at Monroe, inspired by the Doré Bible and by the words of a wandering lecturer who came to the village and talked on the work of the French artist. At twenty-one he was walking the Doré gallery in Bond street and was in Paris haunting the streets and gardens made memorable by French genius. He wanted to be a painter and judged himself rightly enough to be of Hogarthian blood; but all the while idealism of a moral cast inspired him, as it did all the ardent youth of his day, who were nurtured on Emerson and Ingersoll and Whitman. A whole book could be written on the subject of John Alden, the Boston publisher who sold Shakespeare by mail for thirty-eight cents, and Marcus Aurelius for seventeen, and Emerson at thirty cents to the villages of the West in the 'eighties and later. The matter of making a livelihood coupled with this moral idealism plainly drove Young into cartooning; and in this book he says, "propaganda is a kind of enthusiasm; there never was a real work of art in which it is not plain that the author wants you to share his loves and sympathies, and his ideas of right and wrong". Also this:

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"the real artist is also a rebel—with the larger truths there are always a lot of other truths that no one sees till the radical dares to bring them to light". All of this being perfectly sound, it only remains for the artist to attach himself to an idea of permanent value; and as the poor are with us always, a subject of enduring interest lies in making the fight for the economic reordering of the world. In Art Young's case the theme furnished him with infinite chance for the expression of his sly and amiable humor. It kept him poor, but it preserved his laughter. Many rich people, rich enough to buy a Rembrandt, no doubt indulge their sentimentality over the poverty of Rembrandt at the last; but in our own day it is a matter for indignation that a worker for the good of the world, who has held fast to his ideals, and who has been industrious all the way should feel the pinch of meagre means, while "the agent who sells paintings makes more money in a month than the artist whose paintings are sold makes in a year".

Yet Art Young has been richly rewarded by life—he has had a wonderfully good time. He says in this book, "You can't gather figs from thistles, but why should you?" If you have delight in looking at them, you have experienced an emotion for which people with money pay large sums to get an equal reaction—if equal—to look at the Taj Mahal, or at the very spot on the Nile where Moses was found in the bulrushes. Art Young has had long days of happiness observing wasps, cats, bees, spiders, old horses in the field; and in studying and drawing leaves and trees and thistles. There are pages in this book comparable to Fabre in respect to loving interest devoted to these objects of nature.

Along the way he met Frances Willard and heard her talk something akin to socialism; he drew Ingersoll, he followed with Roosevelt, Jack London and Debs, and he called upon the august Wilson at the White House. Abashed and at want for something to say he asked Wilson if he slept well—then backed out of the presence. He also knew Riley, Nye, Field and Burdette, and he gives them pages of report. He was in the midst of the insanity which hanged the Chicago anarchists; and he was a familiar figure in Greenwich Village during the days of its riotous and abandoned irony. All the while he was saying that "literature and art should make people soul hungry". One of the funniest touches in this book is his story of studying debating and logic in order to argue down objections to socialism. He was then off the way. But he had a logic of his own. When he saw a friend running a lawn mower after a whole night of assailing the age of the machine, Young called to him, "Say, Roderick, why cut the grass with that machine? You know you don't believe in it. Why not bite it off with your teeth?"

As a boy one of his richest sensations was "walking through a field of corn, my arms stretched to cleave aside the rustling leaves". In New York he could step out of the Brevoort and buy an old victoria for $35, and for fun send it up to Bethel, where he used it as shown in the cartoon that goes with this book. He could say finally that "I lacked brains to get on and clean up", but "I'm with the failures, the whole army of splendid men and women who wear the badge of defeat". "Three things are worshipful: the sun giver of life; a human being who believes something worth while and will die for it, if need be; and Art the recreator of life." Such words prove that Art Young took the way and arrived. His book is a delight and one to keep by for reading at any hour. Written as a diary it can be read anywhere; but nowhere without finding something to charm and to uplift.

THE ELIZABETHAN ENIGMA

By Esther Murphy

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX: A TRAGIC HISTORY. *By Lytton Strachey, Harcourt, Brace, $3.75.*

AFTER having laid bare the simplicity of Queen Victoria, Mr. Strachey has turned to the analysis of the infinite complexity of Queen Elizabeth. Having written the biography of that shrewd, obstinate and essentially unsubtle woman whose reign coincided with the high noon of England's

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greatness, he has now portrayed the bewildering contradictions and the baffling dualism of the extraordinary human being whose genius was one of the chief factors and contributed to the dawning of that greatness three hundred years before.

He has not employed with Queen Elizabeth the method he did with Victoria: that of presenting the complete story of her life. He has chosen to describe only one episode of her career but it is perhaps the strangest incident in all that strange history and the one that most completely summarizes not only the character of Elizabeth herself but of her age as well.

Mr. Strachey's choice of his material is obviously based on his perception of the fact that Elizabeth was to an extraordinary degree an epitome of the Elizabethan age—just as Mr. Strachey detected that Queen Victoria was merely the figure-head of the Victorian era, that though she may have typified some of its characteristic qualities, her age was swayed by great forces of whose very existence she was unaware and harassed by doubts and perplexities which she completely ignored. One inevitably contrasts the passage in *Queen Victoria* in which Mr. Strachey, after summing up the peculiarly ingenuous convictions concerning religion and all ultimate problems to which Victoria adhered all her life, observes "the Queen who gave her name to the age of Darwin and Mill never got any further than that"; with the words in which he identifies Elizabeth with her time. "It was the age of baroque; and perhaps it is the incongruity between their structure and their ornament that best accounts for the mystery of the Elizabethans. It is hard to gauge, from the exuberance of their decoration, the subtle, secret lines of their inner nature. Certainly this was so in one crowning example—certainly no more baroque figure ever trod the earth than the supreme phenomenon of Elizabethanism—Elizabeth herself."

That is the keynote of the book. Mr. Strachey has drawn the portrait of a woman who was, as much as any individual could be, the incarnation of one of the most extraordinary epochs in human history. He has shown her to us in one of the most remarkable situations in which she was ever involved, and in the end, the woman, the epoch and the situation all remain enigmas. And in this lies the real significance of Mr. Strachey's achievement and the proof of his genius. He has not approached the subject with that preconceived determination to arrive at an arbitrary and superficial explanation of one age by judging it by standards current in another. Mr. Strachey realizes that the irony with which he contrasted the complexity of the problems which distracted the Victorian age with the intellectual naïveté of the Queen who reigned over it is not a method which would be of any service in dealing with the manifold intricacies of Elizabeth and the Elizabethans. Mr. Strachey is very much aware of the difference between the task of satirizing Victorian society and sounding the depths of the Elizabethan age. A consciousness of how obscure and unfathomable these depths are and must always remain and a sense of the mystery of the irrecoverable past pervade the book and give it an extraordinary beauty. "More valuable than description, but perhaps unattainable, would be some means by which the modern mind might attain to an imaginative comprehension of these things of three centuries ago.—By what art are we to worm our way into those strange spirits and even stranger bodies?" asks Mr. Strachey, and he concludes, "They are exterior visions which we know but do not truly understand".

No one has a more profound realization that the human heart is incalculable than Mr. Strachey. And his consciousness of the fact that the motives of human conduct are mysterious in all ages makes him stress the fact of their obscurity in the age of Elizabeth. It is not only that the Elizabethans failed to leave behind them the mass of documents, the letters, diaries, memoirs full of personal revelations which make it comparatively easy for us to reconstruct whole phases of the life of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century. A lack even more fundamental than that makes the age forever incomprehensible to us. It is, Mr. Strachey points out, as though there had been some profound alteration in the human sensibility itself. The Elizabethans were actuated by

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motives, swayed by emotions, which elude us completely, no matter how much imaginative and intellectual sympathy we bring to bear on them. There is some clue that we have not got that seems to have vanished from the world.

So in Mr. Strachey's book all is darkness and mystery. A few figures emerge and are shown in Mr. Strachey's incomparable word pictures silhouetted against the background in some single gesture, so that for an instant we think they are revealed to us, and then they waver, recede and vanish again into the darkness and the mystery. And the heart of the mystery, like the central figure in a tapestry, is Queen Elizabeth herself. Mr. Strachey dwells on the shapes about her; his wisdom, his irony and his compassion illumine momentarily the tortuous courses of Cecil and Bacon and the generous follies of Essex. But Elizabeth dominates them all and about her the shadows are deepest. Mr. Strachey leads us a little way into that labyrinthine sensibility, in order to show how impossible any final explanation of it must be. He shows her to us engaged in her last adventure of the emotions, the passion for the young Earl of Essex which, coming in her old age, seemed for a moment as though it would subjugate her completely and destroy the political structure which she had spent her life in building. We see her alternately raising Essex to heights of unprecedented favor and inflicting humiliations on him. Forcing her immense pride to submit to his youthful insolence and laying aside her lifelong policy of caution and that horror of all violent measures that obsessed her, to gratify his impulse towards action and his love of war. And then, when in his impatient ambition he became rebellious—refusing her pardon and sending him to the scaffold. This much Mr. Strachey shows us, elucidating what can be made more clear in that tragic drama but in the end showing that it must remain as much of an enigma as the woman who played the chief rôle in it. And then he shows us the last scene of all. Elizabeth overwhelmed by a profound melancholy, sinking into a lethargy that passed almost imperceptibly into death. One cannot help speculating as to the cause of the grief that was strong enough to subdue that tenacious and intrepid will. Did she mourn Essex and the passion she had sacrificed to the security of her throne? Or was it another passion—the passion for power, which dominated her in the end and made it intolerable to her to relinquish her sovereignty? In this, as in so much else, Elizabeth kept her own counsel. The solitude which surrounded her deathbed three hundred years ago surrounds her still. We can see her only as Mr. Strachey has evoked her in one of the most important and moving and distinguished books of our time: eternally contradictory, at once a heroic and a sinister figure, she still keeps the quality which was the source both of her power and her mystery, that inviolable isolation of her spirit which sustained her through all her vicissitudes, defying alike the chimeras of ambition and the illusions of love.

OUR CONFUSED CIVILIZATION

By Charles R. Walker

WHITHER MANKIND? *Edited by Charles A. Beard. Longmans, Green, $3.00.*

THE American critical and sociological soil since the war has been fertile in symposia and collaborative works of all sorts. Most of them have been disappointing because of the profoundly uneven merit of their collaborators or the amateurishness of their editors. Professor Beard's work, *Whither Mankind?* for the most part escapes both criticisms. Taking for his theme the perils and promises for our civilization which revolutions in both politics and the arts have prepared for mankind, he collects sixteen collaborators who write a book of remarkable unity. Too much unity, some critics will insist, and accuse Professor Beard of putting out a tract in favor of modern industrialism. In a sense *Whither Mankind?* is such a tract but only in the broad sense that the Greek dramatists wrote tracts for the Greek way of life.

There are many distinguished contributors to the volume, most of whom have clearly

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found assignments congenial to their habits. Hu Shih contrasts the civilizations of the East and the West, Bertrand Russell writes of science, Julius Klein of business, Emil Ludwig of war and peace, Havelock Ellis of the family, Lewis Mumford of the arts and John Dewey of civilization's reference to philosophy. Not the least stimulating is a discussion by Stuart Chase of the renaissance of play in the modern world despite and in some respects because of the influence of the machine. Professor Beard in an Epilogue makes an excellent summary of the book and its significance. "Whatever criticism," he writes, "may be advanced against these pages, in gross or in detail, it will surely be conceded that they present the challenge of science and the machine to modern thought. They set a task for philosophy—the task of affording illumination and direction to 'our confused civilization'."

AN HONEST CRITIC

By R. Ellsworth Larsson

BY WAY OF ART. *By Paul Rosenfeld. Coward McCann. $2.50.*

ENDOWED with what would seem an insatiable curiosity, for years Paul Rosenfeld has nosed about in odd byways and obscure passages that are before us at this moment and the next have disappeared with the surprising rapidity and completeness of illusory transparencies projected by a magic lantern aimed at random—here first, now there. That Rosenfeld has not for a moment been very fooled, if he has ever been fooled at all, by any sudden apparition of agility and ease in emptiness—agility and ease in emptiness that are characteristics of the artist and of the artist alone—or that deceptively projected one-and-only way, the formal vista down nothingness that bedizens the eye and blinds it, are things for which one is grateful. The Sunday supplements of newspapers have been known to publish handsomely retouched photographs of Babe Ruth and Shakespeare, affably and fraternally side by side—the one on a pedestal and the other too confident of a personal agreement with the law of gravity to need more support than hob-nailed boots—but Rosenfeld has not been deceived. He has not mistaken the one for the other, even though the swatsman wear a topper and a cape. And for this, too, one is grateful, even if, in such case, power of vision and stability of judgment seem minor gifts of God, albeit they have not been apportioned everyone.

Insatiable curiosity and stability of judgment are perhaps Rosenfeld's most conspicuous characteristics. There is, however, his very marked enthusiasm; that and his audacity in assuming that—absurd innocent!—he has only to say with honesty and confidence what he thinks in order to be understood if not believed. And there is his recklessness, a sort of defiant sportiveness in the face of nothing at all for which I, for one, admire him no end. I find great charm and excitement in watching him take ridiculous risks. When his pages unroll words so delicately on the edge of utter ridiculousness that one is in pain for him, remotely fearing that not even an act of Providence could forestall the embarrassing accident to his equilibrium one foresees, with each word; but when, with unabating breath, he has come to the end of a dizzy sequence of words and has through them magically achieved—no matter how painfully—expression, elucidation and intelligible transference of some most fragile thought that could with vastly greater ease have been knocked into a cocked hat, I am as pleased as I am by expert magicians and by Houdini's apprentices. I entertain privately a suspicion that Mr. Rosenfeld has, indeed, been apprenticed at one time or another to Houdini himself. No other valid reason for his amazing dexterity in getting out of tight places presents itself to me. His recklessness leads him to write such sentences as these: "In Tintoretto, light is *en route* toward the condition of form, taking perspective up into itself and suggesting tridimensionality. But in Greco, light is form; light is the picture. His shapes are completely penetrated by it. Light takes them up into itself and reissues them as conditions of light". For attempting a task so apparently hopeless as trying to make comprehensible to another such an elusive impression, I am delighted with him—but for hav-

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ing brought off the trick, I am in awe of him.

Among critics, Rosenfeld is essentially no interpreter. He is a sort of highly sensitized mechanism which the artist is at liberty to employ in registering minutely and with exactitude the kind and the force of the impact he is able to produce. Rosenfeld is willing to risk being incomprehensible, putting no reliance in the translation into romantic terms of emotions, sensations and impulses he has experienced in the presence of symphony, brass torso or poem, but submitting them bluntly, frankly, honestly for what they are.

One does not doubt his honesty. It is his honesty, more than any other of his sharply-defined characteristics, that most frequently causes him to be misunderstood. Arrived at an exact expression of what he feels (which, to him, is of more importance than what he thinks he feels) he sets it down with finality, and it is the business of his audience to circumscribe with its intelligence and its understanding what he has set down. Rosenfeld is no "easy" writer: his prose style presents many obstacles, but they are obstacles that amply repay one the energy spent in overcoming them. On his style, one could make no better comment than one he makes on Lachaise's sculpture: "the lumps lead on the feeling of having".

In his new book, *By Way of Art*, Mr. Rosenfeld has brought together the papers on music, painting, sculpture, dancing, literature that have appeared from time to time in *The Dial, The New Republic* and the newspapers since the publication of *Men Seen*. This new volume is as pleasingly varied in its subjects as that still satisfying *Port of New York*, the first of his books not devoted exclusively to music. It includes, among many other papers, the essay on the sculptures of Lachaise, originally published in *The Dial*, which, to my mind, is as fine as anything Rosenfeld has done and, in itself, a splendid achievement. At least two other essays in this book of nineteen are of major importance: that on the writings of Gertrude Stein and one on a self-portrait by Greco. These three seem to me to be as fine criticism as any written by an American. I find myself in disagreement, however, with many minor details of taste and opinion, and with two of the essays as wholes. If I do not find in the limited work of Donald Evans and the less limited but still, to me, comparatively unimportant work of Wallace Gould all that these two essays suggest there is in them, it is a fault of mine, and not a failure of Rosenfeld's. Finally, I can do nothing more than unconditionally recommend *By Way of Art*.

JOHN WESLEY HIMSELF

By Charles W. Ferguson

THE LORD'S HORSEMAN. *By Umphrey Lee. Century. $2.50.*

UNTO those who are accustomed to think of John Wesley as a mere *doppelgänger* of the present tribe of Methodists, I commend with loving care this book by Umphrey Lee. Apart from the Apostle Paul, I can think of no one who has suffered more grievously at the hands of his biographers than Wesley. It has been necessary for the good of the Church to parade him as a man of solid and forbidding piety who went about yodeling psalms and cheering widows. And, of course, there is every ground for such a picture. Not even a modern biographer could make a Byron out of Wesley. His character was, for the most part, unassailable, and he spent a very great part of his time in relentless Christian activity. Samuel Johnson complained that Wesley would get him interested in some conversation and then trot off to talk to a lot of old ladies. Wesley was undoubtedly a theologian and Mr. Lee does not deny that he was the Founder of Methodism, but he does concern himself in this account with something more than Wesley's sermons.

At his worst Wesley was an intensely interesting fellow. I have read half a dozen biographies of him designed to promote faith, and the impression I got from everyone of them was that Wesley was a great deal bigger than what he did or thought. When one follows the riotous life he led, filled with adventure and not lacking in amours, one

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finds how very easy it is to forget the holy side of Wesley. I marvel, as I read Umphrey Lee's book, not that Wesley had an affair in Georgia nor that he published a tome containing thousands of pages on medicine, nor that he had words with his wife and told her where to head in—I marvel not at all of this but rather that he ever preached or sang a hymn. Everything conventional about Wesley comes as a distinct shock for the simple reason that he was, first and foremost, a man of the world, a child of his day, but a man of great mind and individual tastes.

There is a modicum of the ordinary in Mr. Lee's book. He has prowled about libraries to get such choice documents as his photostatic reproduction of an old manuscript called, "An Account of An Amour of John Wesley"; he has applied his scalpel very cleverly to the plaster-of-paris that has been smeared over Wesley for more than a hundred years to preserve his saintliness. In all, he has written an engaging and original story of a man who would undoubtedly be pleased with the finished work. And the curious and exemplary thing is that the author has done it all in good taste. His manners are above the run of biographers in general and a model for the behavior of certain chroniclers who feel that they have no function in life but to debunk and denude. Mr. Lee has chiselled off the crust of tradition, but he has not marred the figure of the man beneath.

INDIA AND IMPARTIALITY

By Stanley High

LIVING INDIA. *By Savel Zimand. Longmans, Green. $3.00.*

AMERICA'S reading public has only recently discovered India. That the discovery has been made can hardly be doubted. During the last eighteen months books about India have appeared in unprecedented numbers. They have been read by unprecedented numbers of people. The problems of the land and its peoples have been widely and profitably aired on lecture platforms and in debates. India, apparently, has arrived.

It was inevitable, I suppose, that this American discovery of India should have been accomplished through sensationalism. Whatever the flaws and distortions of Katherine Mayo's *Mother India,* the book had the tabloid quality—the "sex stuff" if you please—to catch and momentarily to hold the interest of a fickle and kaleidoscope-loving public. It put India on the American horizon. In that fact the Indians, whom we have heard and read in bitter denunciation of the book, might find some small consolation.

They might be further consoled by the type of books that Katherine Mayo's book seems to have inspired. There has been a long list of "answers" from Mother India's sons and daughters. But they, like the book that called them forth, have been written by partisans and drew a picture that was one-sided. Now, out of sober second thought, come more serious studies of India. Savel Zimand's *Living India* deserves to stand with the best of this less transient literature.

And an ardent India nationalist, having read Mr. Zimand's book, is said to have declared it to be "disgustingly impartial". That, apparently, is precisely the kind of book that the author intended it to be. Because he succeeded, those individuals who care to have a picture of India that is accurately drawn—and none the less colorful for that—will read *Living India* with satisfaction. "Disgusting" impartiality is its distinction.

Foremost of the commendable features of *Living India* is its compactness. India is so intricate a problem that most authors are obliged either to write of one aspect of Indian life or to produce a tome. *Living India* is comprehensive. But it is not a tome. It runs the gamut of India's problems. But it goes neither too fast nor stops overlong among statistical details. Perhaps the average reader, without first-hand contact with the land, will wish that the author had fortified his conclusions more encyclopaedically. But for such a volume—the author evidently assumed—there would be no "average readers". And for the benefit of any who feel

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the need of data in unlimited doses, it can be safely said that Mr. Zimand's conclusions will find support from those authorities on India who have made the business of gathering data their first concern.

Mr. Zimand's account of British rule in India is a case in point. It is a rare observer who can visit India and retain any degree of impartiality on that question. But Mr. Zimand, for all his friendliness for the Indian people and his sympathy with their nationalist aspirations has done just that. His account of Great Britain in India—from Clive to Amritsar, Non-coöperation and the Simon Commission—is not an argument either for or against British overlordship. It is simply an appraisal, incident by incident, of the significant facts in the records. Strangely enough—although Mr. Zimand was at Amritsar at the time of the massacre—he retains, even in the chapter on "Tragedy in the Punjab", a degree of objectivity that makes it possible to include, with India's statement of the case, the explanations that the British had to offer for this stupendous blunder.

Although *Living India* contains no whitewash for the British record, neither does it fall into the common error of laying against Great Britain responsibility for all of India's ills. The most fundamental of these evils find their source not outside but within Indian life. Hinduism, which regards life as an incurable evil, breeds in India's Hindu millions, as Mr. Zimand points out, "a spirit of resignation, not of challenge; it inspires acquiescence rather than a determined effort to overcome the grim conditions of the country. Growth and progress are further paralyzed by the wall of the hardened caste system. . . . India cannot be free, no matter how much self-government she obtains from Great Britain, until her people divest themselves of the evils of the caste system and, especially, until the depressed classes have ceased to be slaves".

The leaven of such change, of course, is already at work. Mr. Zimand knows nationalist India. He has followed its parades, joined in its debates, visited the retreats of its leaders. Most important of all, he has spent much time with Mahatma Gandhi. Gandhi's ideals for India or for the nationalist movement are far from operative. Measured by terms of contemporary history, his economic program is far from a success. But there is no understanding of the new India that is emerging without an understanding of this man who is its prophet.

Zimand is not far from the truth when he writes, after a visit in Gandhi's Ashram, "when I left this creator of a nation's destiny it was with the awestruck feeling of having talked to the man whose word is the mightiest spiritual force in the world".

Living India is not sensational. It would not, perhaps, have served, as *Mother India* served, as an agency for the over-night discovery of India. But it will serve—long after *Mother India* has been more thoroughly discredited than it is today—as an admirable introduction to a serious understanding of this land and its people. For that purpose, in fact, I know of no other book that is designed to serve so well.

AMERICANS AND RUSSIA

By B. Charney Vladeck

HAMMER AND SCYTHE. *By Anne O'Hare McCormick. Knopf. $3.50.*

THE NEW RUSSIA. *By Dorothy Thompson. Holt. $3.00.*

LIBERTY UNDER THE SOVIETS. *By Roger Baldwin. Vanguard Press. $.50.*

FOREIGN countries, like women or politics, are generally easier to interpret than to understand. Particularly this is true of Soviet Russia, where the reporter meets at every step with riddles and embarrassments and where it is so convenient for judgment to jump ahead of fact. Most books on Russia today are built around a bias.

The German and English bias is commercial; the French—political; and the American—philanthropic. Most Americans sojourning in Russia have seemingly worked out a common attitude. They are all very

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friendly, very encouraging and—very patronizing. Like the slumming philanthropist, they are ever ready to help, with the sweet consciousness that in their own home such things are impossible.

In this class the best American products of the season are Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick's *Hammer and Scythe* and Miss Dorothy Thompson's *The New Russia*. Their method of approach is quite different. Mrs. McCormick is a journalist with genuine intuition. Details are important to her only inasmuch as they illustrate a general impression and her impressions are fresh and convincing.

"If a Russian can talk, he does not care who acts." Communism to-day "becomes more a faith as it becomes less a fact". Or "one learns in Moscow that the most inflaming cause of human discontent is not so much one's own poverty as the wealth of the neighbors".

Her epigrammatic flashing summaries make one forget the shortness of her visit and her ignorance of the Russian language.

On the other hand, Miss Thompson is primarily a reporter. Some of her chapters are as dry as a lawyer's brief in a patent controversy but the book as a whole is written with zest and conviction and contains considerable information. Her account of the structure of the Soviet State is more concise and comprehensive than Mr. H. N. Brailsford's *How the Soviets Work* and Mr. Brailsford is a professional political writer. Miss Thompson also enriches our knowledge of Russia with a few poignant pictures of the Russian Bohemia, although her exposition of the trend of modern Soviet literature is rather spotty and sometimes naïve. Both authors go out of their way to plead for New Russia and both are convincing to the extent of their personal integrity. The Soviets will stand or fall with communism and the latter is a world movement.

It is Mr. Roger Baldwin who attempts to apply a world standard to Soviet rule, particularly in relation to civil liberties after the revolution. However, even Mr. Baldwin, whose fight for civil liberties in his own country has made him a national figure, relapses into apologies when it comes to the dictatorship of the proletariat. His report of conditions in the Republic of Georgia covers up more than is healthy for the principles of civil liberty, but he justly gives credit to Russia for the freedom it grants to national minorities.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Co-operation with the Public Libraries of America

Occasionally an analytical survey of the Monthly Score supplies a clue, if not an answer, to one or another of the questions which publishers and the reading world are continually asking. For example, what proportion of readers of new books become such by reason of the authors' previous reputation. A considerable proportion, in the case of library book borrowers probably a larger proportion than among those who, in order to read a book, first spend good money for it. Witness Emil Ludwig. His "Napoleon" was a sensation. Everybody read it. Publishers began to buy translations of everything he had ever written. Good, bad or indifferent each succeeding Ludwig book has had its day in the Monthly Score. Last month it was "The Son of Man". This month it is "Goethe". The readers are still under the spell of "Napoleon."

Mr. Bénet's previous reputation, however, does not account for the jump into popularity of "John Brown's Body", though it was predictable that it would begin its career in the Monthly Score at precisely this time. Your reporter ventures to predict that it will still be in these lists a year from now. The other two new titles in the current listings, however, clearly owe their first appearance here to the popularity of their authors' earlier works. —*F.P.S.*

FICTION

1.	Old Pybus	*Warwick Deeping*	Knopf
2.	Swan Song	*John Galsworthy*	Scribner
3.	All Kneeling	*Anne Parish*	Harper
4.	The Bridge of San Luis Rey	*Thornton Wilder*	A. & C. Boni
5.	The Children	*Edith Wharton*	Scribner
6.	The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg *	*Louis Bromfield*	Stokes
7.	The Island Within	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	Harper
8.	Silver Slippers *	*Temple Bailey*	Penn
9.	The Greene Murder Case	*S. S. Van Dine*	Scribner
10.	The Agenof Reason	*Philip Gibbs*	Doubleday
11.	The Foolish Virgin	*Kathleen Norris*	Doubleday
12.	Wintersmoon	*Hugh Walpole*	Doubleday

GENERAL

1.	Strange Interlude	*Eugene O'Neill*	Liveright
2.	Mother India	*Katherine Mayo*	Harcourt
3.	Napoleon	*Emil Ludwig*	Liveright
4.	Trader Horn	*Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis*	Simon
5.	Disraeli	*André Maurois*	Appleton
6.	Goethe *	*Emil Ludwig*	Putnam
7.	My Life	*Isadora Duncan*	Liveright
8.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	Bobbs
9.	John Brown's Body *	*Stephen Vincent Bénet*	Doubleday, Doran
10.	The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism	*George Bernard Shaw*	Brentano
11.	Safari	*Martin Johnson*	Putnam
12.	The Glorious Adventure	*Richard Halliburton*	Bobbs

* This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.

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News Story Contest

COMMENT ON SEPTEMBER PRIZE AWARD

By Julian Harris

Editor, Columbus, Ga., *Enquirer-Sun*

THE news story "We Want Al! Crowd Shouts", by Bess Furman in the Omaha *Bee-News* was selected as the prize winner for two reasons: First, it gives the most vivid pen pictures of Governor Smith that I have seen in any newspaper; second, in a brief space she sketches not only the spirit of the man but also that of the crowds.

Miss Furman's description of Governor Smith's speech—his manner of delivery and the text of his argument—is a gem. She presents his view on the Volstead Act by the similes she uses, and caps the paragraph by making Governor Smith a part and parcel of all that he said—"brought it to rosy perfection with the big red maraschino cherry of his own personality".

Scarcely less notable is Miss Furman's description of the reaction of the great crowd which greeted Governor Smith in Omaha. And in the form of her story, from the first paragraph to the last phrase, "And along came Al", Miss Furman achieved a classic in news-writing. The Omaha *Bee-News* is to be congratulated that it has on its staff a woman who can write a story that threatens the laurels of television.

Nancy Barr Mavity's "Unfinished Stories" was selected for mention because she handles well in one group a series of stories which touch the tragedy of life and death. She might well expand it into something on the order of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*.

John H. Boyle's story, "Broenig Back in Baltimore, Kisses Flag", is excellent. In my mind's eye I can see the mayor, his background and his political slant. Originally I gave this story third place. I have just stopped to read it again. I think I shall give it second place.

PRIZE STORY FOR SEPTEMBER

WE WANT AL! CROWDS SHOUT

By Bess Furman

From The Omaha, Nebr. *Bee-News* September 19, 1928

High-falutin' phrases, such as "the most notable gathering of Democrats ever convened in this part of the world," "the most memorable meeting in the history of Omaha," and "the outstanding event of the national campaign," were applied by Democratic leaders to the Tuesday night Omaha opening of the 1928 Democratic campaign.

But without a single superlative, plain talk Al Smith started politics stirring as gently as he stirs with his brown derby on parade, stirred, and stirred and stirred till he could quaff a campaign concoction to his taste. It was a brew with a kick in it, and Al Smith smacked his lips on his last sentence, a prediction of victory. He had flavored his drink with that mint, called humor, added the faintest tang of satiric vermouth, had given it body with logical lime, and brought it to rosy perfection with the big red maraschino cherry of his own personality.

A connoiseur of that heady vintage called campaigning—Al Smith.

"A campaign every two years," was his oft-reiterated statement of his record.

Make 'Em Laugh

And Al Smith campaigned with the perfection of the practiced "masterhand"—never a meaning-

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less motion, never a sentence shot out that did not get its inevitable results in emotional and psychological reaction.

When Al Smith willed, that closest-packed crowd ever massed in the Omaha auditorium rocked to the roof with laughter. When Al Smith held up an arresting hand, the laughter stopped.

Artful was the musical combination of those once-antagonistic songs, "Sidewalks of New York" and "Omaha" in the Al Smith meeting. Al was twice as artful.

He combined the English language oratorical, and the English language unvarnished; the eye-glass of the man of affairs with the brow-moppings of the proletarian (and with a colored handkerchief); high finance and farm relief.

Both Tunes Alike

The bubbling-over audience didn't notice where "Sidewalks of New York" left off and "Omaha" carried on the harmony. It made no difference to them whether Al happened to be rounding out his sentences in a manner pleasing to the cultured ear, or whether he was saying "and here's a lotta more language."

All was Al, and Al was all.

They started calling for him long before Ed. Smith, master of ceremonies, had finished Al's eulogy-biography. They called more insistently as Ed. instructed stranger Al in the A, B, C, of agriculture. And when the 9 o'clock whistles sounded Al's announced moment at the mike, bedlam broke.

"Al——Al——We want Al!" chanted the crowd.

Al came. Al appreciated. Al absorbed that Auditorium in his "act."

William Jennings Bryan could do it—but he had a "silver tongue."

His Smile Enough

Al Smith did it with nothing but a smile, some assorted papers and pamphlets arranged as "exhibits" on his desk, and a peculiar simian shake of his shoulders.

From the moment he cut short his own opening ovation till he crescendoed to his climax after giving extemporaneous answer to questions flung at him in the advertising columns of the Omaha morning newspapers, his hearers hung on his every motion. And because he knew they would be intent, he gave them variety. A little brown pamphlet here, a government bulletin there, with gymnastics with the eye-glass in between. If Senator Norris' statement had been typed on a little piece of paper, and Coolidge came next, the remarks of Mr. Coolidge would be on foolscap. Al never let his crowd forget he was on the move, and the something different would be coming with the next shift of scenery.

Out in the center section, a man with an ear trumpet yelled loud enough to hear himself. An ardent Democrat cocked one of those half-pint Al derby over one ear. A galley owl started hooting. A gray-haired newspaper man started talking of the days when campaigns were campaigns—red hot and rampageous.

And along came Al.

COMMENT ON OCTOBER PRIZE AWARD

By Casper S. Yost

Editor, *St. Louis, Mo., Globe-Democrat*

AMONG the examples of reportorial work submitted for my consideration, I am most impressed by the news story of Leo E. A. Fontaine, staff rewrite man on the Providence *Journal*. It is not only an interesting story well told, sufficiently meeting the literary conditions of this award, but it is a very good illustration of the value that may be added to a news item by a capable rewrite man when separate but related incidents are brought together and woven into a single connected story. Here was an event occurring in Tennessee, but of specific and special interest in Providence. It supplied the solution of the mystery surrounding a long past and generally forgotten crime. Instead of printing the Knoxville dispatch and then a local "follow-up" the *Journal* properly made an entirely local story of it and in the skillful hands of Mr. Fontaine it became a fascinating narrative of fact.

I was almost equally pleased with the report by Roelif Loveland, of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, of an entertainment in honor of McGuffey and his school books given at the annual meeting of the Ohio Parents and Teachers. It is a charming story.

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PRIZE STORY FOR OCTOBER

EX-SOLDIER SURRENDERS FOR 1925 NEWPORT SLAYING

Medouph J. Bowdren of Melrose Tells Etowah, Tenn., Police Death of Mary Gleason in Moat has Preyed on Conscience

By Leo E. A. Fontaine

From *The Providence, R. I., Journal,* October 16, 1928

In the lonely dry moat surrounding Fort Adams at Newport tragedy stalked on the bitter cold night of January 19, 1925.

The same stark tragedy, eerily appalling in the minds of others for a while, but gradually veiled in the forgetfulness reserved for unexplainable mysteries, has stalked ever since, and ever horribly, in the memory of Private Medouph J. Bowdren of Melrose, Mass.

He has wandered with his recollection all over the United States. A few nights ago in the warm Southern evening at Atlanta, Ga., under the confiding influence of drink, words of that freezing night's crime bubbled from Bowdren's lips.

What he said, Bowdren does not know, but lest his talk might betray him, he surrendered himself to the police of Etowah, Tenn., day before yesterday, and confessed to the slaying of Miss Mary Gleason, former Newport domestic.

The Newport police yesterday received a telegram from Chief Birch Briggs, of the Knoxville, Tenn., police, asking whether there is any reward for the Fort Adams murder. Chief Patrick Sweeney wired back in reply that no reward has been offered and that, as the woman's body was found on an army reservation, the case is entirely in Government hands.

Advices from Knoxville last night revealed that Bowdren, whose age is but 25, alighted from a train at Etowah Sunday and started searching for Chief Briggs. He found the chief in the Etowah station. "I'm wanted for the murder of my sweetheart," he calmly announced, and then asserted that George P. Henderson, his "buddy," is also wanted.

Henderson Was Fiance

It was Henderson, however, and not Bowdren, who, when the pair were soldiers attached to the 10th Coast Artillery at Newport, was engaged to be married to the fated Miss Gleason, and it was Henderson with whom she had had a tryst on the night that she met her strange death.

Bowdren had, nevertheless, been alone with Henderson in the deserted army post firehouse where Miss Gleason was to have met her swain, while almost every other man at the station, save the infrequently passing sentinels, was attending the movies.

The self-confessed slayer, whose parents are Mr. and Mrs. James Bowdren, of Melrose, is lodged in McMinn County Jail at Athens, Tenn., pending arrangements by the military authorities at Fort Adams to reopen the case, which, on February 3, 1925, a board of inquiry reported must be explained as "accidental" because there was no other tenable theory. Notwithstanding every evidence that Miss Gleason's death had resulted from some crime, either direct or indirect, and a veritable reign of terror among the women of Newport, there was no proof strong enough to place responsibility upon any individual.

"Why did you give up?" Bowdren was asked yesterday.

"Well, I knew the authorities would get me anyway," he replied. He had roamed the country without a moment's peace since his enlistment expired only a few days after the murder, he asserted. A few nights ago he was in Atlanta. "I don't know but what I had spilt something at a big party there when I had something to drink," he confessed.

No Peace of Mind

"I had no peace of mind and would rather go back and get it over with," he said. He is confident that when his "buddy" Henderson learns of his surrender, he also will give himself up, but he will not himself explain the circumstances under which the Newport maid was killed. When her name was mentioned, he flushed and hung his head.

"I just can't talk about it," he moaned. "Oh, how I wish it was all over." For nearly four years he has studied the newspapers vigilantly, but never has read any reference to the case which, until he testifies more explicitly, is still one of the most baffling mysteries in Rhode Island criminal annals.

On the afternoon of January 19, 1925, a Monday, Miss Gleason left the home of Mrs. Clara Atkinson, where she was employed, to have tea with a friend. That night she was to meet Henderson, her soldier sweetheart, at the fort firehouse, where he was stationed with Bowdren. On the same evening she was seen in the vicinity of the parade grounds leading to the moat in company with a civilian who has never been identified.

Three days later, on Thursday, January 22, Henderson reported to the Newport police that she was missing. Her disappearance up to that time had alarmed neither her employer nor her relatives, as they made no report of it. It was not until the following Sunday, January 25, six days after she had vanished, that children playing near the moat saw her bruised, frozen body on the stone paved bottom of the ditch.

Moat Protected

The moat in which she lay is 20 feet deep and 20 feet wide, and is protected by an iron rail fence that encircles it 9½ feet from its edge, precluding the possibility that anyone might fall in unaware that the danger is there. The woman's body was partly covered by snow, lingering remnant of a storm earlier in the week. In one of her hands were clutched wisps of grass.

Beside the body, strewn in haphazard spots, were a package of cake, some cookies, a bag of sugar, a saucepan, a cream bottle and a woman's watch inscribed with initials "J. F. P." Her undergarments were torn and the blond wig she wore

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was found some distance away, as if it had been thrown into the moat after her, or else had been thrown in previously. Though she said she was 27 years of age and appeared so when wearing the wig, her relatives asserted she was 33, and authorities believed she might have been even older.

Considering these circumstances in their quest for a motive and explanation of the crime, authorities were also struck by the fact that neither the cream bottle nor the cake package was broken, as they must have been had they fallen 20 feet into the moat. Snow had not fallen until Tuesday of the week, and no evidence appeared under where the body lay to indicate that there had been any snow there.

Though the latter circumstance pointed to the body's having lain in the moat from Monday until Sunday night, the unbroken bottle and package seemed to weaken this theory. Moreover, guards pacing the moat at hourly intervals and accustomed to glance down its whole extent had not noticed the body, which lay in plain view, for six entire days.

These and other circumstances supported a theory that Miss Gleason may have been held captive in the unused subterranean chambers of the old fort, that her body may have been concealed there some time, and that the slayer in the intervals between the sentinels' appearances may have dragged it out into the moat and arranged the scene to make it appear that she had fallen there from the edge above.

Only Two In Vicinity

Henderson and Bowdren, the only two army men known to have been in the vicinity, were restricted to the fort grounds, and a military inquiry was instituted. Henderson, who admitted having been engaged to marry Miss Gleason when his enlistment expired the following July, had twice been court-martialled for being absent without leave.

Although George Henderson was listed on army records as having his home at 173 Wendell street, Providence, no one of his name was known at that address. It was said, however, that an Aime Bernier, who resembled Henderson, had lived there, had joined the army and had for a while been attached to Fort Adams. Bernier said his mother preferred being called "George" instead of Aime, on his visits home.

Henderson testified that he had been riding with Miss Gleason in his automobile on Sunday and again on Monday, and that on Monday night he had an appointment with her at the fort fire station, but she failed to keep it. Police learned that Henderson's car had broken down on Sunday and was not repaired in time for use again Monday. Henderson had directed the girl to go to the station across the lonely stretch by way of the moat, instead of by the well-travelled approach which, though longer, was almost invariably used.

Bowdren testified that he and Henderson were together in the firehouse all of Monday night, except for three-quarters of an hour after 8 o'clock, when Henderson went to the headquarters building to telephone in order to find out what was delaying his sweetheart. That Henderson did make such a call was proved by the post telephone reports.

Dr. William A. Sherman and Dr. Charles W. Stewart, medical examiners of Newport, decided that the woman had died of exposure following injuries which had rendered her senseless. Dr. Sherman said the injuries might have been caused by a blow on the nose.

A clue which never developed anything revealing was a letter found on the body which Miss Gleason had apparently intended to send to Daniel Murphy, a laundry worker, of Boston. Murphy, a former admirer, had been in Newport on Sunday, January 18, the same day Henderson said he had been riding with her, and the day before she disappeared.

One of the wierdest events in the mystery was the "confession" of Private George Carmack Cordy, a deserter from Fort Adams, that he had pushed Miss Gleason into the moat. Cordy wrote his confession to Chief Sweeney, and Providence police arrested him at the home of his mother in this city at 120 Bridgham street. Cordy, who had been in Providence the night of January 19, insisted he had committed the crime the night of January 20.

On a night of driving snow and fearful wind, similar to that of January 20, Cordy was taken to the moat to point out the spot from which he had shoved Miss Gleason into the ditch. The spot he selected was fully 40 feet from where the body was found. And the woman had been slain on January 19, a cold but clear night. It was decided that Cordy was an innocuous zany with a predilection for notoriety.

As the investigation progressed, the mystery deepened and the terror of Newport women spread. Wives of officers and non-commissioned officers at the fort begged not to be left alone. Maid servants in Newport homes quit their jobs and left the city. Women were few who dared walk lonely streets after nightfall unaccompanied. But as time went on, anxiety waned, until finally, with the mild nights of the following spring offering gentle invitation, no more was heard of the plea for 9 o'clock curfew for unescorted girls—and no more was heard of Mary Gleason.

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In the Bookman Office

Correspondence

Grand Rapids and Modern Furniture

Editor of The Bookman,
Sir:

What's the good of being abusive?

I refer to Rose Mary Fisk's review of *New Dimensions,* by Paul T. Frankl, which appeared in a recent number; more particularly to this statement:

"That Grand Rapids should slavishly copy Queen Anne and Louis Quinze is stupid, but that Grand Rapids should make bad copies of sincere contemporary designs is criminal".

The name "Grand Rapids", as a convenient symbol for that which is shoddy in furniture design and construction, is booted about with cheerful disregard for accuracy by all too many superficial critics. In this case, I believe that an apology—based, if necessary, upon intelligent investigation—is in order.

Miss Fisk, if she desires to write intelligently regarding books pertaining to furniture, might do well to pay Grand Rapids a visit. She would find here a unique community of creative artists—men of culture, usually with a continental background or training, absorbed in their work of trying to design furniture for the better American homes. Unfortunately, they are a fearful crowd of Babbitts; they will not wear smocks; they insist on driving good cars and patronizing barbers. Most of them prefer Grand Rapids to New York, because Grand Rapids is willing to pay them enough to live among the beautiful things they love. And they are inarticulate, because they haven't time to write for general publication.

Now, to the rebuttal: Slavish copies of Queen Anne and Louis Quinze aren't made in Grand Rapids. They wouldn't sell, in the first place. In the next place, their artistic value would be doubtful. Both periods contributed their share to the evolution of furniture; Queen Anne rather more than Louis Quinze. But the modern designer of conservative tendencies is far more interested in the manner of the later Georgian designers. Here, he will tell you, is furniture proportioned and constructed both for usefulness and beauty. But he still refuses to copy. His self-respect and his confidence in his own ability often tell him that his original work, planned with a complete grasp of what has gone before, may equal or even excel the work of the classic masters.

Grand Rapids, on the other hand, does not jibe at Mr. Frankl's ideas, nor have Grand Rapids designers pirated them. Quite the opposite! The rise of the new movement in Germany and France was watched carefully.

Most of our local designers who are studying the new movement prefer, however, to develop their modern furniture from the classic Georgian school. Mr. Frankl, of course, is the exponent of a group which originally confessed to French Empire leanings. The Grand Rapids group contains perhaps two-thirds of the recognized designers in America. Is it not possible that these men may have something to say? and that their message may have equal worth with that of the other school?

One or two local makers, it is true, are producing furniture evolved from the modern French school. Working from the same source materials as Mr. Frankl and other eastern designers, they doubtless feel that their artistic consciences are clear. Certainly, their designs are original; and their manipulation of woods, their workmanship and finish are equal to if not rather superior to the standards of most Eastern and Continental houses.

I am sure that Grand Rapids designers and manufacturers would welcome any member of your staff who chanced to stray into this barbarian wilderness.

Faithfully yours,
Maurice D. Quick,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sandburg and Johnson

To the Editor of The Bookman
Dear Sir:

I have just read Carl Sandburg's poem in the October number of The Bookman, "Is God, Too, Lonely?". I have been struck with the remarkable parallel between that poem and James Weldon Johnson's "The Creation" published first in *The Free-*

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man some ten years ago and included in Mr. Johnson's *God's Trombones*.

Mr. Sandburg's poem begins:

"When God scooped up a handful of dust,
And spit on it, and molded the shape of man,
And blew a breath into it, and told it to walk—
That was a great day!"

The last paragraph of James Weldon Johnson's poem reads:

"Up from the bed of the river
God scooped the clay;
And by the bank of the river
He kneeled him down;
. . . . . .
Like a mammy bending over her baby
Kneeled down in the dust
Toiling over a lump of clay
Till he shaped it in his own image;
Then into it he blew the breath of life
And man became a living soul."

The second paragraph of Mr. Sandburg's poem reads:

"And did God do this because he was lonely?
Did God say to himself he must have company
And therefore he would make man to walk the earth
And set apart churches for speech and song with God?"

The first paragraph of "The Creation" begins:

"And God stepped out on space,
And he looked around and said:
I'm lonely ——
I'll make me a world."

And, a few stanzas further on Mr. Johnson's poem reads:

"Then God walked around,
And God looked around
On all that he had made.
He looked at his sun,
And he looked at his moon,
And he looked at his little stars;
And God said:
I'm lonely still.

Then God sat down ——
On the side of the hill where he could think;
By a deep, wide river he sat down;
With his head in his hands,
God thought and thought,
Till he thought, I'll make me a man!

The striking similarity of Mr. Sandburg's poem to Mr. Johnson's is, I submit, very interesting indeed.

Ever sincerely,

WALTER WHITE

Contributors to this Issue

DOUGLAS BUSH is associate professor of English in the University of Minnesota. He received degrees from Toronto in 1920 and Harvard in 1923. He is a contributor to philological journals, and occasionally to magazines.

* * *

ALLEN TATE is the author of two books: a biography, *Stonewall Jackson: The Good Soldier;* and a volume of poetry, *Mr. Pope and Other Poems*. At Vanderbilt University Mr. Tate was one of the leaders of the *Fugitive* group of poets. In recent months his criticism has appeared in *The New Republic, The Outlook,* and other magazines. He is at present in Europe holding a Guggenheim Foundation scholarship.

* * *

The Hamlet of A. MacLeish, the latest volume of poetry by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, is reviewed in this issue by Conrad Aiken. Among his other books are *The Happy Marriage, Streets in the Moon, The Pot of Earth*. Since allowing poetry to replace law as his major interest, Mr. MacLeish has divided his time between Paris and Ashfield, Mass.

* * *

The first of REBECCA WEST's series of letters from Europe was written in England soon after her return home from a visit of several weeks to this country. BOOKMAN readers will recall her lively discussion of Shaw's *Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism* last summer, and her

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more recent essay on James Joyce, now included in her much-discussed volume of critical essays *The Strange Necessity.*

* * *

Stuart Chase, accountant and economist, is the author of *A Honeymoon Experiment, The Tragedy of Waste,* and (with F. J. Schlink) *Your Money's Worth.*

* * *

The two stories by S. Guy Endore are the first he has had published. Since receiving the degree of M.A. at Columbia Mr. Endore has been engaged in teaching and translating.

* * *

Arthur Bartlett Maurice continues, in his reminiscences of the late George Barr McCutcheon, the series of articles on the origin of famous modern books which he began in the December Bookman with an account of Booth Tarkington.

* * *

MacKnight Black's first book of poems, *Machinery,* is to be published in February. His work has appeared in a number of magazines. He is a Philadelphia newspaper man.

* * *

Louis Sherwin, for several years dramatic critic of the late *New York Globe,* is a frequent contributor of essays and criticism to the magazines.

* * *

Wilson Follett is the editor of the collected edition of the works of Stephen Crane, published 1925-27 by Knopf, an indispensable work in the final placing of Crane in his correct position in American letters, a task now attracting much critical activity. Two other recent publications have made valuable contributions to the understanding of Crane: the bibliography by Vincent Starrett, and Thomas Beer's *Stephen Crane: A Short Study in American Letters.*

* * *

The first part of Ford Madox Ford's historical and theoretical survey of the English Novel appeared in the Christmas Bookman. In it Mr. Ford discussed the function of the novel in the modern world. He finds that improvements in locomotion and the widespread urbanization of society have made the novel indispensable to the understanding of life, because "it is the only source to which you can turn in order to learn how your fellows spend their entire lives". Today, as a result, both the novelist and the public take his functions very much more seriously than formerly. Mr. Ford suggests, in fact, that novels — and the closely related form of "novelized biography" — have taken over "the department of life that was formerly attended upon by classical culture".

In concluding his introduction Mr. Ford warned readers that while he would write "with almost ferocious seriousness", they were to consider his remarks as suggestions rather than as dictates; and were to remember that however strongly they objected to his opinions by the way, they would at the end have in their minds "a sort of rudimentary map of the Kingdom of the Art of Letters".

* * *

Carl L. Cannon is an executive of the New York Public Library who likes to scribble in his leisure time. His real job is to look over new books and buy as many as the budget will stand. A Westerner by birth, he spent a number of years after college wandering about newspaper offices writing and editing copy. Eventually he joined the ranks of librarians, but Edmund Lester Pearson, of the staff of the New York Public Library, caused a reversion to his old ways by accepting one of his pieces for *The Outlook.* He is president of the New York Library Association.

* * *

Edgar Lee Masters's most recent book, *Jack Kelso,* was published last summer.

* * *

Stanley High is the author of *China's Place in the Sun, The Revolt of Youth, Europe Turns the Corner, Looking Ahead With Latin America.*

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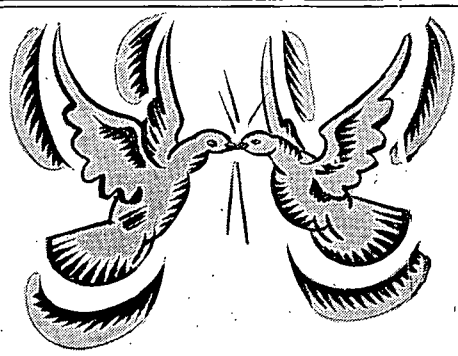
André Gide

Offers a Romance
in the Modern Manner



THE SCHOOL OF WOMEN

***First Installment in the January Issue of* THE FORUM**

THE latest work to come from the pen of France's most distinguished novelist is a character analysis of unrivalled subtlety. Through the medium of *Eliane Delaborde's* diary the author gives a shrewd insight into the love affair of a Parisian sophisticate; for one sees the precious *Robert* clearly despite the halo of devotion with which *Eliane* envelops her lover... The translation is a fresh and vivid rendering of GIDE'S exquisite prose... To be published in three installments.

Also in the January Issue

HAS DEMOCRACY BROKEN DOWN?
Will Durant vs. The Mayors of America *in Debate.*

PRESIDENT ELIOT and AMERICAN EDUCATION
Irving Babbitt.

DOES BRIDGE DEVELOP THE MIND?
Sidney S. Lenz vs. Walter B. Pitkin.

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Notes on New Books—Continued

various other means which Mrs. Vorse employs to throw her large number of characters together are suspect, and they are not accepted without protest. These ironies seem emasculated, being forced. What made Conrad Aiken's mid-ocean novel exceptional was its inalienable logic. One wishes that a more logical, if a less dramatic, pattern had been Mrs. Vorse's aim.

Too Much Java. *By Elinor Mordaunt. Payson & Clark. $2.50.*

Mrs. Mordaunt is equipped with first-hand knowledge about life in the South Sea Islands and its disintegrating effect upon most of the English colonists. Although her story is chiefly concerned with young Laura Hanson and her indolent father, Mrs. Mordaunt makes use of her knowledge to weave around them an interesting background made up of the different elements of climate, native customs, and prejudices inherent in South Sea life. The expression, "too much Java", from which the book is named, is the ironic comment slung at a white man who has married a native. The implacable prejudice seems never to die, even in the case of Mr. Hanson, who had known much kindness from natives, and spent more than half his life among them. It is this prejudice which leads to the triple tragedy which concludes the book.

When I Grow Rich. *By Ethel Sidgwick. Harper. $2.50.*

Miss Sidgwick, writing in a deft and amusing manner, has added to her list of excellent novels one which may serve as a worthy successor or a splendid introduction to the many Americans who are unacquainted with her previous works. This book deals with an attractive group of young English liberals, and their heartbreaking and amusing efforts to make the compromise between their ideals and reality. Their counterpart may be found in any country where there are young people, and one is always conscious of the undercurrent of universal truth. Miss Sidgwick's prose is the kind which unobtrusively makes its way into the reader's mind and carries him along on a swift tide, now lifting him over the high spots, now plunging him into the depths. The story holds one's interest from beginning to end, chiefly because the characters have been rendered so familiar to us that we are excited by the smallest gossip about them. Miss Sidgwick has the rare ability to amuse even when she is most serious.

Toilers of the Hills. *By Vardis Fisher. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.*

Pioneers in the arid hills of Idaho, Dock Hunter and his wife were so busy raising children and planting wheat, milking and building, that they were scarcely aware of the War except insofar as it raised the price of their wheat. Vardis Fisher has been very successful in conveying a sense of isolation, of immense loneliness, of incessant toil, in this biography of two simple persons who risked the dangers of "dry-farming" in a strange and barren community. Reading, one sympathizes now with Dock's wife who longs to return to the fertile valleys below, now with Dock, who is filled with an overwhelming love for the dry, unyielding soil on his farm. Except for a few sentimental passages, the book is real and hard, and well worth reading.

Gay. *By Ruth Pine Furniss. Harcourt, Brace. $2.00.*

In spite of the seriousness and tragedy in this book, it remains a light novel. In the long run, the characters, with the possible exception of one, are not cast for tragedy: we are told that they suffer, that they struggle with inner conflicts, that they burn with love, or artistic yearning; but no sooner do they speak or act, than one is aware that they are fundamentally incapable of any but the lightest emotions.

Young Family. *By Robert Hyde. Payson & Clark. $2.50.*

Mr. Hyde's novel is brief, unique, and highly entertaining. It leaves one wondering. Is it an allegory? Is it a farce? Is it a bitter joke with a fake ending? But what there is of bitterness and truth in the book becomes subordinate to its rich humor, and it seems as if the author himself so enjoyed the book's hilarious qualities that he forgot to some extent his thesis. One follows Benjamin Upright's amazing marriage into a family of three children and seven servants with delight. One is deeply amused at his novel solution of the servant problem, and at a number of intensely comical situa-

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tions which arise because of the inconsistency between his righteous theory and his actual manner of living.

Marsh-Fire. *By Mateel Howe Farnham. Dodd, Mead. $2.00.*

The story of Miss Farnham's latest book is loosely constructed and deals with too many half-alive people to awaken our sympathies. Miss Farnham herself describes her characters, never letting them speak for themselves, and she constantly delays the action by describing it instead of simply putting it before us. The result is that we are falsely keyed up for a climax, and no climax occurs. When the rambling story has strayed quite out of bounds, when the characters are all flying at loose ends—comes the War, to pull everything magnanimously together and hitch up characters.

The Silver Thorn. *By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.*

At the beginning of this book this quotation appears, "The Silver Thorn was the consolation prize. It was the best prize of all—but that was because he liked best the one who lost the race"; and there follows a series of stories about people "who lost the race", many of which have already appeared in magazines in this country. Some are ironical, many tragic, but all are highly imaginative and written with the competence one expects from a writer of Mr. Walpole's reputation.

Dear Senator. *By McCready Huston. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.*

Although Dan Meredith, allowing himself to be pushed into politics despite his inclination toward farming, makes his career in a mythical Middle Western state, Illyria. It is an impartial view of good and bad in political life and the juggling of offices. There is a love story, but the main interest is in the gradual hardening and coarsening of the man's soul during his rise to power; and the pathetic picture of him at the end, lost and puzzled in the midst of his triumph.

Pennagan Place. *By Eleanor Chase. Sears. $2.50.*

The Pennagan tribe was a rowdy group from the coarse, autocratic patriarch on down; and among them Curtis, one of the granddaughters, moves serenely, soothing ruffled tempers, making peace, mothering them all. They are a singularly disagreeable, startlingly real, lot of people—the bawdy old grandfather, his fat querulous daughter who is eternally remembering the days when the students of Vienna drew her carriage through the streets in tribute to her fame as an opera singer, the little boy Webby, each is a distinct personality, clearly drawn. There is humor, too, in this book which manages to give a lively picture of an astonishing family.

Reginald and Reginald in Russia. *By Saki. Viking. $1.75.*

The writings of "Saki" (H. H. Munro), who was killed during the war, are now coming into belated recognition. And, as often happens in the case of over-due reputations, his work has become the object of a cult. Each volume is published with an introduction by a prominent author; and at least some of the material now piously collected might better have been left, for Saki's own sake, in the columns of *The Westminster Gazette*, where it first appeared. *Reginald and Reginald in Russia* is introduced with obeisances by Hugh Walpole. The sketches in the first half—*Reginald*—show Saki learning his trade, and are no better nor no worse than the stuff turned out by a hundred columnists. Certainly they have none of the flavor that he later acquired. In *Reginald in Russia* the wit begins to grow more deft, and the reader stumbles on at least two unforgettable short stories, "Gabriel-Ernst" and "The Strategist", where Saki's peculiar genius is suddenly plain. At his best, his gay sentences that seem to be spoken with a cigarette in one hand and a flower in the other, yet manage to suggest the least flattering aspects of human nature, have a quality that no other writer in English has attained. It is a catlike genius, light in tone, perfect in touch, and cruel in mood.

Black Country. *By Bruce Beddow. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.*

Mr. Beddow's novel is laid in the coal-mining districts of England. Consequently both the publishers and Mr. Hugh Walpole (who seems to be prolific in recommendations), feel obliged to link Mr. Beddow's book with D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers.* But the resemblance stops with the similarity of background. Mr. Beddow has

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neither Lawrence's tunnelling emotional power nor his reckless genius with the English language. *Black Country* is the tale of a miner's son, brought up by his mother and step-father to consecrate his life to the miners' cause, in memory of his father who had been killed in the mines. But the son is more interested in escaping the miners' hardships by making a fortune for himself than in helping the cause; and when he falls in love with a girl who scorns a poor husband, he steals the money entrusted to him as treasurer of a local union and sets himself up in business as one of the miners' enemies —a coal dealer. By the use of a great many dashes and broken sentences, Mr. Beddow pretends that his hero suffered deeply over his own treachery, but the anguish is unconvincing. The style is journalistic and the characters types rather than individuals.

Jingling in the Wind. *By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Viking. $2.00*

Miss Roberts is still entitled to respect for her fine, clear first novel, *The Time of Man.* Her second, *My Heart and My Flesh,* which aimed at a mystic discovery of the soul, collapsed in bathos. She is now bent upon proving to us that she can be the playful philosopher. *Jingling in the Wind* is a mixture of carefully poetic descriptions of nature, a portentously quaint character, and a streak of *American Mercury* satire softened with a veil of whimsicality. Since the prose is obviously poetic and the obscurity of the book has a sententious echo, one is no doubt expected to conclude that much more is meant than meets the eye. But since what is meant remains a secret between Miss Roberts and her God, the reader has no way of knowing whether it would have proved interesting or insignificant, had it been revealed. The section where the travellers to the Rain Makers' Convention follow the Chaucerian example of telling tales, while their motor bus is being repaired, is amusing in an elephantine way. But Miss Roberts should be a seasoned enough writer by this time to know that copying down advertising slogans from electric signs (even if one pretends to confuse them with the stars) is hardly brilliant satire, and that archness ceases to be tempting when it is labored.

The Coming of the Lord. *By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Liveright. $2.50.*

Here is a novel of racial prejudice in South Africa. The stage is carefully set to display the varying degrees of ostracism imposed by the victorious English on German, Jew, Hindu, and Negro. The writing is professional and tidy, the plots neatly interwoven, and the crisis timed so that when the last wheel clicks, the whole machinery comes to rest on a proper note of restrained pathos. The book has, in fact, everything except life.

The Intruder. *By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. Dutton. $2.50.*

With a facile pen Ibañez portrayed Biscayan life to a nicety that makes popular his novels of Spain. The fierce struggle between religion and racial characteristics has laid the plot for countless tragedies. In this story we find the powerful Sanchez Morueta falling a victim of his own inhibitions. Each of this author's books has shown that he too felt the oppression that has so often weighted down his own people.

Though This Be Madness. *By Robert Keable. Putnam. $2.50.*

John Henry Montague-Smith, demobilized at the end of the World War, becomes a History Master at a second rate Public School in England, defies the conventional method of teaching and makes his history classes so interesting that the Board insists upon but deplores his resignation. Whereupon, "Monty" kicks over the traces and departs for Tunis with his savings. His subsequent adventures with Mlle. Thais, neé Martha Sparks, make a highly colored interlude. True to the Keable tradition, he returns to resume his teaching; chastened, but with a new sense of perspective.

The Rogue's Moon. *By Robert W. Chambers. Appleton. $2.00.*

Mr. Chambers has written a delightful story of buccaneers in the days of Blackbeard. From Maine to Florida in the late seventeenth century pirates were preying upon ships of all nations that ventured upon the American coast. Nancy Topsfield,

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daughter of a murdered sea captain, is disguised as a boy working in Lost Sail Tavern in Carolina, a rendezvous of pirates, and helps the Government bring to the gallows Captain Teach and other celebrated bloodthirsty scoundrels of skull-and-bones fame. History and romance are cleverly woven together.

The Hounds of God. *By Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.*

To the flourish of trumpets and in true Sabatinian style, *The Hounds of God* unfolds a tale of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. A dexterous plot is woven about Don Pedro, a Spanish grandee, survivor of the great naval battle, a young English noblewoman, her knight Gervaise, and the subtle Don Luis, a formidable Catholic priest from Spain. Medieval religious intolerance is the keynote of this historical romance, which gives a convincing picture of Queen Elizabeth, and her brother Philip of Spain.

Sentry. *By Heyward Emerson Canney. Harper. $2.50.*

Mr. Canney has placed his three main characters in an impossible situation and yet somehow manages to make it laudable. When Abel White comes home from the Civil War and discovers his wife with her lover, he conceives the idea of making them live together in his own house, himself standing guard in a sentry box he has built across the road. It is a grotesque solution, but one quite in keeping with Abel's character—unyielding, amazingly strong, supremely confident in his own righteousness.

We Forget Because We Must. *By W. B. Maxwell. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.*

As the title suggests, the subject of this novel is the healing power of time. The story depicts the lives of two ordinary people, of their children and friends, simply, if at some length. The blessing of gradual oblivion is demonstrated again and again, and the book ends on an appropriately ironical note.

Old Pybus. *By Warwick Deeping. Knopf. $2.50.*

Mr. Deeping has given us another of his remarkable characterizations in a book reminiscent of *Sorrell and Son* but vastly superior in many ways to the earlier novel. The hero is a fine old man who, like Sorrell, is "boots" at an English inn, out of sympathy with his wealthy sons, who are a little ashamed of their father. The story revolves around the relationship of the old man with his young grandson, their deep understanding of each other and the development of the boy's literary talent and character. The use of a superabundance of dashes and a tendency to allow his characters to leave many of their sentences unfinished are here, as in Mr. Deeping's earlier books, but despite this annoying feature the prose is admirable.

The Men of Silence. *By Louis Forgione. Dutton. $2.50.*

Before the Age of Fascism Italy was overrun with members of a secret society—the Camorra whose arms reached out all over the world, and against whom the armed forces of society were powerless. This society embraced members of the Church, and high Government officials, and it seemed that Italy would always be dividing against itself. How the leaders of the Camorra were brought to trial and the powers of this society overthrown is told in this historical novel by Mr. Forgione who traces with care the movements of three members of the Italian Carabinieri, appointed by the King of Italy to attempt the uprooting of this monstrous evil. That the story of their success was the joy of Italy is a matter of history, and the written story of their movements is done with the hand of a master craftsman, who has written of Italians in America with no less facility.

Detective Fiction

The Crouching Beast. *By Valentine Williams. Houghton Mifflin. $2.00.*

Clubfoot, of fame in Mr. Williams' books, has again appeared. He spreads a net to encompass members of the English Secret Service who are aware of Germany's plans to declare war. But even with the aid of the entire police force of Berlin he is cleverly beaten at his own game by a young English couple, who prevent the summer dispersement of the English Fleet. This is a carefully planned Secret Service story, unreal enough to seem true.

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The Seven Black Chessmen. *By John Huntington. Holt. $2.00.*

The members of a secret society of scientific men are led into a death trap by Caspian Orme, adventurer and cold-blooded murderer, who after acquiring possession of their knowledge uses it to further his own diabolical ends. Unfortunately his plans are knocked askew by the persistence of an "insurance agent" with a taste for adventure, and he suffers the "supreme penalty".

The White Crow. *By Philip MacDonald. Dial Press. $2.00.*

Readers of *The Rasp* will be delighted to learn that Mr. MacDonald has written another good detective story. Sir Albert Lines-Bowers has been murdered in his office and Scotland Yard has called in Anthony Gethryn to solve the mystery. After a series of accidents and wild adventures he cleverly bags his game.

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Of THE BOOKMAN, published monthly at Camden, New Jersey, for October 1, 1928.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Seward B. Collins, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the president of the Bookman Publishing Company, Incorporated, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Seward B. Collins, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City;

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Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: The Bookman Publishing Company, Incorporated, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City; Seward B. Collins, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

3: That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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(Signed) SEWARD B. COLLINS,
Publisher.

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Notary Public.

[SEAL]

(My commission expires March 30, 1930.)

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The BOOK MART

WHAT is likely to remain as the outstanding sensation of the present season among book collectors, unless the Jerome Kern sale develops something unexpected, is the discovery of a sixth copy of Edgar Allan Poe's first work, *Tamerlane*. This copy, which was purchased, like the last previously-found copy of this rarest of American first editions, by Charles E. Goodspeed of Boston, was immediately sold by him to a book collector in Indianapolis, Indiana, at a price which is stated to be "about $20,000". Of its previous history nothing can be learned, except that it was discovered in the library of the owner from whom Mr. Goodspeed bought it, where it had been lying, unknown, for more than a generation. The new copy of *Tamerlane* is one of the finest, if not the finest, of the known six copies, being complete with the wrappers, clean and in perfect condition, and one-fourth of an inch taller than the copy which was sold by Mr. Goodspeed two years ago and which is now in the library of Owen D. Young.

Not only is *Tamerlane. By a Bostonian. Boston: Calvin F. S. Thomas, Printer, 1827* the most valuable of American first editions, but no collected first edition has a more interesting history. The six copies known are the Drake-Stevens copy sold to the British Museum in 1860 for a shilling; the Ives-Maxwell copy sold in Boston in 1879 for $1850 and subsequently in the McKee sale in 1900 for $2050, and is now in the Henry E. Huntington library; the Frederick R. Halsey copy sold in 1916 for the record price of $11,600 and is now in the library of Frank B. Bemis of Boston; the copy discovered in 1914 by P. K. Foley of Boston was sold to W. A. Clark of California and New York; the Goodspeed copy was bought from a descendant of the original owner in Milford, Mass., and now is in the Owen D. Young library.

Of all the copies of *Tamerlane* the Henry E. Huntington copy has the most romantic history. In the basement of the Old South Church in Boston T. O. H. P. Burnham kept the leading second-hand bookstore of that city. At the death of Mr. Burnham the stock had to be appraised, and C. F. Libbie, then head of the firm of C. F. Libbie & Company, the Boston book auctioneers, was appraiser. Mr. Burnham had in his employ a keen young man named Richard Lichtenstein, who spent his spare time in the noon hour in hunting for bargains in the old bookstores on Cornhill. Here one day he found, in the box outside the store, in paper wrappers, a copy of *Tamerlane* and bought it for the marked price of fifteen cents. He put the book aside until one day when Mr. Libbie, in looking over the stock, said he was hunting for a copy of *Tamerlane*. He had sold most of the great books at auction, but never seen a copy of this rarity. Young Richard, who knew the Burnham stock thoroughly, said there was no copy of *Tamerlane* there, but he knew where there was one. When he showed it to Mr. Libbie the veteran auctioneer wanted to sell it at auction, and these singular terms were agreed upon: Mr. Libbie was to assume all the expenses of cataloguing, advertising and selling, even if the book brought $500. If it brought more they were to divide the sum between $500 and what the book brought at auction. The sale came off and the book brought $1850. It passed into the hands of a Boston collector named Maxwell, who in his ignorance of the value of pristine condition sent it to Paris and had it encased in a beautiful binding by Lortic, at a cost of several hundred dollars, although he did have the original covers retained and bound in. After Maxwell's death his library was sold and the *Tamerlane* was bought by Dodd, Mead & Company in 1895, for $1450. They immediately sold it to a New York lawyer and collector, Thomas J. McKee, after whose death it was sold in November, 1900, at auction and brought $2050. It was bought by Frederick R. Halsey of New York, who already owned an

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unbound copy; said to have belonged to Eugene L. Didier of Baltimore. Both of the Halsey copies were sold at private sale to Henry E. Huntington, who was then making the greatest private library in history. Mr. Huntington chose to retain the bound copy, and the Huntington duplicate was sold in the Halsey sale in New York in February, 1919, for $11,600. It passed into the possession of Frank B. Bemis, a Boston collector, who owns one of the three copies (this and the two Goodspeed copies) which are in the original condition as issued in 1827.

Another Poe discovery is that of a copy of *The Philosophy of Animal Magnetism. By a Gentleman of Philadelphia* printed in Philadelphia in 1837, of which only three copies are known, two being in public libraries. The third belonged to the discoverer, Joseph Jackson, a Poe literary sleuth who first attributed *English Notes,* a rejoinder to Dickens's *American Notes,* to Poe's authorship. This was sold at Anderson's in November last. Campion & Company of Philadelphia reprinted the *Philosophy of Animal Magnetism* in an edition of 105 copies, with an introduction by Mr. Jackson in which he tells of the finding of the book and presents the evidence of Poe's authorship, which, though circumstantial, would seem to satisfy a literary jury.

These are big items in the book mart. Yet it remains for the auction sales of the library of Jerome Kern to show more of them when that famous collection is dispersed on January 8, 9, 10 and 11 and January 22, 23 and 24, the week of interregnum being probably to allow auctioneers, dealers and collectors a chance to get their breath. When a collector reaches a point where he has duplicates of the first editions of such books as Gray's *Elegy* and Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* it is time for him to think seriously about his collecting. So many of the Kern books have an association value that ordinary

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standards of price cannot fairly be applied. The sales, however, are of a character to attract collectors and dealers from not only all parts of this country, but from England.

The early part of the season of 1928-9, before the holidays, was not productive of great excitement, although the dispersal of the splendid sporting library of Norman James of Baltimore provided plenty of thrills for lovers of this class of books. The James library was not only extensive, but was notable for the good condition of many of the rarest books offered, and the prices were correspondingly high. A sale of autographs from the collections of the editors of the Century, Harper's and North American Review brought into the market a flood of literary letters, many of great interest, from all the notable writers of the end of the last century. Yet so avid is the appetite of the modern autograph collector that there seems to be no difficulty in disposing of wholesale quantities of autographs at retail prices.

Johnsonians in this country are asked to lend their aid to restoring the library in the Johnson House at Gough Square in London where the doctor compiled his famous dictionary. The building is owned by Lord Cecil Harmsworth, who proposes to make it a Johnson shrine for the use of the Johnson Society, but the library, which was the property of Frederick Harrison, Esq. and which has been on loan in the building, has been withdrawn and passed under the hammer of the auctioneer at Sotheby's last November. The Harrison collection consisted of Johnsoniana and Boswelliana. Lord Harmsworth has intimated that he would be glad to see the library restored, and contributions to this end have been asked of Johnsonians everywhere. A ready and important response has already been made by R. B. Adam of Buffalo.

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A new group of Madame Storey mysteries. The female criminologist out-detects Scotland Yard, the Paris Secret Service, and cleverly puts to shame a New York District Attorney. Each of these four stories is a complete detective novel in itself, and reveals a master hand at mystery plots and solutions.

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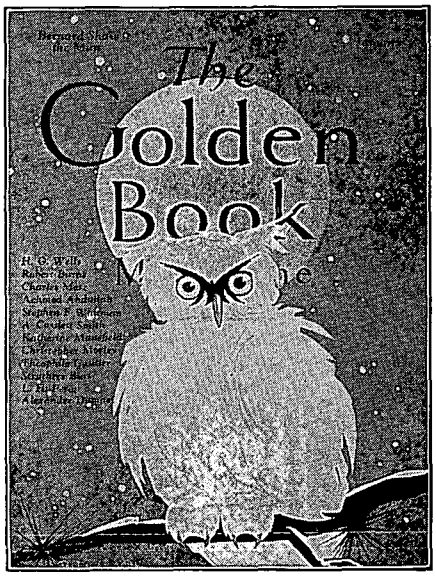

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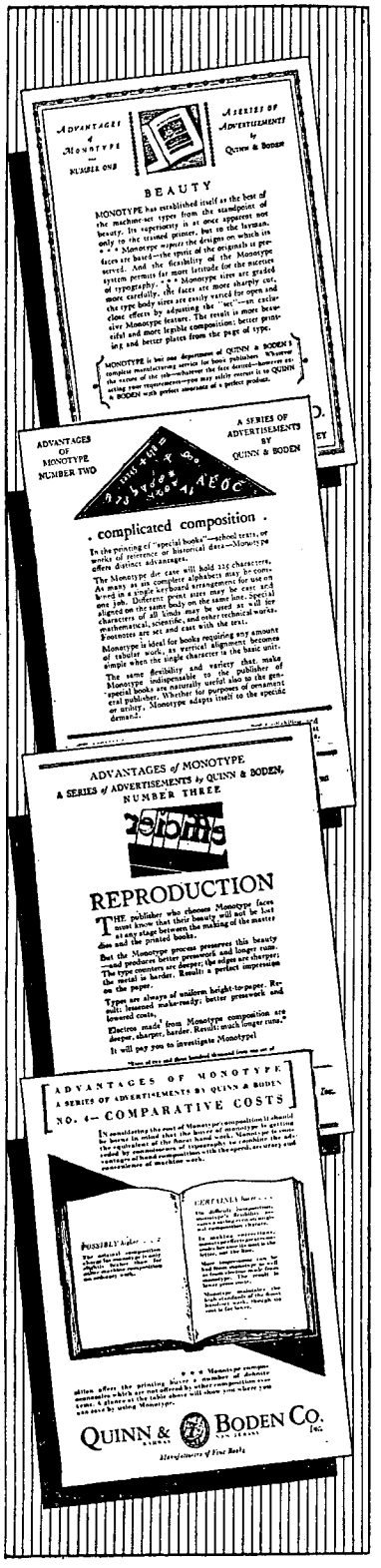

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